



CURRENT OPINION

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A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

GETTING ON WITH OUR WAR IN THE USUAL DEMOCRATIC WAY

Charges, Countercharges
and Investigations Attend
Every Step of Our Progress

THE political side of a war made by a democracy is never a very edifying spectacle. The present war has not been an exception, especially in the last few weeks. France has been threshing out her Bolo-Bonnet-Rouge-Caillaux scandals. Lloyd George has been having a parliamentary "crisis" about every two weeks, with the worst one of all—the Irish crisis—still looming up ahead. The United States has had less time to get her nerves on edge, but we have already exhibited a large degree of turmoil over ships and ordnance and quartermaster's stores and food and fuel and aeroplanes. Yet in the midst of her scandals France has gone on increasing the size and morale and efficiency of her army until it is the best fighting machine of its size the world has ever seen. In the midst of her crises, Great Britain has sustained the full force of the great drive without breaking, and has replenished men and munitions so rapidly as to be stronger to-day on the fighting line than when the storm broke on March 21st. And in the midst of her turmoil the United States has been muddling along on a vast scale, gathering speed and momentum, and gaining in unity of purpose with every quarrel and emerging from every fracas with new strength and greater speed. Last month the Secretary of War announced that we had an army of more than 500,000 fighting men in France, all convoyed over with hardly a mishap. The French Minister of Marine was able to announce that German submarines are now being sunk faster than new submarines are being launched, while official statements from Washington come to the effect that more cargo ships are now being launched than are being sunk. Delivery of steel ships was begun last month in eight of our yards, delivery of

wooden ships was begun, and the concrete ship, *Faith*, showed such qualities on her trial trip that eighteen similar ships have been contracted for and four new government yards are to be constructed at once for the building of fifty-eight others. Karl Bleibtreu, the German military statistician, writing in *Das Neue Europa*, gives what seem to be authoritative figures showing that up to February 1st of this year Germany had had 4,456,961 men killed in action and taken prisoners, not counting those who died of disease and wounds, not counting those lost in sea-fights and colonial fighting, not counting the losses in non-combatant and auxiliary forces, not counting those lost in the recent big drive, and not counting the losses sustained by Germany's allies.

Glowing Accounts of Our Soldiers in France.

JUST before he left for Europe, Secretary Baker, according to the *N. Y. Tribune*, had reached such a state of mind that he "wept and summoned his friends to tell him whether he should resign." He returned from his visit to the front with plans for the expansion of the American army to 3,000,000 men without delay, with an increase in the army budget of more than four billion dollars. Encouraging reports have been coming continually from France in regard to the quality of our troops. The German papers, it is true, are still assuring their readers that the American soldiers are worthless, but here is an extract from a letter written by a French officer in a sector adjoining one held by our troops. It was published in the *Paris Temps*:



BACK ON THE JOB

—Murphy in Chicago Herald

"Infinitely interesting is our contact with the American troops. They have occupied the sector immediately beside ours. We have seen them at work, and could form an idea, and it should be told and retold that they are marvelous. The Americans are soldiers by nature, and their officers have the desire to learn with an enthusiasm and an idealistic ardor very remarkable. There is the same spirit among the privates. They ask questions with a touching good-will, setting aside all conceit or prejudice. Naturally they have the faults of all new troops. They show themselves too much and expose themselves imprudently, letting themselves be carried away by their ardor, not knowing when to spare themselves or to seek shelter or when to risk everything for an end. This experience will be quickly learned.

"As for bravery, activity and discipline, they are marvelous. They absolutely astonished us on a morning of attack. The cannonading, suddenly becoming furious, had just thrown me out of my bunk. No doubt about it, it was a Verdun attack. Taking time to seize my revolver, put on my helmet, and gather up several documents, I descended to the streets. When I arrived there they were already filing by with rapid, easy, decided steps, marching in perfect order in silence with admirable resolution, and above all with striking discipline, to their fighting positions. It was fine. You can have no idea how cheering it was to my Poilus.

"Their artillery will be and already is of the first order. The officers are intelligent and filled with zeal, and the greater part of the service functions without a hitch. Too much praise can never be given their sanitary automobiles, swift, strong, comfortable, a veritable godsend to us."

Peril, says the *Temps* editorially, speaking of the American soldiers, "even exalts their courage," and "German journalists who described American soldiers as mere sportsmen would do well to gather a little information about them from German troops who have come in contact with them." One of the first of our regiments to get into the severe fighting was the 104th, made up of New England men. In awarding the *croix de guerre* to 122 men of this regiment, the French general spoke of the way the regiment had distinguished

itself in the fighting in Apremont forest on April 12th, saying: "It showed the greatest audacity and a fine spirit of sacrifice. Subjected to very violent bombardments and attacked by large German forces, it succeeded in checking the dangerous advance and took at the point of the bayonet in a most vigorous way prisoners and some demolished trenches from which it had fallen back at the first assault."

Ex-Justice Hughes Called On to Probe the Aircraft Muddle.

IN the aircraft controversy that has arisen many disquieting charges have come to light and some reassuring facts. The most serious of the charges come from Mr. Gutzon Borglum, an American sculptor of note, who has for years been interested in aeronautical matters. Last November Mr. Borglum wrote to Mr. Tumulty charging inefficiency in the carrying out of the aviation program and suggesting that experts be called in. The President thereupon requested Mr. Borglum to come to Washington and by an investigation of "his own" discover the specific causes of weakness, promising that the Secretary of War would clothe him "with full authority to get to the bottom of every situation," and asking him, in the event of a difference of judgment between him and the Secretary, to report personally to the President on any phase of the matter that seemed doubtful. As a result of Mr. Borglum's reports, the President in March appointed a special committee, headed by H. Snowden Marshall, former Federal district attorney for New York, to investigate, turning over to it the reports of Mr. Borglum. As a result of the two investigations, two others have been instituted, one by the War Department, begun quietly late in March, and another by the Department of Justice, with ex-Justice Charles E. Hughes, Republican candidate for President in 1916, as a special assistant. In the meantime the Senate military committee took up the disquieting rumors and another investigation seemed impending until the President expressed his opposition. The House Military Affairs Committee also joined in the effort to ascertain the facts of the situation. By this time Mr. Borglum's charges had in one way or another reached the public as also a report made by a committee of the Aeronautical Society of America, of which Mr. Borglum is a director. To add to the turmoil, direct charges have been made public against Mr. Borglum's good faith in the whole matter, charging that he was interested, in a secret way, in a manufacturing company with whom he was trying to capitalize his personal relations with the President and the confidential information made accessible to him as an investigator. In addition, the *N. Y. Tribune* impeaches, in rather caustic terms, the character of the Aeronautical Society, accusing it of having conducted "an unscrupulous campaign" against the Aircraft Production Board and all of its members from the beginning, and calling in question the technical knowledge of the officials of the Society. Into this mass of charges and counter charges, involving graft and pro-German influence and sabotage and profiteering, it now becomes the duty of ex-Justice Hughes to insert the probe and disclose the facts. The net outcome of the disturbance up to date is the appointment of a new head of the Aircraft Production Board, namely John D. Ryan, president of the Ana-

conda Copper Mining Company and of the Amalgamated Copper Company. With Ryan in charge of the future and Hughes on the trail of the past of our aviation program, there seems to be a new confidence that the situation is in a fair way to be redeemed as far as possible at this date and that no man worthy of punishment will escape.

Reassuring Facts About the Aviation Program.

AMID all the excitement created by this controversy, certain facts seem to have escaped general attention. One of them is that instead of \$740,000,000 having been expended without any tangible results, the sum of \$307,000,000 only had been expended up to the first of May, an unexpended balance of \$433,000,000 remaining, all of this balance and more, however, being covered by contracts for work yet to be done. Of the sum expended, \$42,000,000 has gone for hangars and aviation fields in this country, \$31,000,000 for aviation fields and other purposes in France, and \$5,000,000 for gas balloons. Only \$163,000,000 has been expended for engines and airplanes and machine equipment. Instead of having no results to show for this sum, 5,000 training planes have been produced in this country in the last year, 1,800 foreign planes have been purchased and delivered (of 14,000 ordered) and "something less than 1,500 foreign engines" have been purchased and delivered (of 8,000 ordered). There are (or were on May 7th, when the facts we are giving were presented to the House committee by W. C. Potter, chief of the Equipment Division of the Aviation Section of the U. S. Army) between 1,200 and 1,400 aviators actually



THE RAINBOW CHASERS

"Are we nearer now, General?"

"No nearer, Sir."

—Spencer in Omaha World-Herald

flying with the American forces in France, and there are in France and this country 15,000 flying and non-flying aviation service officers. As for the Liberty motor, while it is not yet adapted for combat planes, the process of refinement and perfection is still carried on for that purpose, and as it stands it is so far from being a failure that the French government, tho it has canceled some of its orders, has orders remaining for 10,000, one hundred having been shipped. From other sources it transpires that the British also have orders in for thousands of Liberty motors and are pressing for their delivery. But we are not dependent upon the Liberty motor. Early in 1916 the Wright-Martin Aircraft Corporation in this country began making the Hispano-Suiza motor, of the model most generally used in France, and it is now delivering to the United States each month 500 such motors of 150 horse-power. The same company has under construction a plant on Long Island where it is to produce 3,000 of these motors of 300 horse-power for the United States. These are motors for combat planes. Another corporation in this country, the Duesenburg, is making Bugatti motors for France, and, according to Frederick Uphams Adams, writing in the *Tribune*, it can deliver, or perhaps already has delivered, in quantity to the U. S. Government. According also to Mr. Adams, "the United States Government is now receiving six types of aviation motors exclusive of the Liberty," two at least of these being delivered in quantity.

Bottling up the submarine was a corking good idea.—Baltimore American.

Perhaps, as the Germans say, the American army is a joke, but if so the joke is on the Germans.—Charleston News and Courier.



ENOUGH TO MAKE A DEAD MAN LAUGH

WILHELM: "What have I not done to preserve the world from these horrors?"

—Rogers in N. Y. Herald

There may be no truth in the Amsterdam rumor that the German army is revolting, but some of its deeds certainly are.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

PRUSSIAN JUNKERS AND GERMAN DEMOCRACY AT ODDS

THE political crisis at Berlin must have reached a most acute phase, observes the *Paris Figaro*, or Emperor William would never have left the front so hastily to assert himself among his Junkers in the capital. The situation that confronted him there, involving the possibility of a dissolution of the Prussian chamber of deputies, leads the French press to infer that the political crisis in Germany is of a far graver character than many organs of Parisian opinion have been inclined to concede. Dailies like the *Paris Temps* warn their readers against exaggerated impressions of the crisis in Germany, political, military or economic, disseminated from Holland as a means of misleading Allied opinion in the West. On the present occasion the press of Paris agrees with that of London. Political Prussia is shaken to her foundations by the franchise crisis. Put as succinctly as possible, the Junkers are in revolt against the measures of the Hertling-Payer-Friedberg combination. Herr von Payer, in fact—the progressive who went from the vice-chancellorship into the Bundesrat—threatened to withdraw from all connection with Prussian affairs if the reforms were further impeded. That would have rendered the position of the Chancellor untenable, says the *Temps*. The trouble would have spread from the Prussian deputies to that special committee of the Reichstag itself which some months ago drew up a program of constitutional changes dealing with the prerogatives of the Emperor, ministerial responsibility and “reform” generally. Emperor William is said to have agreed to a dissolution of the Prussian lower house before the year is out. This is interpreted as a desertion of the Junkers by his Majesty and they plan revenge of some sort.

Nature of the Conflict at Berlin Over Suffrage.

ALL the Junkers are striving to keep the question of democratic “reform” in Prussia separate and apart from the issue of ministerial responsibility in the German Reichstag. The Socialists, on the other hand, regard these two issues as twin aspects of one problem—that of making Germany a democratic land. Thus controversy in German dailies tends more and more to range the liberal elements with the Socialists on the issue of the suffrage. The Junkers contend for the traditional Prussia with its sovereign ruling by right divine. French dailies and Italian dailies agree that the issue thus drawn aggravates the internal German crisis to an extent that may yet interfere seriously with the efficiency of Germany as a belligerent. A concrete case arose when the Reichstag committee on the constitution wanted Herr von Payer, notwithstanding his appointment to the Bundesrat, to retain his seat in the Reichstag. Here, says the *London Westminster Gazette*, which has followed the struggle closely, the Chancellor announced his unalterable opposition. A member of the Bundesrat takes his instructions from his own state government and is bound by it. A member of the Reichstag takes his orders, theoretically,

Emperor William Drawn Into the Suffrage Crisis at Berlin

from his constituents or from his political party. If a member of the Bundesrat may be also a member of the Reichstag, he would take orders from a constituency, a body of voters. The result would be “naked parliamentarism.” The Chancellor does not want this. Neither does the Junker. The state governments will not listen to it either. This, says the *London daily*, is the crux of the crisis from the Socialist point of view.

Proceeding Against the Socialists of Germany.

THE deadlock between the Junkers, bent upon maintaining the traditional Prussia, and the Reichstag, seeking to impose a democratic constitution upon all Germany, explains the wholesale arrests of Socialists last month, the *Gaulois* (Paris) says. In theory the Junkers are contending for state rights. It is none of the Reichstag’s business, their organs, like the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, say, whether Prussia has a democratic suffrage or a restricted one. The Socialists reply that unless the change for which they contend, including the right of a deputy in the Reichstag to a seat in the Bundesrat—if and when appointed—be made, there will be no constitutional progress along democratic lines. The struggle for democracy in Prussia thus engages all Germany and upon the issue of the conflict everything turns. The Socialists have organized meetings in Berlin and elsewhere to remind William II. of his edicts last year. These promised direct, equal and secret suffrage. The independent Socialist, Heinrich Stroebel, was behind this agitation and in one despatch from Holland he is said to have been arrested. He may go to prison like Herr Dittmann. The Junkers instigate this terrorism, says the *London News*. There is a feeling among some Socialist factions that Emperor William is, on the whole, less reactionary than are the Junkers. He is too completely in their power, however, to show his hand openly.

Junker Tactics Against the German Socialists.

BEFORE holding their great meetings in Berlin last month, the Socialists took pains to get the permission of the civil authorities as well as of the police. Nevertheless, the local military broke up the gatherings with the aid of the garrison. This is now an ancient grievance and Herr Haase, the independent Socialist, has made much of it in the Reichstag committee. It proves, observes the *London News*, that above the civil government in Germany the militarists sit enthroned. Those militarists are always on the side of Junker policy. This was brought out clearly, says the *London Westminster Gazette*, when the Socialists agitated against the privileges which the upper house of the Prussian diet seeks to retain. It will not surrender power over the purse. There are several so-called “democratic” innovations in the “reform” bill but their effect is to leave the Junkers supreme in the matter of taxation. The reactionary majority in the Prussian chamber, elected under the old franchise, will not yield.

The troubles of poor Nicholas Romanoff aren't over, after all. Now Kaiser Wilhelm threatens to make him again Czar of Russia.—*N. Y. Morning Telegraph*.

The Bolsheviki are again warning Germany that if she deprives them of all power of resistance they will fight.—*Philadelphia North American*.

THE VICTORIOUS DRIVE OF THE DRYS

THEY are developing a war of tanks on the other side; but on this side we have developed a war against "tanks" and the tanks are losing steadily. The campaign for the ratification of the national prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution goes merrily on and the organ of the Anti-Saloon League claims a battling average for the drys of 1,000 per cent. in every case where a vote has been reached. "There has not been," it remarks, "an adverse vote on the direct question of ratification by either branch of any legislature thus far." In four State legislatures—New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Nebraska—the wets have succeeded in deferring a vote. In eleven others the amendment has been approved, and five of these eleven—Kentucky, Massachusetts, Texas, Delaware and Maryland—are not prohibition States. (Texas goes dry this month.) It requires favorable action by thirty-six States to ratify. There are twenty-seven states that have already adopted State prohibition. Assuming that they all approve the Federal amendment, only nine wet States will be needed to ratify and five of these have already come into line. In Massachusetts the vote for ratification stood 145 to 91 in the lower house and 27 to 12 in the upper. In Kentucky the votes stood 55 to 10 and 27 to 6. Last year Ohio came within 1,723 votes of going dry and Utah and Florida year before last elected dry governors and a majority of dry legislators, and are to vote on State prohibition this year with every prospect of adopting it. Since the European war be-

Twenty States Have Adopted Prohibition Since the War Be- gan and the End is Not Yet

gan, twenty States have adopted state-wide prohibition and seven others are to vote on it this year. In addition, the District of Columbia, Alaska and Porto Rico have gone dry, Canada has done the same thing and dry Yucatan is calling for a congress of Mexican States to meet to adopt national Prohibition. "The outlook for John Barleycorn's tenure of business in North America," says the *N. Y. Tribune*, "is exceedingly dark for him." The *Atlanta Constitution* cheerfully remarks: "Prohibition, nation-wide and air-tight, is coming. It is inevitable. Every indication points that way and those who attempt to block it might as well be butting their heads against a stone wall." "Booze-vending in the United States," says the *Sioux City Tribune*, "will be a closed issue within less than two years."

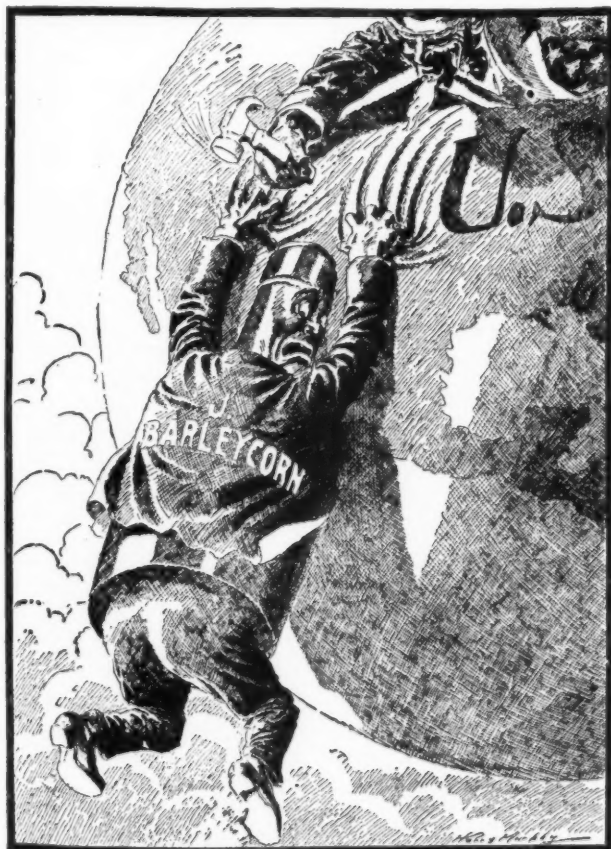
An Epoch-Making Struggle Going on All Over the World.

AS a matter of fact most journals of the United States accept it as a closed issue already. The most notable exceptions are the *Times* and *World* in New York City, both of which continue to direct their batteries, consisting, for the most part, of satire and ridicule, upon the dry campaign. The Hearst papers continue to plead for wines and beer. The *N. Y. Tribune* has been conducting an interesting forum in its correspondence columns in which all sides have had a hearing. To all appearances the question of ratifying the prohibition amendment to the Federal Constitution will be the most lively issue in the State election of New York this fall, and Governor Whitman's renomination and reelection are likely to be determined by it, as he has placed himself squarely on the side of the drys. Along with the political contest has gone on the age-long scientific contest. Here too the battle has been going very obviously against the wets. The American Medical Association not long ago met in annual convention and by a formal resolution proclaimed that alcohol has not even any therapeutic value that cannot be better obtained from other substances. In England the Scientific Advisory Committee to the British Liquor Control made a report recently that, according to the anti-prohibition *Times* of New York City, "in some respects deserves to be called, as it has been, the most important pronouncement yet on the physiological action of alcohol." The same paper editorially summarizes the report as follows:

"These conclusions are that for human beings alcohol is neither necessary nor useful in any conditions of peace or war—that it does not give a man warmth when he is cold, that it does not cure or help him when he is ill, that it does not give him courage when he is afraid, and that always, whether in large quantities or small, it decreases his efficiency, his trustworthiness, his intelligence, and his worth as a social unit."

Recent Researches Into the Effects of Alcohol.

THESE statements, says the *Times*, have been made time and time again by scientists of the highest standing, including the most eminent members of the medical profession in this country. "While not all our



SLIPPING!

—Murphy in *N. Y. American*



BIRDS OF A FEATHER

—Thomas in *Detroit News*

doctors agree with all of them, the exceptions are almost all men far advanced in years." But even these excep-

THE AGONY OVER CONSCRIPTION IN IRELAND

WHEN the military hero who has just become Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland took up his residence in Dublin Castle, anti-conscription pledges were being signed under the auspices of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The movement had proved a bond of union between Sinn Fein and the orthodox Home Rule party under Dillon. That statesman makes now no concealment of his belief that conscription in Ireland is advocated not so much to increase the forces in Flanders as in the hope that conscription may be forcibly resisted or overcome by bloodshed. In due time followed the wholesale arrests of the Sinn Feiners. The unrest and insecurity in Ireland will provide the Tory with his excuse for more coercion. Such is the upshot of comment in the *Freeman's Journal* as well as in the organs of Sinn Fein. The *London Spectator* anticipates an era of violence but it takes the matter lightly. "There may be rioting for a time; but, as the Irish people see that the government is going to stand no nonsense, but will shoot but will not argue, they will go more quietly." The organ of conservative Toryism, the *London Post*, thinks "the trouble which the irreconcilables might make could not in any event be much more serious than the trouble they are now making in spite of the indulgences extended to them. It might be an advantage to have the trouble over at our chosen moment." The views thus expressed are at variance with those of Mr. Dillon and Mr. Devlin, on behalf of the orthodox Home Rulers, of Mr. de Valera and Mr. Griffith, the Sinn Fein leaders, and Mr. Healy and Mr. O'Brien, the inde-

pendent nationalists. These men all predict that Ireland will rise in bloody insurrection before she will be con-

tions seem to content themselves nowadays with denying not that alcoholic drinks are an evil but that they are anything like as important an evil as the prohibitionists maintain. Allan McLane Hamilton, M.D., one of our elder and best-known physicians, still insists that "the moderate use of alcohol is for many a man of the present day a very important hygienic measure," and its use in medicine "is often imperative." As an exciting cause of mental disease, he holds, "it accounts for less than 15 per cent. of all the cases," and he cites the researches of Elderton and Pearson in the Galton Laboratory in 1910 as evidence that parental alcoholism has no appreciable effect upon the intelligence, physique or physical diseases of offspring. Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, medical director of the Life Extension Institute, on the other hand, cites the more recent researches of Professor Benedict, of the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory (Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, calls them epoch-making), as proof that "even small beverage doses of alcohol depress the nervous system and impair the efficiency of the circulation." Of the general struggle over alcohol that has been carried on for so many years, Professor Fisher says: "The world is clearly preparing to cast out the devil of alcohol." Says the *Providence Evening Bulletin*: "It is an epoch-making struggle, one of the great social and political phenomena of an extraordinary age, and its outcome will be awaited with intense interest. Its significance to the future of the country and the social and economic life of the people commands general recognition."

Gloomy Anticipations of a Period of Violence and a Reign of Terror

pendent nationalists. These men all predict that Ireland will rise in bloody insurrection before she will be con-



THEY BOTH MEAN LIBERTY

—Kirby in *N. Y. World*

scripted by any majority but that of an Irish parliament.

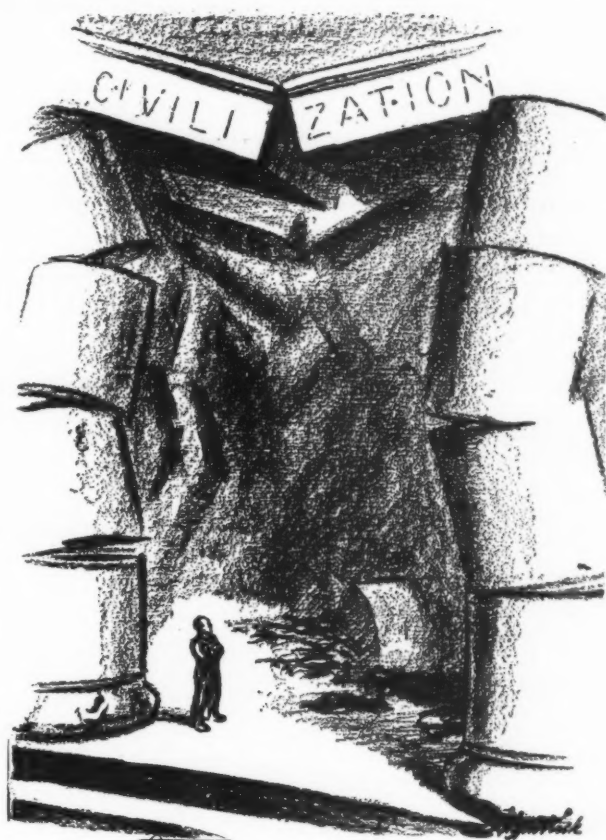
Preparations for War in Ireland.

SOME tanks, a park of artillery and hundreds of rounds of rifle ammunition have been despatched to Ireland within the past six weeks, declares the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*. "Ireland is for the first time in many a year united." The very policemen go about with "no-conscription" badges and Messrs. Dillon, de Valera, Healy and O'Brien take council with the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the transport workers, the trade-unions, the proletariat and the hierarchy. There is a union of all classes, says the Manchester *Guardian*, in determined resistance to conscription, "a resistance to the death which is undertaken in a spirit of passionate revolt and religious faith which may turn Ireland into a nation of rebels and martyrs but never into an army of conscripts." The message of the Bishop of Killaloe is typical of the attitude of the hierarchy and priests: "Make your peace with God, make it quickly. Which side you take is a matter for your own conscience." What is remarkable in the situation is the way in which many who might be expected to side with the authorities have thrown in their lot with the foes of conscription. The Irish Privy Council has protested against the measure. So have the Catholic barristers. The attitude of the general public is shown in the signatures to pledges and in the strikes. It is an under statement to say, according to this authority, that three-quarters of the male population will not be taken alive. Soldiers are already breaking up assemblies that protest against conscription. A man was killed on one occasion and a jury indicted the soldier involved for murder. The exemption boards could not be made up of Irishmen in the south, we read. They would exempt the whole list of eligibles.

Raising the Cry of "No Popery."

THE action of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland has placed its members, declares the London *Times*, at the head of the no-conscription movement. At bottom, it says, this is nothing less than a revival of the old claim of a powerful religious organization to defy the law of the land "in a matter which is not even remotely religious." The London *Post* has an editorial entitled "Ireland, for Shame!" and notes that while work was stopped over the greater part of that country in order that men might hold meetings and take the pledge against conscription, there was nothing of the kind in Ulster, where the Roman Catholic bishops do not rule:

"Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, and priests are preaching resistance to the law of the United Kingdom, and are incidentally giving the greatest possible assistance to Germany. Are these ecclesiastics fulfilling instructions sent by the Vatican? Or are they in this matter acting on their own discretion, and, if so, what is the attitude of the Vatican towards them? These are questions which must sooner or later be answered. It is not the first time that England has been opposed by a priesthood owning a foreign allegiance, or that the pretensions of Rome to temporal and political power have conflicted with English policy. Many of the country priests in Ireland are extremely ignorant persons, but their superiors should surely understand that the course they are now pursuing must



IRELAND: "It's not my affair."
—Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

ultimately be fatal to the Roman Catholic interest. Englishmen will not permit this kind of interference with their affairs, nor will they ever forget that when they had their backs to the wall the Irish priests told the Irish people to betray England. What is equally true is that the priests are betraying Ireland."

The Other Side of the Irish Conscription Issue.

NO trouble to come in Ireland can be ascribed to any other source than the incapacity of Prime Minister Lloyd George, according to the liberal London *News*. He challenges Ireland provocatively, it says. He prefers to ignore in his speeches the whole tragic history of the mismanagement of Ireland ever since the great war began—including his own denunciation of the "malignant way" in which Irish recruiting enthusiasm was blanketed in the early months by the war office at London. Mr. Lloyd George conveniently forgets, adds the liberal organ, that Irish Catholics were not allowed to have Roman Catholic officers, that Roman Catholics were disqualified for commissions. He passed over the fact in his last speech on the Irish question that the committee on conscription of the recent convention—a committee consisting of three Irish unionist peers and two nationalists serving with the colors—had reported emphatically that in the event of an Irish parliament being set up conscription could be imposed only by the consent of an Irish legislature. The report, which Mr. Lloyd George seems not to have read but which Mr. Devlin read in the Commons, concludes the London *News*, robs the Lloyd George scheme of any basis:

"No one, except a few feverish enemies of Irish Home Rule like the *Morning Post* and the *Spectator*, supposes that it can do anything to strengthen the army. No one doubts that, if it is persisted in, it will create at this grave moment a new source of peril that cannot be estimated. For every battalion it brings in, it will mean the loss of two needed to hold in check an indignant people, stung once more into open rebellion. If the object is to destroy the work of the Convention, we understand this astonishing proposal. But it is understandable on no other ground. Let Ireland have the freedom which Canada and Australia have, and we need not doubt that she will act as they have acted. But only on the terms of free choice can we have Irish compulsion."

The Crux of the Irish Question.

BEFORE he gets through with the Irish hornet's nest, Mr. Lloyd George will discover that he can not raise the age limit for military service in England without at the same time applying conscription in Ireland. There is his dilemma in a nutshell to dailies like the *London Post* and weekly political periodicals of the school of the *London Outlook*. Mr. Lloyd George therefore began by pledging his government to do both these things. He raised a suspicion, however, that advantage will be taken of lack of machinery in Ireland or of some such excuse, to delay the application of conscription. "We have no doubt," says the political weekly, "about what would be the result of any such trickery." It would raise in England a storm of such violence as would at once drive Lloyd George to the safest shelter he could find. The only consolation from an English point of view is that the alliance between the Sinn Feiners under de Valera and the Home Rulers under Mr. Dillon seems unlikely to endure long. Already, says the *London Telegraph*, there are signs of a rift within the lute. The *Freeman's Journal* is even now complaining that when a Home Ruler dies the Sinn Feiners do not wait for him to be buried before they show up in the constituency with a candidate of their own. The Sinn Feiners regard themselves as the whole Irish movement and they have been very condescending to Mr. Dillon and even to the Lord Mayor of Dublin. However, the *Kilkenny People*, which was seized and suppressed by the police but which still appears from some mysterious source, explains that Sinn Fein smoked Dillon out, smoked Devlin out and will yet smoke the British garrison in Ireland out. "The English say," it observes, "that they will make us fight; but we will teach the English that the Irish do not have to be made to fight." A theory of the same kind underlies comment in the *Liberal Manchester Guardian*:

"For our part we do not believe that Ireland desires or ever did desire to stand out of this struggle. Irishmen are the last to sympathize with the German spirit or to be indifferent to the ambition of Germany to rule the world. Ties of religious sympathy bind them to Belgium, the first sufferer from German ambition and the immediate cause of our intervention in the war. Ireland as a free nation will want to take her place among the nations fighting for freedom throughout the world. What Ireland resents is being forced to do what she would willingly do if her right of self-determination were recognized. It is a point of principle and of pride. It will cause us loss of time when we want men at once. That is true, but it is better to get men late than to get none at all, and lose our own men into the bargain in the endeavor to get them. Time has been lost, not by the Irish, who wanted to cooperate with

us from the outset, but first by the War Office, which damped down Irish recruiting, and secondly by successive British Governments, which kept on adjourning the settlement of the Home Rule problem. Settle Home Rule first, and recruitment will solve itself. That is the key to the Irish question."

An Appeal to Wilson and America in Irish Affairs.

ONE notable feature of the Irish problem is the importance that is attached to American sentiment. In his address announcing the Home Rule program, Lloyd George gave as one of the reasons for its immediate enactment that it would "produce good-will in America"—an unprecedented argument, the *Chicago Evening Post* thinks, to be employed in the British Parliament in support of domestic legislation. The suggestion is seriously advanced in England by Arthur Pallen that President Wilson be requested to act as a referee to determine not only what Ireland should do in the way of supplying troops but what form of government should be bestowed upon it! The announcement by Lloyd George of the government program was followed by a conference of delegates from all the Irish parties (except the Ulsterites) by which a statement against the conscription program was drawn up and the Lord Mayor of Dublin was requested to take it to Washington and present it to President Wilson. Whether the President will consent to receive such a document except through the regular diplomatic channels remains to be seen; but the main object is doubtless to get the statement before the American public. There is obvious need of such a statement if the Irish desire to retain anything like the amount of sympathy here that they have had in the past. Here and there a voice is lifted in the press of this country in behalf of the Irish attitude; but the dominant note of the press utterances is that Ireland ought to accept conscription, in the present world-crisis, if it is accompanied by Home Rule. Francis Hackett in the *New Republic*, Bernard McGillion in the *Chicago Tribune*, A. Loftus Bryan in the *N. Y. Times*, defend Irish opposition to conscription on the grounds that the British government has made no attempt to force conscription upon her colonial possessions; that Home Rule, promised and enacted, was held up when the war started because of Ulster's threats and Sir Edward Carson and Sir F. E. Smith, open advocates of Ulster's rebellion, were given important positions in the government; that, as Mr. Hackett puts it, "Ireland has no stake in the war similar to England's stake in the war" for the reason that she "has not the liberty to lose which England has to lose," and "the right not to be conscripted by a government that is a conqueror's government is a sacred right."

Ireland Should Lay Aside Her Grievances During the War.

THE general sentiment, as expressed in the American papers, is in line with that voiced by the *Chicago Evening Post* to the effect that, while America favors Home Rule, "American common sense refuses to approve the attitude of the Sinn Fein and the Nationalists in making their particularist aims an obstacle to winning the war." Every other warring nation, we are reminded, has set aside its own considerations of welfare for the sake of the common cause, and "it is not too much to ask that Ireland shall do the same." Not only, says the *N. Y. Globe*, does America ask Ireland to

suspend her grudge, but France, "who is the spiritual cousin of Ireland and is largely populated by Celtic compatriots," joins in the request. "Is hatred of England justification for abandonment of France to a relentless Teutonic conqueror?" The *St. Louis Star* thinks that the Irish people are as much bound in Christian honor and duty as the people of the United States to fight for the cause of humanity and civilization. If Ireland lacks self-government still, that is due, we are told, not to the unwillingness of the British government but to the bitter disagreement among the Irish themselves. The *Deseret Evening News* says:

"Irish liberty is as much at stake in this war as English liberty, or French liberty, or Serbian or Belgian or American liberty; and whatever Irishmen may have suffered in the past from the alien rule of partisans in England who could not or would not understand their feelings and give them their rights, there can be no comparison between such wrongs and the infamies and despotism that would follow the triumph of Prussian militarism and Junkerdom."

Playing Germany's Game in the Name of Freedom.

THE foregoing comment, like all similar comment in American papers, is based upon the assumption that the offer of Home Rule made by Lloyd George is made in good faith and will be carried out either before or as soon as conscription is put into force. The *Des Moines Register* says: "Nothing could hurt the standing of the Lloyd George government more than to enforce conscription in Ireland under a promise of Home Rule, and then fail in any degree in the fulfilment of the Home Rule promise." Men of Irish blood in America

have helped to keep the Irish cause alive, says the *Chicago Tribune*, and they will not take it kindly that, in the great struggle against German militarism, the Irishmen at home hold back. It suggests, however, that Home Rule should be given to Ireland at once on the understanding with Irish members of Parliament that the required quota of volunteers be then raised, or, in case of failure, conscription be resorted to. The *N. Y. Times* is disposed to be bitter in its comment on the course of the Irish, and especially on the course of the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy. Referring to the murders of priests, by the Germans, the ravishing of nuns, the destruction of churches and cathedrals, it goes on to ask: "By what monstrous delusion obsessed, plunged in what unhappy remoteness from the agony of Belgium and the world, does the Irish Church tie at last to the Sinn Feiners, the open friends of the Kaiser?" For a generation, the *Times* insists, England has striven to satisfy the desires of Ireland. The latter country has grown fat and prosperous by British legislation. In this war she has been treated like a spoiled child. She is now "playing an inglorious, a contemptible part, while the tragedy of the nations goes on." The resistance to conscription is "a stab at freedom." The Lord Mayor of Dublin coming here on the proposed errand "would be in effect a German agent," and it is doubtful if he should be allowed to land. "If Irishmen of Ireland expect any help, any good offices, from Americans, they must help America now. If they are worthy of freedom, they must fight for it. If they choose to be in effect allies of Germany, they are our enemies; and they deserve the German tyranny they invite."

Parliament might have got better results by making it unlawful for Irishmen to enlist.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Quarrels in Ireland over Home Rule will be purely academic if the Hun wins.—*Washington Post*.

THE PRESENT PROBLEM OF THE WESTERN FRONT

A PROFOUND impression has been made upon the military experts of England, France and Italy by the fidelity of the western offensive to most journalistic forecasts. Indeed, as the expert of the *Paris Temps* put it, one might accuse the commanders on both sides of having studied the newspaper anticipations of things for the purpose of verifying them with actual events. This, it is conceded, is a bad sign. It suggests that the higher command on both sides is not "inspired." Military commanders of genius do not live up to the forecasts of their operations in the newspapers. When they do so there has been too faithful an adherence to the rules of the game. For instance, the gap in the Allied line was foreseen in the columns of the *Figaro*. The several halts of the German armies under Arnim, Below, Marwitz and Hutier were foreshadowed. Even the handling of the French reserves in Picardy was indicated by well-informed comment in many newspapers. In a word, as the expert of the *Rome Tribuna* remarks, the fighting at the front is done by a sort of rule of thumb in which movements are prescribed according to formula and commanders are allowed too little initiative. This is not, perhaps, an established fact, but it is reasonable as an inference respecting the Germans

The Cult of Man-Power and the Strategic Aim of the Versailles Council

and it is a well-established suspicion regarding the Allies. For this reason the Italians through their newspapers venture to hope that America's participation will become more conspicuous as her forces grow in number on the fighting line. The strategy of the war, it fears, is a trifle mechanical, as if the Versailles council feared to risk bold experiments. There is too much respect, too much awe, of German efficiency.

What May Have to Be Done Next at the Front.

THE present problem on the western front arises from the working out of the Berlin "conception" when the great offensive was undertaken, explains the able military expert of the *Manchester Guardian*. The Germans, efficient but not brilliant, went by schedule. Three days would bring them to the limits of the old Somme battlefield. Three days more would separate the French army from the British. By the end of the first week in May the Allied armies would be sundered into two groups—a British force holding Flanders and the "narrows" and a French force taking refuge in the southeast of France. The Germans were in the end to occupy the channel ports west of Calais and Bou-

logne, exposing Britain's cross-channel traffic to a submarine assault on both sides. Thus the Americans would be left without a port at which they could with any convenience land in France. This whole conception was a little obvious and the extent to which it has succeeded may be determined by any newspaper reader who takes the trouble to study the latest diagrams in the morning and evening gazettes. Says the *Guardian* expert:

"The usefulness of the British army depends on the possession of a sufficient area in Flanders to permit of the deployment of reinforcements. Unless we have round the Narrows the possession of territory within a radius of at least 25 or 30 miles, we have no *pied-à-terre*. Suppose you had five million men who could only advance to the attack single file, the odds are that five thousand men working in reliefs could account for them all. The example is an absurd one, but it shows that in order to deploy numbers you need a certain amount of space, and if your area in Flanders were contracted within the arc of a semi-circle round Calais that was not wide enough to include Dunkirk, Boulogne and, say, Hazebrouk, you might have millions in reserve, but you could not debouch from it. You could hold positions indefinitely so long as you had command of the sea, but your millions from America would land in France not at your invested ports but at Bordeaux or at Marseilles, where they had room to spread out. These sentences must, of course, not be understood as a description of the present situation, but as an illustration of the hopes that are in the German mind at this moment."

At the Back of the Berlin Military Mind.

THE critical events sure to develop along the western front in the next few weeks suggest to the military experts of Europe a factor ever present in the calcula-



LOYALTY DEMONSTRATION IN VIENNA

—Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

tions of Hindenburg—America. If that famous soldier, says the expert of the *Tribuna*, had in his possession detailed information regarding Washington's plans, if he knew that those plans were much farther advanced than is generally supposed, the whole sanguinary western offensive with its huge German losses, its wooden-roller progress and its fevered haste after each breakdown, would be intelligible. There is a feeling among the experts that Hindenburg has such information. The idea derives additional plausibility from a fact little appreciated in Europe but which Roman dailies dwell upon in their comment. American intervention completely revolutionized the course of events at sea. When the destroyers that put forth from this side of the Atlantic got across, all German calculations were upset. The American fleet was not only better equipped than Berlin had suspected, but it arrived with a plan for operations against the submarine. If the censorship were less rigid, the Italian daily says, this fact would be manifest. Assuming, now, that the American forces are streaming to Europe in execution of a plan—which is what the naval forces did—we have an explanation of much that mystifies in the progress of



THE FOOL TRAP

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

events on land. Hindenburg must anticipate the execution of some design of the Versailles council based upon the swift arrival of American effectives. This view is endorsed by the expert of the *Manchester Guardian*. We have all, he says, heard much of man-power. The need is less for man-power than for brain-power. The Allies in the West have provided the man-power but they have gone further, realizing, as the Versailles council does, that the present crisis calls for more effective strategy and that all the men in the world would achieve nothing if ineffectively handled.

Holding Back Man-Power in the West.

A FAILURE by the Germans to take Amiens would create for them a situation so extremely serious, says the expert of the *London Times*, that we may anticipate a tremendous drive against that important railroad center, a series of heavy-massed attacks in narrow areas. It is said in western European dailies now that the confidence of Gallwitz and Below in mere speed—the phase of the western offensive at first—is shaken. The Germans can not afford the losses.



BEWILDERED RUSSIA: "Are we still having peace?"
—Darling in *Chicago Post*

The people at home are undergoing preparation for the slower phase of the operations, as the comments in the Berlin *Vorwärts* denote. "Days and weeks of heavy fighting will still have to be endured. The enemy, in spite of his heavy losses, still has many soldiers with whom he will strive to turn the tide of fortune. We have no reason to doubt the bravery and devotion of his troops." The inspired Socialist daily adds that the Allies may resist until the end of this summer, for, it confesses, America may land three hundred thousand more men in France by the end of August. The moment has come when Germany will husband her manpower, it says, an assertion confirmed by comment in the *Kreuz-Zeitung*. All this is interpreted in the press of the western allies as a confession that Germany will be somewhat less reckless of human life for some weeks to come. Does this mean that Amiens will be kept out of German grasp? Not at all, says the military expert of the *London Westminster Gazette*:

"Suppose this aim of advancing to Amiens to be attained, the climb towards a decision would still be long. There would be the mass of the British army to deal with; there would be the French and the Americans to keep in check coincidentally; and there would be the French and



THE KAISER: "This is my battle, Willie!"
WILLIE: "You can have it, father. I had mine at Verdun."
—Raemaekers in *Bell Syndicate*

Americans to defeat, after the British had been, with the enemy forces available for the purpose, disposed of, assuming that could be done. Looking at the cost of the present attack as far as it has gone, is there anybody rash enough to maintain that the German army is equal to a job like that? On the very face of matters it is not. But do not the enemy Command know that? Most assuredly. But then, it may be said, this project is crazy. Apparently yes, but there is method in it. What is the method? To compel us to conform, and throw in our mass of maneuver. Why? So as to cripple our power of attack. In a word, the real aim is a deadlock, but a deadlock in a situation which would give Germany a very much greater political 'pull' for an early and favorable peace. It has seemed to the enemy worth paying an exceedingly stiff price for. Amiens occupied and Paris menaced. There you have it in a nutshell."

Perplexities of the General Staff at Berlin.

FORCED at last to economize man-power yet determined to drive the enemy further towards the coast, the general staff in Berlin faces two difficulties, notes the expert of the *Gaulois*. One of these concerns reinforcements to the Allies. The submarine can not stop these reinforcements. A different story is told in the *Vorwärts* and the *Vossische*, of course, and they may be deluded, says the French daily. The difficulty of preventing reinforcements for the Allies having proved insoluble, the second difficulty, says the French paper, grows directly out of it—that of discord in the higher command. This is notoriously acute in Berlin. It reaches a head at a time when the work of Foch as

master strategist on the Allied side is bearing fruit. Hitherto, the Allies have suffered from lack of unity in the higher command. It is the turn of the Germans now. It is not so much the old quarrel between easterners and westerners—alho that rages at home in Berlin—as it is a division of opinion respecting the proper aim of a German offensive in the West. What is that aim? "Not the capture of any special prize," says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "or the taking of this city or that, but the destruction of the armed forces of the foe, and his expulsion from the continent into the sea." That is madness to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* (Vienna), a Socialist daily speaking for an influential section of Austrian military opinion. The difficulty arises from the problem of transportation in the present theater of operations. What if it became necessary to transfer the offensive from the region around Amiens to a sector in the north? The Allies could achieve the feat easily. The Germans could not. They have lost their superiority in transportation because they operate in regions destitute of working railways.

Studying the War Map in the Light of Place Names.

IN any consideration of the military events of the immediate future we should bear in mind, says the Manchester *Guardian*, a certain error to which public opinion is prone. Disproportionate importance is attached to territorial loss or gain, especially of places whose names are famous. Even the capture of Amiens, it holds, "from which the enemy is much farther than the British were from Cambrai and from the victory that would have given Constantinople," would not be a decisive victory. The Allies are still in rough numerical equality with the enemy:

"Supposing that France were a mere battlefield and there were no civilian population to think about, no famous places to save from profanation by the invader, it might even be arguable that it might advantage the Allies to decline their center and draw the enemy on—so long as the positions on our flanks still held. The great question is not whether the enemy is gaining territory or not, but whether he is winning strategical positions—positions, that is to say, which enable him to produce greater results with fewer men—and whether the communications between our own wings and of our own army with the French are being maintained. On neither point is the answer against us; and so long as that is so the enemy is gaining nothing by his advance, but rather losing."

A section of German opinion fully endorses this view, and the *Vossische Zeitung* seems to echo the great liberal daily when it says "our object is not to win ground or to capture cities, but to destroy the enemy's forces and wreck his means of continuing the war." The struggle in the West, consequently, is only at its beginning.

An "Imperial" Offensive About to Come.

THERE can be no abatement of German energy for weeks to come, observes the military expert of the Paris *Gaulois*, because the western offensive is "imperial." This means that Emperor William himself is

theoretically in command of the entire operation. The dynastic reasons for this are important. After a period of self-effacement behind Hindenburg, the Emperor deems it important for the dynasty that he emerge himself. It is thus a gigantic offensive, energetically prepared, to culminate in a grand entry into the French capital. The Emperor had already missed that grand entry because of the Marne. He had further disillusion at Nancy. Then ensued the rebuff at Calais whereupon his Majesty went eastward for a state entry into Lemberg, into Warsaw, and on down to Nisch in Serbia to be hailed by the Bulgarian Czar Ferdinand as "glorious Caesar." Now William II. is back on the old stage, that of the West, the battles being all "under the command of his Majesty, the Emperor and King." These details are more important than they may seem at first sight to the innocent outsider, explains the London *Nation*:

"The Crown Prince has not been moved for nothing. The great plan of Hindenburg's genius cast the heir to the Crown for the leading rôle, just as did von Falkenhayn at Verdun. The British army was to be cut off from the French when the Crown Prince Ruprecht would roll it up on the coast, while the Imperial Crown Prince marched swiftly round the French flank and down the road to Paris. A modern Edward III. and Black Prince Act was to follow. There has been considerable criticism of the dynasty from several quarters in Germany recently; but it was probably thought that a success would lay the specter for at least a considerable period."

A Tremendous Summer of Battle Ahead.

IN the light of expert military comment in Europe, accordingly, it seems easy to prophesy a series of battles along the western front that will eclipse in importance the whole past history of the war. That is the judgment of the Italian press generally. The Prussians can not accept defeat, declares the Rome *Giornale*. They must go home to Berlin this autumn with results that can be interpreted as victory. Yet the mood of the grand alliance of western powers was never more grim, it adds. The French have been so heartened by the efforts of America and the encouragement derived from the visit of the American Secretary of War that all thought of compromise has been abandoned. The Lloyd George ministry may go down or be reconstituted but the battles in the western theater are not to be affected by merely political events. The supreme war council at Versailles authorizes the most optimistic view of the military situation. On both sides there is an acceptance of the coming summer as the supreme test. "The war will end when the leaves turn," predicts the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, "and victory will be ours." "We have them in the hollow of our hand," declares the Paris *Figaro*. On one point alone is it possible to find the press of the enemy in agreement with the press of the Allies. The question of man-power has been superseded by the pressing importance of strategical capacity. Everything must depend for the next two months upon the capacity of the commanding generals and upon the soundness of the conception underlying their movements.

While the Kaiser was plucking violets for the Kaiserin 20,000,000 American admirers were picking a billion-dollar bouquet for Miss Liberty.—New York *World*.

Some particularly diabolical form of punishment will probably be devised for Prince Lichnowsky, who has been detected red-handed in the act of telling the truth.—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

DEFEAT OF CHARLES I. BY HIS BUREAUCRACY

BURIAN, in his capacity as Austro-Hungarian minister of foreign affairs, may go as summarily as did Czernin, suggests the Paris *Débats*, but he will give way only to a safe bureaucrat. The clique that held sway during the time of the late Francis Joseph is again to the fore. Charles I. is for the time being a cipher in his own dominions, his dream of being a peace potentate quite dissipated. The palace revolution at the court of Vienna revives the idea that the Hapsburgs are unlucky and the newspapers of the Allies toy with the thought. The return of Burian—he has held his difficult post before—is a surprise. The Hapsburg world, the French journals tell us, had looked for Hohenlohe, for Andrássy, even for Tisza. The significant feature of the new deal at the Hapsburg court is the fresh check to the ambitions of Andrássy. He has combined, maneuvered, intrigued, for two years to get where Burian is and, despite the “slap,” as the *Débats* terms it, he still hopes. Andrássy cultivates favor at Berlin. He expects another upheaval. As for Burian, he comes from the small Hungarian nobility, a Magyar. He will watch his sovereign and he will get reports of Zita. No more pacifism in public, says the *Matin* dryly, whatever goes on behind the scenes. Charles, too, awaits his turn. He wishes to escape from a hated bondage, to be a real ruler and no puppet king. He thought to be free with Clam-Martinic, with Esterházy, with Czernin; but he is metaphorically behind the bars. Burian, aching for peace internally, will hurl defiance at the West in the style of the Hohenzollern. Charles is represented to-day in western Europe as hating William II. with the hatred of the schoolboy for the schoolmaster, yet he will have to learn his lesson of humiliation.

Mysteries of the Hungarian Government.

A PECULIARITY of the reign of King Charles to which the foreign press pays more and more attention is the fact that in Hungary no one can be sure who holds the high offices of state from month to month. Thus the tale that Doctor Wekerle was suddenly dismissed to make room for Count Tisza, that Tisza was in turn sent off to make room for Vazzonyi or another, and that a crisis in the ministry leaves Hungary with no constitutional government at all is possibly true or it may have no foundation whatever. There is some profound crisis at Budapest and that is all one can say. The *Magyar Hírlap*, in close touch with Count Andrássy, declares that the present majority in the Hungarian chamber has no authority to upset a ministry. In time, no doubt, says the *Débats*, the Paris paper most in touch with these affairs, the curtain will rise on the Hungarian scene to disclose a new peace setting. The workers, on strike for universal suffrage, have repeatedly within the past two months caused paralysis in the life of Budapest—no light, no cabs, no water even until the troops turned it on. It is fairly plausible to assume, says the *Débats* also, that Tisza is actually ruling Hungary, whether he or Count Szernye be titular Prime Minister or not, and that Burian in Vienna is the instrument of a Tisza policy. This means

The Hapsburg Dominions Held Down by the Point of the Bayonet

a Magyar ascendancy that has come to some kind of terms with dynastic Berlin—for the moment.

Humiliation of Charles as a Sovereign.

IT being impossible to conceal from the eyes of his subjects that Charles is now a puppet king, the various races under Hapsburg sway have taken to strikes, to riots, to processions. That is the whole story, says the Naples *Avanti*, abandoning its dream of a Socialist triumph in the land. Not long after his accession, Charles took up the idea of manhood suffrage. He thought he could build his throne upon the foundation of electoral reform in Hungary. He longed to overthrow the Hungarian oligarchy resting upon the dualism of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and set up in its place a monarchical democracy. The scheme would enable him to overthrow Tisza, he thought. Tisza would not listen to the “reforms.” He wants “reforms” that will leave the Magyar in the ascendant. It is the tale of the Prussian Junkers with modifications necessitated by the state of affairs in the dual monarchy. There have been persecutions of Jugo-Slavs, repressions in Croatia. The post at court held until recently by Prince Hohenlohe goes to Count Alexander Esterházy. In a word, Charles has been taken back to the worst conditions under his predecessor, Francis Joseph, and the whole Hapsburg monarchy is in subjection to the Magyars and Pan-Germans. This is the French newspaper impression. The Empress Zita has been caught writing distracted letters on the subject of “Poor Karl” and there is every indication in the newspaper comment abroad that the Austro-Hungarian sovereigns will live in a captivity not so ignominious indeed as that of the Romanoffs but no less genuine. Charles has given up the idea that he can smuggle letters out without being detected. Zita, we learn from our Socialist contemporary, persists in insinuating letters into the robes of ecclesiastics and that is the true origin of the crisis involving the papal nuncio lately.

The Hohenzollern on Top of the Hapsburg.

AT Vienna as in Budapest the real sovereign of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy is William II., says the Paris *Figaro*. The world has witnessed the elimination of Charles I.-IV. (in Budapest Emperor Charles becomes King Charles IV.). The German Emperor is ruling through Tisza and Tisza's creature Burian. Tisza, the French daily says, has never been anything but a German disguised as a Hungarian. Tisza is the faithful servant of the Kaiser, whom he serves for the sake of satisfying his personal Magyar ambitions and to assure the supremacy of Hungary over Austria. Charles is not deceived as to the real position. The young monarch has striven ever since he came to the throne to break the chains of a servitude devised while Francis Joseph yet lived. Charles has experimented with every political combination that gave promise of defeating Tisza, whom he loathes. This time he has been forced to yield. Two days after Burian got to the Ballplatz, Wekerle was kicked out of Budapest. Charles has ever since lived in isolation amid the



BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

—Bronstrup in San Francisco Chronicle

grandeurs of his palaces, abandoning himself to bitter reflections upon his mockery of a crown. The head of the house of Hapsburg thought he had found a savior in Czernin; but the events of the past few months have shown him the truth. Charles still dreams of the possibility of having his Czernin back and for that reason there is perhaps some foundation for the story that Czernin is to be shot because, as a division commander at the front, he shows reluctance in taking orders from Berlin. Meanwhile Berlin will attend to the war while Vienna makes herself useful in the dissemination of peace propositions. The Hohenzollerns think the Hapsburgs can be made very useful in this way and some very ambitious plans are already in contemplation. Berlin's confidence in Vienna was never great. Now it has almost ceased to exist. The feeling has spread throughout the official worlds and in the corridors of the Reichstag it is rumored that Austria may have to give "guarantees." There is a distinct anti-Austrian current in Junker circles; a feeling that the peace must be reached through methods opposed to those of Austria. There is a suggestion likewise that Charles is a follower of Woodrow Wilson, whose messages he allows to circulate at court in authentic translations, altho they are garbled at Berlin.

Strong Repressive Measures Indicated for Hungary.

A STERN test of the mettle of Charles will come when the demonstrations in his favor by certain classes of his Austrian and Hungarian subjects actually begin. Official Berlin looks upon these celebrations—nominally loyalty meetings—as thinly disguised attacks upon the ally. Equally distasteful to the Junker ele-

ment are the meetings in Hungary of the constitutional party, to say nothing of the gatherings at which Doctor Wekerle explains why he resigned as Premier. He formed a ministry, he has been saying in his speeches, because he wanted to introduce universal suffrage and a program of reforms based upon it. Tisza has been putting down manifestations of this kind. He has been much sterner with workingmen who protested at public assemblies against being deprived of the right to vote. Germany is letting the Ballplatz understand, says the *London Post*, that these demonstrations will have to cease. They have a bad effect upon the wage-earners in Berlin. Tisza will want to obey. There are difficulties in the way of downright repression, however, owing to the forces behind the disgruntled Wekerle and to the opposition of Andrassy, who is powerful and who sees in the popular agitations at Budapest a means of unhorsing Tisza. The Magyar world begins to be divided against itself and in this fact is the hope of Charles and his humbler subjects. Indeed, the whole Austro-Hungarian crisis is so desperate, says the *Manchester Guardian*, following it closely, that if the diplomacy of the Allies were not utterly wretched something could be made of it to the discomfiture of Berlin. Charles really wanted peace and tried to get it, says the organ of liberal English opinion, and all he got from the western allies was a rebuff. A mistake, says the *Manchester Guardian*:

"There is never an offer or suggestion of peace but we hear of a 'peace trap' or a peace offensive. Every indication of reasonableness or moderation is regarded as an insult. Any slackening of hostility towards us on the part of one of our enemies is taken as a piece of treachery not to its allies but to us. Apparently some of us so hate the enemy as to love the war and cherish it above all earthly things. For them it is a possession of such price that he who would steal it away from them is taking their all. For the enemy to propose to take our money or our colonies or our provinces, it seems, is all in order, but for him to renounce all these in the interest of peace is to take our war from us, and that is the ultimate outrage. In all seriousness, this is scarcely an exaggeration of much that has been said and written."



THE PEACE LORD

—Thomas in Detroit News

THE GREAT POLITICAL REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND

THE most democratic election ever held, as the Paris *Temps* styles the great contest at the polls to which the destinies of the British Government are about to be submitted, will be fought on the register now being taken. The remarkable features of this register are the recognition of six million women in the capacity of voters in a parliamentary struggle and the inclusion of lads of nineteen among the electors. These lads must be actual members of the fighting forces at the front. It is the aim of the Lloyd George ministry, in the political revolution known as the "reform" bill, to give a vote to every human being from the British Isles who is fighting for his country at the front. The ballots of all at the front must therefore be taken, and to insure the proper casting of the ballot the elaborate registry of the past few weeks was begun. This work of registration is done by a card system upon a scale far more elaborate than that of the Canadian, Australian or New Zealand ballotings at the front.

Labor in the Coming British Election.

NOT less than four hundred candidates will stand for seats in the Commons as out and out "laborites," it is announced by Arthur Henderson. The election itself can not be held until the summer is gone, but the turmoil of the registration had scarcely set in when the political stage was set. The labor element is roundly denounced in the Tory London *Post* as unpatriotic, but the organs of liberalism are dwelling upon the "conspiracy" of the militarists to make the election an affair of the privileged. It seems that the "minions" of the War Office, as the London *Chronicle* calls them, met in secret conclave and decided to deny the fighting men a vote altogether. The result was an inner crisis in the ministry which did not, of course, sustain the militarist clique, as the organs of London radicalism are delightedly noting. In the House of Lords the course of the exalted army officers who sought to disfranchise their men was denounced by the Marquis of Salisbury, who saw to it that severe penalties were provided for commanders who place an obstacle in the way of the registration and voting of the fighters in the ranks. Important provincial dailies like the *Yorkshire Post* and the *Manchester Guardian* dwell upon the mockery of democracy in a War Office that refused to listen to the suggestion that men at the front have a right to vote. Parliament made short work of this obstruction by going much further than was originally intended. Arthur Henderson insisted that if a man was good enough to fight for England at the front he was qualified to be represented in her law-making body—an argument that finally gave the suffrage to the boys of nineteen.

Effect of England's Democracy in Germany.

THE radically democratic character of the suffrage reforms upon which the coming elections for the British Parliament are based proved somewhat dis-

Six Million Women, Besides Lads of Nineteen at the Front, to Vote in the General Election

concerting to the German Chancellor. Votes for six million women and for boys of nineteen proved effective debating points for the Socialists at Berlin who sit with the committee revising the constitution of the German Empire. The *Vorwärts* dwelt upon the British reforms—they wipe out old gerrymandered constituencies—in connection with the Prussian suffrage fight. The censor in Berlin does not seem to have kept details of the workings of the new British democracy out of the Socialist and progressive press of the German Empire. There have been by-elections in Germany since the war began, but those elections were in haste, fighters at the front being deprived of their votes in constituencies dating from the days of the first Wilhelm. An



STIFLED

—Kirby in N. Y. World

effort to hurry forward all franchise reforms not merely in Prussia but throughout Germany was undertaken in the Socialist press with somewhat disastrous effects. The *Vorwärts* was censored and the radical press was not permitted to develop the topic fully. Meanwhile a revolution was going on in Russian Bolshevik circles for reasons explained in the *Avanti* (Naples). The Bolsheviks had been deluged with German pamphlets exposing the "shams of Anglo-Saxon democracy" and even Lenin seems to have been impressed with the idea that England's fighters were disfranchised. The adoption by the English of a franchise so democratic as to embrace mere boys at the front stunned the Bolshevik world and, as the organ of the Neapolitan comrades observes, left the Prussian Junkers with nothing to "strut upon" in the Herrenhaus. The political crisis in Germany is more acute since the electoral struggle among the British entered its new phase.

Slowly but surely the Germans are advancing to, an Allied victory.
—Baltimore American.

There's always "German peace" talk when German armies are shot to pieces.—Atlanta Constitution.

FRANCE IS NOT BLED WHITE

By STEPHANE LAUZANNE

Editor of the Paris *Matin* and Member of the French War Mission to the United States

At this hour, in which every minute is critical, it is stimulating to hear from a member of the French War Mission that France is in many ways stronger to-day than during the first year of the war. M. Lauzanne drives home this fact with compelling force in the following article written especially for CURRENT OPINION. It is based on figures and documents furnished by the French Government and they will be incorporated in his forthcoming book, "Fighting France."

LISTEN to the man in the street when he speaks—that man in the street who reflects public opinion whether it is just or unjust, genuine or sophisticated. Listen to him when he speaks and you will hear him say: "Yes, we know. France has a well-tempered spirit. But the blood is gone out of her body. France would like to fight on, to fight to the bitter end, but France is suffering. France is worn out. France is bled white."

France is suffering, that is true. In the cataclysm that she did not wish for, that she did not start, that she did not prepare, she has lost more than a million men. And what men they were! The Ecole Normale, which is the preparatory school for the French university, has lost seventy per cent. of its pupils. That means that three-quarters of the thinkers, the literary men, the scientists, the philosophers, the professors of France of to-morrow, have been wiped out. They were the flower of her youth, the *élite* of her intelligence. Add to that seven departments, roughly 20,000 square kilometers in area, which have been invaded, devastated, ruined and pillaged. In these seven departments all the machinery, all the raw materials, all the merchandize, all the furniture even to the doorknobs and the boards in the floors, have been taken away. These departments were among the richest and most prosperous of those on which France most prided herself industrially.

ADD to that the cultivation that has been destroyed, the soil that has been made untillable, the trees that have been cut down, the roads that have been torn up and the bridges that have been demolished. Add all the misery, all the mourning, all the sickness: a million wounded and injured men who have been lost as living forces by a nation which did not have too many inhabitants. Add the hundred thousand prisoners Germany sends back to us who have been made tuberculous, paralytics, nervous wrecks or lunatics, because they have been physically maltreated. Yes, France is suffering. . . . But it is not true that she is worn out. It is not true that she is bled white. The horrible hope Germany had formed of emptying France of her strength, of leaving her, fighting for breath and conquered, beaten to the earth for centuries to come, has not been realized. France always stands upright, her arm is still strong, her muscles vigorous and her blood rich. To destroy the lie that France is bled white, we must let figures, facts, statistics and definite proofs speak. The public shall judge for itself.

A nation that is worn out and bled white has no army to defend itself. France not only still has an army but she has an army that is numerically and materially stronger than it was at the war's beginning. In 1914, at the Marne, France had an army of 1,500,000 men; to-day, after four years of war, France has on

her battlefield, in the war zone, an army of 2,750,000 men. But the value of fighting men to-day lies not only in the artillery they have to support them behind the lines. It lies in the shells the artillery is able to fire, in all that material that makes up the sinews of war of the present day. Here we find the most extraordinary and marvelous effort that history records. France, invaded, occupied, weakened; France that had no munitions industry prior to 1914, or a small munitions industry at best, that France has built up a war industry that is doubtless the best in the world, which is equal to the German war industry and on which the Allies can draw in the common cause. Consider these figures, given out by M. André Tardieu, High Commissioner of the French Republic at Washington, in a letter to the Hon. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War:

"In the matter of heavy artillery, in August, 1914, we had only 300 guns distributed among the various regiments. In June, 1917, we had 6,000 heavy guns, all of them modern. During our spring offensive in 1917, we had roughly one heavy gun for every twenty-six meters of front. If we had brought together all our heavy artillery and all our trench artillery, we would have had one gun for every eight meters in the battle sector. In August, 1914, we were making 12,000 shells for the .75's per day, now we are making 250,000 shells for the .75's and 100,000 shells for the heavy guns per day."

THIS incomparable war industry has permitted us not only to fight, to defend ourselves and to attack the enemy, but also to supply our friends, our allies, with the munitions necessary to fight. Up to January, 1918, these are the amounts of munitions France was able to hand over to the nations fighting at her side in Europe: 1,350,000 rifles, 800,000,000 cartridges, 16,000,000 automatic rifles, 10,000 mitrailleuses, 2,500 heavy guns, 4,750 airplanes. And to France has come the honor of making the light artillery for the American Army, amounting to several hundred guns per month. A nation that is worn out and bled white has an empty treasury and is no longer able to obtain taxes from its ruined citizens. Let us consider what France has done in a financial way in this war:

From the 1st of August, 1914, to the 1st of January, 1918; the French Parliament voted war credits amounting to twenty billions of dollars. Of this enormous amount only two billions have been borrowed from outside sources; all the remainder has been subscribed or paid for by taxation or by loans in France herself. More than a billion dollars has been loaned to her allies by France. In 1917 France had the heaviest budget in all her history. The single item of taxes was raised to six billion francs (\$1,200,000,000) and these taxes were paid to the penny, altho ten million Frenchmen were mobilized in the Army, in the factories and on the

farms, or were untaxable in the occupied regions. In 1915, 1916, and 1917 France raised three great national loans. That of 1915 amounted to exactly 13,307,811,579 francs, 40 centimes, of which 6,017 millions of francs were paid in cash or bonds. That of October, 1916, amounted in round numbers to ten billions, of which more than five billions were paid in hard cash or bonds. That of December, 1917, amounted to 10,629,000,000, of which 5,254 millions of francs were paid in cash or bonds. Thus, in spite of the war, her invaded territories and her mobilized citizens, France has in three years raised three national loans of almost seventeen billions in hard cash. That is three times the amount of the war indemnity she paid Prussia in 1871.

A NATION worn out and bled white has no more monetary reserve, no more funds in its treasury, and has been brought into bankruptcy. The Bank of France, which is probably the leading national bank in the world, whose credit has never weakened in the gravest hours of the nation's history, declared on the first of January, 1918, gold in hand of 5,348 millions of francs, an increase of 272 millions over the gold in hand on January 1st, 1917. This is the greatest deposit the bank has ever had. All this came from the national resources: the weekly payments are still a million and a half francs, which are paid without compulsion and without legal process. The individual deposits in the great credit establishments of France, which on the thirty-first of December, 1914, amounted to only 4,050 millions of francs, amounted to 6,050 millions on the thirty-first of December, 1917. And during the first six weeks of the year 1918, from the first of January to the twentieth of February, the excess of deposits made by the peasants and the working classes in the National Savings-Bank was thirty millions of francs, about seven hundred thousand francs having been deposited daily. A nation that is worn out and bled white is incapable of manufacturing and sees its commerce and industry perish. In 1917 the receipts from commerce were thirty-seven per cent. greater than in 1916.

FURTHERMORE, the reconstruction of France has already commenced. Commissions have been appointed. These commissions have proceeded already to the evaluation of the damage done and, without waiting for authorization, the administration has paid advances amounting to a not inconsiderable figure. Thus a sum totaling more than one hundred and forty millions of francs has been expended for the reconstruction of the liberated regions. Seventeen millions have been expended in cash for repairs; in advances to the farmers for work or supplies, twenty millions; in advances to workmen, a half million; for the circulation of funds to the farmers, merchants and small manufacturers, two millions; under the heading of reconstruction of buildings or the rapid reinstallation of the evacuated population, one hundred millions.

An "Office National de Reconstruction" for the villages has been established, and an agricultural "Office National de Reconstruction" has been organized; great things have already been realized from private organizations. This is the account of what one of them, the organization of National Nurseries, sent in one year to the front and into the liberated regions: 6,717,575 cabbage plants, 1,980,000 turnip and rutabaga plants, 41,000 radish plants, 27,200 cauliflowers, 270,250 white

beets, 5,340,500 leek plants, 1,360,000 chicory and endive plants, 104,500 celery plants, 105,000 tomato plants, 16,900 tetragon plants, 9,569,450 onion sprouts; total: 26,388,075 plants of various kinds. These plants have been divided up into 2,436 shipments, and they have sufficed to nourish not only the people who have returned to the devastated villages but also the troops at the front. A nation that is worn out and bled white has no colonies, or, if she has, these same colonies are likewise bloodless and worn out. The French colonial empire remains intact while the German colonial empire has disappeared from the face of the earth. A nation that is worn out and bled white has passed the stage where it can come to the aid of others. In her death agony she has no more than her own strength to last her during the last hours. France has been able to come to the aid of the other allies. She has lent them a strong helping hand, she has been able to save them from total extinction. French troops have fought and are still fighting on all the battle-fronts: in Italy, the Balkans, Palestine and Central Africa. It is almost to France alone and to France especially that the salvage of the remnant of the Serbian Army has been due.

FINALLY, a nation that is worn out and bled white is unable to oppose the supreme assault of her enemies. . . . Here the answer is given by the men who are actually struggling before Noyon and before Amiens, on the Avre and on the Lys. Never has the morale of these men been better. Never has their fighting spirit flamed forth more ardent and more pure. And the answer is also given by the women of France. Let me end that long and dry enunciation of figures by reciting two episodes, to show the spirit of these women: Madame de Castelnau, wife of the general who saved Nancy, had, before the war broke out, four sons. Three fell on the battlefield. The fourth is actually still a prisoner in the hands of the Germans. On the lips of their father there is never the slightest word of complaint; on the lips of the mother there are words, which the children in the schools will repeat later on. Madame de Castelnau was in a little village when her third son was killed. The curé of the village had the pitiful task of telling the already mourning mother of this new blow that had struck her. The curé found Madame de Castelnau, and, in presence of her great sorrow, he hesitated and was overcome with embarrassment: "Madame," he said, "I come to bring you another blow. But know well that all the mothers of France weep for you."

MADAME DE CASTELNAU knew the truth at once. She interrupted the priest, and, looking him straight in the eyes, replied: "Yes, I know what you are going to tell me. God's will be done. But the mothers of France would be wrong in weeping for me. Let them envy me." Those are the words of a Frenchwoman of noble descent. And on the same high level are the words of an old woman, a humble soul, whom the gendarmes found one night crouched on a grave that was still fresh. It was up near Verdun. She told the gendarmes: "I come from La Rochelle. Five of my sons have already fallen in the war. I have come here to see where the sixth is buried—the sixth, my last son." Moved by the tragic grandeur of the sight, the gendarmes rendered her military honors and presented arms. The mother rose and uttered the words her dead and her heart inspired: "Even so, Vive la France!"

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

THE "MOST LIKABLE" SECRETARY OF STATE AMERICA EVER HAD

FIFTY years hence, when the diaries and memoirs and biographies of those who fought and thought to win this war are making popular magazine serials, it will be interesting to see how large a shadow the present Secretary of State throws against his background. A Secretary of State has a peculiar hold on historical attention. Treaties are named after him, even if he should do nothing else worth recording. In any event, it hardly would be possible to forget Robert Lansing, ventures the Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, but, he asks, will history, weighing and assaying

reputations with its nice scales and balances, do anything more than record him as a thoro, modest, likable man? He seems a little weary now, does this "Great War" Secretary of State, a bit strained under the load he has been carrying since he quietly emerged from the background of the State Department to pick up the reins that Bryan had dropped. A year previously he had succeeded John Bassett Moore as counselor for the State Department, and many people, lamenting the change, inquired:

"Who's Lansing?"

Washington was not among the questioners, says Edward Hungerford

Lansing Has Few Equals in His Mastery of Himself and of International Law

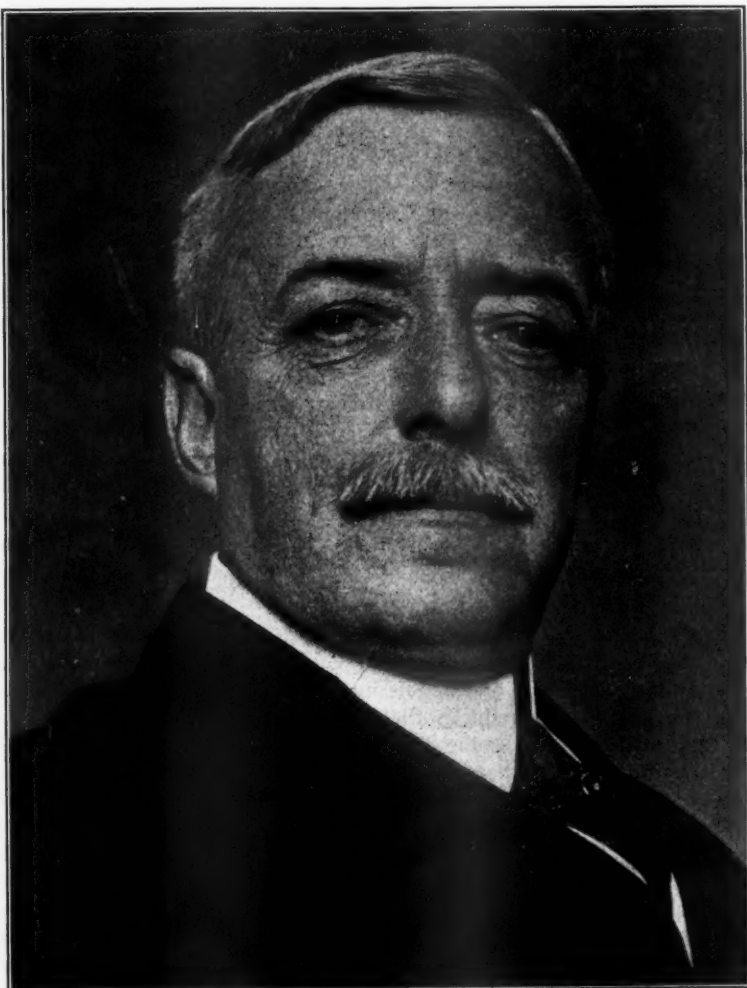
in the *Bellman*. It knew Lansing—knew him as a young man who some twenty years or so ago slipped into the capital and straightway established himself as a lawyer, with a liking and an ability for international law. It had heard of him first as counsel and then as agent in the long and intricate arbitration between Great Britain and this country in regard to the rights of each in the controversies over the Bering Sea, the Alaska boundary and the Newfoundland fisheries.

At the time of his accession to the State Department portfolio, the rather trim, regular features that the newspapers printed made him out as being everything that a Secretary of State ought to be. But now, writes the correspondent of the *Tribune*, in a picture of the Secretary of State, the trimness is not so pronounced, tho Lansing is still the unquestioned pattern from which the official manner is made.

"He is still a man of many discretions, with a sure sense of his own of the right proportions of things. His imagination is turned steadily on immediate facts. It never feels any desire to leap away across the crags and ravines of statesmanship. That was the Bryan imagination. Yet, even so quietly, Secretary Lansing has bent a little in the conflict. As he stands in the long audience room, with the portrait of Root behind him, and Lewis Cass, wrapped in a cloak, and Olney and Madison and Adams looking down at him from the walls, there is an air of weariness about him which even gentility cannot hide. His hands, resting on a high-backed chair, twitch a little, nervously. It is said his health is not good. He is not a tall man, even less than of middle height. The gray hair is closely brushed and the mustache clipped short. All this is familiar. But the forehead is lined and there are fine winding lines on the cheeks, about the eyes."

Furthermore:

"Each morning, at nine punctually, the Secretary comes to his office. One might set a clock by his arrival. He is driven to the east door of the huge building that houses his department, and makes his way quickly to his office, nodding to every man of his acquaintance that he passes, yet rarely speaking to them. In three minutes after he is within the building he is hard at work, for his desk is piled high with correspondence and reports for his attention, the fine siftings from a vast tide of typewritten matter



A STATESMAN WHO IS NOT A POLITICIAN

Robert Lansing is minus the Bryan "imagination" and fluency, but is plus many admirable qualities necessary to a "Great War" Secretary of State.

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which has either rolled into the department or else has been created within it. Yet before these come to his attention, there are the newspapers. Each morning he reads into a dozen or more of these, brought to him from every corner of the country."

Lansing also has poise, a desirable quality in anyone in diplomatic service, has it in even greater degree than many of his great predecessors. He is, in no small degree, master of himself, we are told. Also he is a man of system. Not merely his day but his week is laid out for him. There are regular meetings of the Cabinet on Tuesdays and Fridays, and the tradition of the department reserves Thursday for the calls of the ambassadors and ministers from foreign nations. His day is divided into a rather exact schedule, broken midway by an adjournment to the near-by Metropolitan Club for luncheon. Then there are the two interviews given each day to the newspaper men by whom he is the "best-liked man who has sat in the sunny office at the end of the great gray building for several administrations."

"There is no secret to the winning of the heart of the newspaperman of the better class. He simply asks that the

man in public life, who necessarily must be the source of much valuable information, play fair with him. Lansing plays fair with the reporters. He sees to it that they get the information they ask, as quickly as it may be given them, and yet not interfere with the plans of his department or with the workings of public policy. In an emergency they may even reach him at his house, and he has been known to give information to them over the telephone. And the memories of the deans of the Washington correspondents runneth not to the day when another Secretary of State would have done that thing. In return he demands that the newspapermen play fair with him, and they respect him for his stand. . . . Their questions come one by one, but in quick succession. The Secretary is not hesitant in answering them. Sometimes he says, in his quiet, gentle way, 'We are making some progress, but there is nothing to say as yet.' At other times, 'I really know nothing about it whatsoever,' and there are other times when he says nothing and his very silence may be interpreted as being more eloquent than any mere turn of speech. Gradually the questions slow down, grow further apart. The battery is running short of ammunition. The interview ends as abruptly as it began. The Secretary bows silently, again smiles his inscrutable smile, turns upon his heel and walks into his inner office. The newspapermen chat with one another

and go, a straggling group, out into the open. They have had what they came for, at least as much as they honestly feel they are entitled to have. And that is why they call the man the likable Lansing."

It was through his father-in-law, John W. Foster, Secretary of State during the Harrison administration, that Lansing originally went to Washington from Watertown, N. Y., where he retains his legal residence and has his own house, his sisters residing in the adjacent family homestead, and where the shiny brass-plate of Lansing and Lansing, Attorneys-at-Law, still gleams brightly on the main street.

So much for the Lansing of yesterday and to-day; but what of the future of this statesman from Watertown? asks the writer in the *Bellman*, and promptly answers that he is not presidential timber; he probably could not be nominated or elected governor of his own state. Once, twenty years ago or more, he was defeated for the office of mayor of Watertown. There are a few things that Lansing lacks. Among these is a bag of politician's tricks. It is not easy for him to make a public speech, at least, to make a vote-catching political speech.

HERR HAASE: THE TRAGIC FIGURE OF THE REICHSTAG

EVERY now and then a report gains vogue in the Socialist press of Europe to the effect that Hugo Haase, the "untamed" Socialist of the Reichstag, has gone the way of Karl Liebknecht and Wilhelm Dittmann. The latest disappearance of Haase, as Swiss dailies hint, grows out of the dramatic obsequies of Sarah Sonia Lerch, the militant Socialist who died so mysteriously some weeks ago. She headed the Socialist revolt of Bavarian women that reached a head at the time of the general strike. Haase was to have defended her, as he defends so many other extremists among the revolutionaries; but she was found dead in her cell. Haase indulged in characteristically vehement language on that occasion. He got into trouble of some kind again when Wilhelm Dittmann, leader of the younger Socialist generation in Germany, was given five years for treason. In short, as the *Naples Avanti* remarks, there are many paths of trouble for Haase just now and he walks persistently, defiantly and dramatically through them all. In the end he emerges a free man, thanks to the official attitude. This makes it appear that the war has turned the head of Herr Haase, a theory advanced in the *Kreuz-Zeitung* long ago. It is related

of Prince von Bülow that, when Chancellor, he tapped his head significantly after an inflammatory harang of Haase's and observed to the clerical leader, Doctor Spahn: "He is mad, but not with the sweet madness of Hamlet. His is the bitter madness of Lear." The anecdote is characteristic of von Bülow and it is not, as the Berlin daily thought at the time, unjust to Haase.

It will be recalled that during the sensational naval mutiny, Herr Haase was charged by Admiral von Capelle with having helped organize the fiasco. There is nothing fantastic in the allegation if one may infer anything from the personal impressions of this tragic figure which get into European dailies now and then. Despite his really successful career in the legal profession and his rise from the humble lot in life of a Volksschul boy through the Gymnasium and on through the university at Königsberg, Haase is a sort of comic character to the liberal and conservative press of his country. The indignant *Hamburger Nachrichten* calls him half clown and half madman. He went first into the Reichstag years ago as a radical with populist leanings, and his gravitation to republican Socialism was the effect of Bebel's influence. In the old days before the war he turned

A Socialist Leader Who Puts the German Scene in Shadow

up at international gatherings of the party with extravagant schemes for a universal European revolution. The late Jean Jaurès never knew what to make of him. The French leader would listen attentively to the German comrade's plan for a sudden seizure of all the crowned heads of Europe by a proletariat in arms overnight and reply smilingly: "One at a time, comrade."

No other member of the Reichstag equals Haase, we read, in the capacity to stalk tragically through a debate with gestures, words, tones and attitudes most ludicrous in newspaper reports and yet overwhelmingly tragical at the moment. He is never laughed at in these parliamentary situations. He fills the leader of the Center party with fury. He wins applause from the Socialist groups of all shades. The conservatives will ostentatiously leave when he talks republicanism. Haase has so thoro a knowledge of procedure that no president or vice-president at any sitting is given the slightest excuse for calling him to order.

Haase is at his best in atmospheres of gloom and tragedy and to this peculiarity of his temperament alone, according to the unfriendly *Kreuz-Zeitung*, is he indebted for his present eminence. Precisely as in the Reichs-

tag he keeps within parliamentary rules, he manages in the outside world to elude the provisions of statutes and edicts on the subject of treason, conspiracy, riot and resistance to authority. When the police lay hands upon him, they always in the end let him go. This has created a suspicion that his republicanism is merely for effect. Nobody could have a firmer faith in German culture, German ideas, the mission of the fatherland. A Prussian by birth and training, his mind saturated with the formalism of Prussian law and Prussian practice, his republicanism and his Socialism are bureaucratic, official. He has not taken to western political ideals. His dream is a republican Germany of the proconsular type along ancient Roman lines. His hero is said to be Brutus. He knows Mommsen's history of Rome by heart and he has a theory that the conspiracy of Catiline ought to have succeeded.

The Prussian police can always tell when anything untoward is developing in Socialist circles, affirms a writer in the *Gaulois*, by the accentuated stagnation of the Haase gloom. His temperament expands. He can not refrain from vague intimations of the crash that is coming. He grows prophetic. This weakness is so well understood by the Davids, the Eberts and the Ledebours that he is kept in the dark as much as possible. Altho the nominal

leader of his independent group, he is not of its inner circle. His mismanagement of the naval mutiny is like his failure with the Lichnowsky revelation, which seems to have developed at the wrong time, and his inadequacy to the Liebknecht crisis, during which the breach between the factions might have been healed.

It is said in European Socialist circles and repeated in substantial organs like the *London Post* that Lenin holds the Haase leadership responsible for the sorry figure cut by the minority Socialists at Berlin throughout the whole Russian peace proceedings. Among the Bolsheviks, before the Brest-Litovsk parleys, there was a furious debate of which Haase was the provocation. Radek wanted to fight, feeling sure that Haase, even if only a minority leader, could hold the German Socialists when the issue was squarely presented. Lenin deemed Haase a broken reed. Trotsky devised an elaborate scheme to prolong the negotiations that Haase might have time to achieve something. The outcome was the supreme fiasco of the Haase leadership, altho fairness necessitates a reminder, in the language of the Leipzig paper, that it has become the fashion to ascribe all the catastrophes of revolutionary Socialism in Europe to something or other for which Haase is to blame.

When last heard of, Herr Haase was

making dire prophecies in his characteristically catastrophic mood with particular reference to the corpse of Frau Lerch. He affirms that she had no reason to commit suicide. He remains in the judgment of the European press the ineffectual and tragic figure in the German political scene, the man whose temperamental deficiencies lost a great opportunity when greatness was thrust upon him. He is lonelier and more forlorn now because his lieutenant, the most effective and popular speaker in the Socialist ranks, has been sentenced to prison for five years. Wilhelm Dittmann possessed all the shining and effectual traits in which Hugo Haase is so deficient—brightness and ease in speech, a commanding presence on a platform, readiness to make the most of a sudden mood in an audience and boundless fertility of resource in emergencies. Dittmann believed in Haase, who won him from the moderate or majority wing to that of the rebels, the untamed. Dittmann had the merit of intelligibility, which Haase lacks. He achieved tactical triumphs over the "tamed" wing of the party, which Haase has never yet achieved. That, suspects the *Gaulois*, is why Haase remains free while Dittmann is under lock and key. Haase at liberty is really useful because of his failures and it is therefore unnecessary to invent fantastic theories that he is in secret a traitor to his followers.

MARY PICKFORD—WHOSE REAL NAME IS GLADYS SMITH

IT seems incredible that anyone upon whom the spotlight has shone dazzlingly for years could have concealed anything from the public. But there is an item in the meteoric career of Mary Pickford that has been considered either too incredible or too unromantic to be proclaimed. We all know that this Alice in movie wonderlands is five feet high—in her silk-stockinged feet; that her eyes are brown and her hair golden and curly; that she has climbed the theatrical ladder by the rungs of melodramatic and legitimate acting into a region as romantic as that which Jack discovered when he scaled the magic beanstalk; that she is still in her twenties; that she is married to Owen Moore, who played "opposite" her in her first motion-picture success; that she gave Uncle Sam a check of six figures the other day as a tithe of her million-dollar-a-year income, and that her mother is her practical business manager; but it is somewhat surprising to read in the *American Magazine* that she was a breadwinner at the age of five and that her real name is Smith.

It was in Toronto some twenty years

ago, we read, that a widow—an actress—with three dependent children was playing in a stock company which decided to produce "Bootle's Baby." It happened that Mrs. Smith, the widowed actress, had come to rehearsal one day with her eldest child, Gladys, aged five, and heard of the frantic search for a child suitable for the part. The future Mary Pickford, in a pair of patched shoes, her legs encased in intricately darned stockings, eyes bright and serious, thereupon took her first stage cue with the decision that was afterward to stand her in good stead.

"I'll do it," she piped up to the astonished stage manager.

"You'll what?"

"I'll be Bootle's baby," she explained, eyeing him with the deadly solemnity of five. She got the job and for a year played child rôles in the Valentine Stock Company in Canada. Subsequently, we read, she accompanied her mother on the road, becoming the "che-ild" in many blood-and-thunder melodramas, and gradually her face began to assume that look of "sweet and questioning seriousness" which is

Self-Supporting at Five, at Twenty-five She Pays an Income-Tax on a Million a Year

one of the chief charms of her acting. By way of various one-night stands, the bright-haired and sunny-tempered little actress at length arrived in a New Jersey town not far from New York and David Belasco. And one memorable Thursday morning Mary Pickford cut rehearsals and the Gordian knot at the same time and hid herself Broadway-ward with her little chin tilted at a determined angle.

"Theatrical history was to be made that morning. To the small, curly-haired figure that gazed broodingly toward the magic spires of Manhattan as the ferryboat brought her closer and closer to the city of her dreams the day seemed fateful with potentialities. . . . David Belasco was conducting the first rehearsal of 'The Warrens of Virginia' at the old Belasco Theater, still ignorant of the fact that a determined little girl on a North River ferryboat was headed his way. But now the ferryboat had landed and an eager figure was hastening through the busy thoroughfares of New York. She was a bit tired, a bit shabby, but determination walked with her. At the stage-door of the Belasco Theater she demanded, with that imperious little way of hers, to see the master of the show. The doorkeeper was a kindly soul—unusually so for a

stage-doorkeeper—and he didn't tell the eager-looking child that the percentage of those who didn't see Belasco was always far larger than those who did. The fates had Mary Pickford in hand, however, and they didn't intend to see her purpose thwarted by a mere doorkeeper. But they *did* decide to try out Mary first, so the doorkeeper informed her politely that what she asked was impossible. The child was unperturbed by his refusal.

"I *must* see him," she said simply. 'I've cut rehearsal just to come. I've *got* to see him.' And there was something in her manner, that something, no doubt, which has made her loved by old people and children, that prompted the doorkeeper to make a timid request of Belasco. The request was, of course, refused. Such an interruption was an impertinence. As kindly as possible the doorkeeper broke the news to Mary. Then the fates grinned and the doorkeeper had one of the surprises of his life, for little Mary Pickford gave vent to one of those wind-stormish outbursts of temper for which the great Mary Pickford is now famous, and which cause her millions of admirers throughout the country to chuckle with huge enjoyment. Before the astounded doorkeeper really knew what had happened, a small, tense and tornado-like figure was projected through the stage-door of the old theater and landed upon the stage, breathless and panting. It was Mary Pickford's first and most dramatic entrance upon any New York stage.

"The child regained her self-possession long before the scandalized actors had regained theirs. With that irresistible smile of hers she crossed the stage and confronted Belasco. 'Oh,' she exclaimed delightedly, 'I know you by your picture.' Drama always has appealed to Belasco—and this was drama personified. After that, the rehearsals for 'The Warrens of Virginia' went smoothly, for the child part of Betty Warren was being played with more than adequate skill by Miss Mary Pickford."

In fact, we are told by Belasco himself in the *Photoplay Magazine*, at the *première* of this play Mary Pickford was the most composed member of the entire company. "From the first she gave promise of the ability that has since made her the greatest motion-picture artist in the world." Further:

"Before she left me, Miss Pickford said: 'Mr. Belasco, remember, no matter where I am or what I am doing, when you want me just let me know, and I'll come.' I did not see her again for a number of years, but I watched her grow in popularity. Then came the time when I wanted to produce a child's play, 'A Good Little Devil,' the delightful fairy drama by Rosemonde Gerard and her son, Maurice Rostand. By this time Mary Pickford was famous and had become known throughout the land as the 'Queen of the Movies.' But I sent for her and she came to me that day.

"Mary," I said to her, 'I have a beautiful part, one that is just suited to you. You will make a great success in it and I need you in it.'



THE BEST-KNOWN WOMAN IN AMERICA

Mary Pickford, "Queen of the Movies," can afford to be fairy godmother to her "Fighting 600" American boys at the front. She pays \$100,000 or more income-tax.

"Do you really and truly need me?"

"I certainly do."

"Then I'll come back to you," she said.

Her success in the difficult rôle of the little blind girl was phenomenal. Nothing like her remarkable performance of a child's part had ever been seen in New York or elsewhere. And her reward came when she was sought by managers with such eagerness that she commanded the highest salary paid to any moving-picture actress in the world."

It was at the end of her first three seasons with Belasco that the craze for motion pictures was reaching its zenith, and as the bread-and-butter problem was still an issue with the little actress, with no new Belasco part in sight, she applied for work at the old Biograph studios and was engaged as an "extra." For several summer weeks she remained an extra, always "on time, obedient, quiet and unobtrusive." Finally, however, apparently by chance, she was cast for a part—a leading part—in which she played opposite a good-looking young leading man—Owen Moore—and the two, "enacting fictitious love scenes in the

tawdry glare of the studio lights, found real love, and they were married."

Mary Pickford is such a modest young person, writes Edwin Carty Ranck in the *American*, that, aside from the necessary publicity attached to her screen career, but little has crept into print regarding her private life and particularly the patriotic war service she is rendering. Last summer she "did her bit" by producing "The Little American," a poignant protest against the atrocities committed by the Germans in France. Since then she has sent two ambulances to the Red Cross for use "over there" and has "adopted" six hundred members of the Second Battalion, First California Field Artillery. They are known as "Mary Pickford's Fighting 600," and she has agreed to keep them supplied with tobacco and other delicacies for the duration of the war. Each of the "boys" carries a gold locket containing the miniature of "one of two or three people in the world who are popular enough to cause a traffic-jam on the streets of any American city at any hour."

RAMSAY MACDONALD: THE PERSISTENT BRITISH PACIFIST

THE most conspicuous fact about James Ramsay Macdonald, in the opinion of the *London Post*, which dreads him, is that he is out of jail. For some reason unknown to the great Tory organ, this labor leader is allowed to travel over the British Isles preaching his peculiar form of pacifism. It is embodied in Mr. Macdonald's own assertion that the war can not be justified, even from a militarist point of view, beyond that point at which the democratic forces of England and the other countries of Europe are ready to take things into their own hands and thus place world-peace upon a firm foundation. Ramsay Macdonald challenges anybody to point to a clearer declaration than he has made. He insists that the war is not being waged primarily for the destruction of the armed forces of the imperial German government. Its object is the destruction of the existing social system. It will certainly have that effect, Mr. Macdonald says, if the masses in every country follow his lead. Meanwhile he prays for the downfall of the Hohenzollerns because so much else will collapse in the crash. Ramsay Macdonald says things of this sort so cleverly, laments the *London Post*, that he invariably foils every attempt to put him behind the bars. He is as dangerous, it thinks, as Lenin.

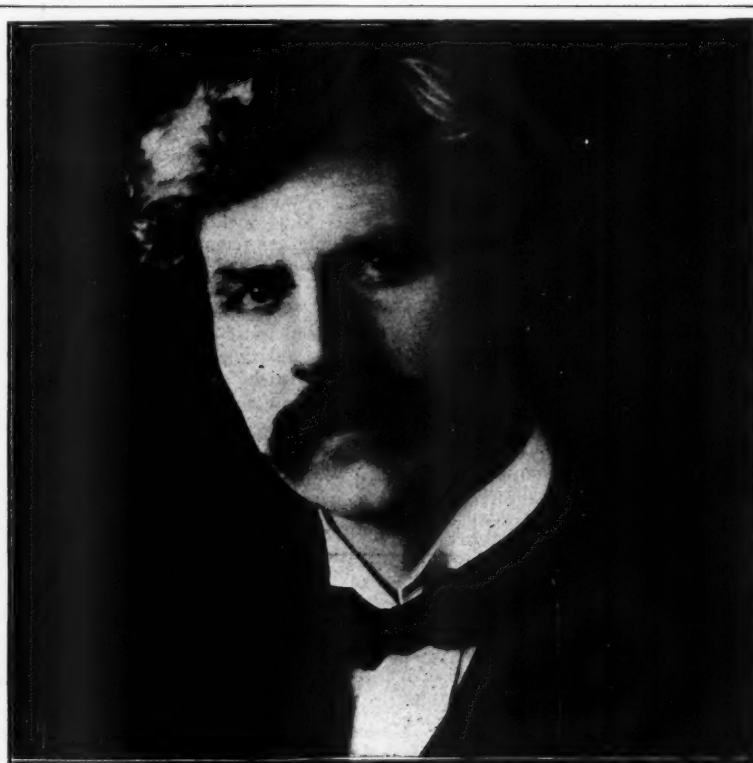
Ramsay Macdonald is not at all the kind of person, the *London World* says, one might expect a veteran labor leader and member of the House of Commons to be. Even his pacifism is harmless since it affords no encouragement to the Kaiser. Mr. Macdonald is far more eager to end the social system than to end the war. He puts these ideas in the clear, graceful English for which he has been famed ever since he entered Parliament twelve years ago. He is without the Lancastrian burr of "Steve" Walsh, a labor member of Parliament who ought to be better known in this country. Ramsay Macdonald is not all bluster and incoherence like Will Thorne, nor does he talk fluent Cockney in the manner of Will Crooks. He has not the pathos of Philip Snowden. Despite his name, there is no trace in Macdonald's talk of the Scotch lilt on the lips of the late Keir Hardie. Ramsay Macdonald is the labor leader who can address the Commons with the elegance of Mr. Balfour's own phrase making, with the lucidity of Asquith, the fervor of Lloyd George. He has "culture" in the oratorical sense, he shows "style" in rhetoric, he quotes authorities aptly, he has a mine of information on topics not at all connected with the

labor movement. He is well past fifty, with a "presence" and great dignity without heaviness. He looks more like a successful barrister than anything else.

Altho Ramsay Macdonald was born and reared in poverty in a small hamlet not far from the Scotch border, his mother was well born and it is hinted in the London sketches of him that his ancestors associated on equal terms with Macduff and Macbeth and strove vainly to prevent the murder of Duncan. When he was still quite a child, Ramsay Macdonald resolved to become a barrister; but he found the path of worldly success closed to him in all directions. For want of what the English call "interest," we note in the *London News*, young Macdonald had to work in factories or help in stables or water horses or run errands in city streets. He discovered early in life that the ranks of unskilled labor were recruited from people like himself. It was useless to display talents that could not be cultivated or aptitudes that could not be exploited by an employer. He grew to manhood with a firm conviction that society was unjust to the worker and he has never forgiven it. Mr. Macdonald is but a poor illustration of his own theory, for he has risen to renown by fostering

the aggressive labor movement with which his name is associated.

He has a genius for organization and the existence of the independent labor party is one evidence of that fact to the *London Mail*. He plunged into Socialism and made its literature self-supporting, editing Socialist classics, writing Socialist propaganda, making Socialist speeches in the hard, glittering fluent style for which he is so much admired as an "intellectual." That is the right word for Macdonald, the *London Clarion* thinks. He is highly scientific in his attitude to life, even his well-known view that the formation of character is the true aim of the individual being a Darwinian inference. He married the daughter of a distinguished man of science and very early in his career enjoyed whatever advantages may be presumed to result from admission to the "best" society. His intimate contact with the proletarian leaders of the continent of Europe has given him a cosmopolitan touch. The labor leaders of the old school, like Tom Mann, declared that Ramsay Macdonald was never a workingman in any proper sense of the term. Even his Socialism is not orthodox and the *London World* actually calls him an individualist. Another paper calls him an egotist.



A BRITISH PACIFIST WHO "IS OUT OF JAIL"

For some unknown reason Ramsay Macdonald, labor leader, who hates the Hohenzollerns, is allowed to travel over the British Isles preaching his peculiar form of pacifism.

A Labor Leader With None of the Workingman's Characteristics

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"THE OFF CHANCE"—A COMEDY OF THE PERFECT MOTHER-IN-LAW

R. C. Carton's Play Permits Ethel Barrymore to Reveal Her Maturing Powers as a Comedienne

WITH Miss Ethel Barrymore bringing all her charm and skill as a comedienne to the part of Lady Cardonnell in R. C. Carton's comedy called "The Off Chance," that lady becomes a full-length portrait of the perfect mother-in-law. With the aid of an almost perfectly cast company, Miss Barrymore has recently, at the Empire Theater, been playing this slight but satisfying descendant of the great English comedies. As in his earlier success, "Lord and Lady Algy," Mr. Carton reveals in this comedy a ready humor, decided skill in the portrayal of character, sketching British types with the skill of a *Punch* draftsman; providing, in short, a savory entertainment for discriminating theatergoers. It is a comedy that demands the best acting and the most discriminating production. This, fortunately, is exactly what Miss Barrymore and the Charles Frohman company have provided.

Poor Lady Cardonnell had been most unfortunately married, twenty years before we are permitted to make her acquaintance, to George Rainsford, a selfish, puritanical, but rising politician. She had chafed in that uncongenial relationship, and had finally "bolted." The righteous George had obtained a divorce and the custody of the only child, their daughter Enid. She was not the fit person, George and the British courts had decreed, to bring up the daughter of an eminent member of Parliament.

Now, twenty years later, at the rise of the curtain, we learn that pretty Enid has married the young Duke of Burchester. They have soon come to a parting of the ways, due mainly to the interference of her father and his second wife. The young duke is an undisciplined lad. He has "gone on the turf" with an elderly friend and advisor, the spurious Major Bagleigh. Sir George Rainsford, stouter, more selfish and more puritanical than ever, has arranged a meeting in the offices of Mr. Brunson, the solicitor. The Duke and Major Bagleigh appear first at this interesting family powwow. We learn that the duke has fallen into the clutches of a notorious dancer. He is impatient to be off to Kempton for the Jubilee Handicap. When Sir George arrives, Brunson informs him that his ex-wife, now Lady Cardonnell,

is bringing him a new client that day, her wealthy American friend Cornelius Jeffcott Bayne. The conference finally commences, Brunson presides, with Enid supported by Sir George and her very proper stepmother. The impulsive young duke has the advice of Major Bagleigh. Efforts at reconciling the young pair soon deteriorate into a squabble.

So it goes on until the fact is brought out that the duke's attention to Maria de Blanca, the dancer, is the real trouble. Brunson suggests that the duke must really give up Maria. Sir George, from his place on the hearth rug, declares that the duke must declare his intentions on that score in writing or there can be no resumption of marital relations between the duke and the duchess.

DUKE. It ought to make very pretty reading. I'm to chuck Maria and I suppose old Bags will have to go as well. A list of all my future pals, male or female, will have to be sent on to dear papa for his approval before I can ask 'em to dinner.

SIR GEORGE. You're showing temper again, Burchester.

DUKE. Showing temper! What the devil am I going to get out of it? A wife who says she hates everything I like and likes everything I've no use for, who has been worried and badgered into always thinking the worst of me. Enid, where do you come in over this? Do you want this precious document to be drawn up and signed?

DUCHESS. (Hesitating.) Yes.

DUKE. (Rising.) All right—then I've done! If you cared to play the game to-day—if you had said to me, "Look here, old chap, never mind who is right or who is wrong, we want a clean slate, so catch hold of the sponge and no one shall jog your elbow," I should have butted in on the same lines and we might have worried through. As it is, if you want a separation you can have it.

BRUNSON. Duke!

DUKE. Or if you prefer a divorce, I won't stand in the way.

SIR GEORGE. Burchester!

DUKE. You can make out your list of rules—and when you've done it, you can stick it behind the fire, because I'll see the whole bag of tricks damned first! And that's my last word.

And out he flings, calling on the major to follow him. The major, however, remains to tell Sir George that Maria is going to Vienna that night and that if the duke, who has spread himself over the Kempton Jubilee with-

out backing a single horse that's got an outside earthly chance, comes the absolute cropper he's sure to, that she will just glide off leaving the duke behind biting his nails. These seemingly irreconcilable forces depart. Then enters Lady Cardonnell, a beautiful woman of the world, with a way of expressing herself that shows she is familiar with the race-track. She has come to meet the American millionaire, Cornelius Jeffcott Bayne, who soon hurries in right on the dot, buys sundry castles and estates and a bungalow up the river and then hurries out again, after asking Lady Cardonnell and her husband to have dinner with him at his hotel, the Gresham, where he stops because the chef knows how to make corn-beef hash. After he has gone, Brunson tells Lady Cardonnell of the conference that has just taken place.

Brunson tells her the story of the separation between the duke and duchess and how it is hoped Maria will go off to Vienna and leave the duke behind. Lady Cardonnell expresses interest and wishes she might see the duke sometime without his knowing who she is. Then along comes Lord Cardonnell, a thoro man of the world, not handsome, but charming and debonair even if he has the gout—which he doesn't admit. He has just gotten a tip on the Kempton Jubilee and has put a thousand pounds on Coster Jim at 25 to 1. Then he goes off to order luncheon at the Carlton while Lady Cardonnell remains behind to see the Duke of Burchester, who has come back looking for his field glasses.

LADY CARDONNELL. Here they are!

DUKE. I shall be late, thanks to these damned glasses. I beg your pardon.

LADY CARDONNELL. Not at all! I like it. Running down to-day?

DUKE. Hoping to.

LADY CARDONNELL. Fancy anything?

DUKE. I've got a cracker on Searchlight.

LADY CARDONNELL. It won't be in the first three.

DUKE. That's cheerful. I've saved over Fieldmouse and Running Rory.

LADY CARDONNELL. They're no good.

DUKE. Have you backed anything?

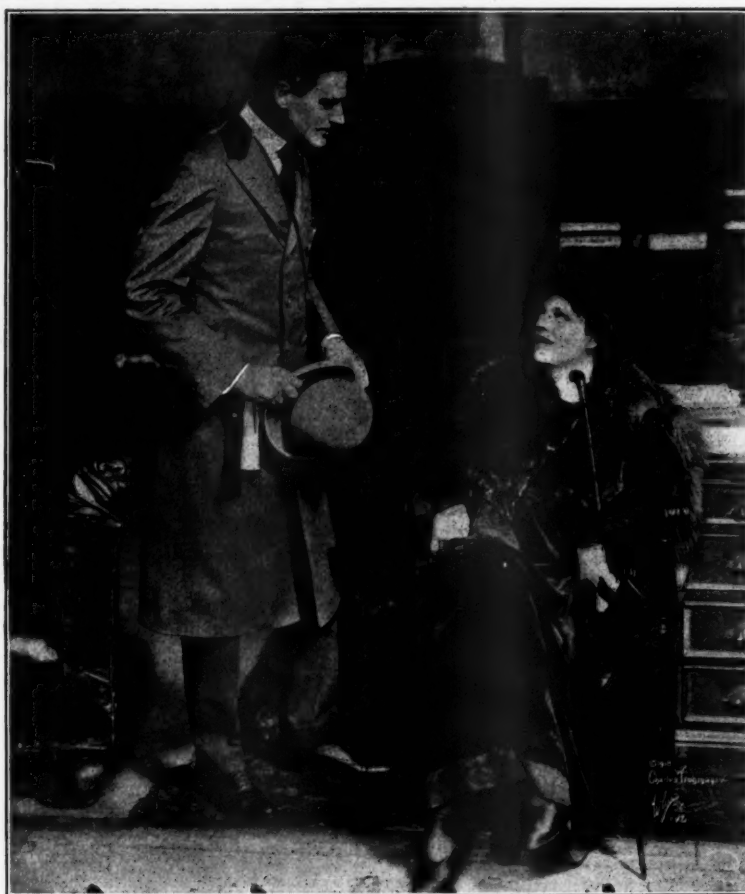
LADY CARDONNELL. I've a monkey on the one that's going to win.

DUKE. Which horse is that?

LADY CARDONNELL. Coster Jim.

DUKE. Coster Jim? I haven't touched it.

LADY CARDONNELL. Touch it now. You ought to get twenty to one.



HE DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW

Cyril Kightley as the impulsive young Duke of Burchester and Ethel Barrymore as Lady Cardonnell meet for the first time.

Brunson, who has been showing anxiety through this conversation, interrupts and tries to advise the duke not to back Coster Jim, realizing that if the duke makes a winning it will be all the harder to break off his affair with Maria.

The second act takes place in the palm court of the Gresham Hotel. It is dinner-time and Brunson is waiting for Sir George to come down to go into the dining-room. Enter Major Bagleigh with the news that the duke has won 30,000 pounds on Coster Jim and that Maria, who wouldn't let all that coin run loose, has her clutches on him again. The duke, Maria and the major are all dining there. Brunson begs him to try to steer the duke away to some other restaurant and the major says he'll try but has no hope of succeeding. Sir George with Lady Rainsford and the duchess enter and Brunson tells Sir George that the duke and Maria are to dine there, which disturbs Sir George mightily. Still he goes on in to his dinner and the duke, who won't be persuaded to change his plans, soon follows him into the dining-room with Maria on his arm.

And now Lord and Lady Cardonnell, with Mr. Bayne, come from the dining-

room. Brunson tells Lady Cardonnell the latest news. Over their coffee Bayne asks who Major Bagleigh is and is told his name.

BAYNE. Ten years ago he was Chichester; three years later in Argentina he was Fitzroy; five years back he was Bagleigh. I met him on a steamer in the North Pacific; he offered to teach me the game of poker. I learnt poker at my mother's knee, so I let him.

LADY CARDONNELL. Well?

BAYNE. He did his best. His method of fancy cheating was showy but not solid. I told him so at the end of the game.

The little duchess rushes in in hysterics, followed by her father and step-mama. She has seen the duke with that horrid creature and it is too much for her. She is going to her room and doesn't want any of them to go with her. They don't understand her.

In comes Major Bagleigh and the dancer from the dining-room. Bagleigh wants to know if Maria really thinks the duke is worth bothering with. She replies that she does and that she is going to take him to Vienna with her. The duke enters. He is evidently in a bad humor and refuses to accompany Maria to the theater and

sit in a box "like a bally sentinel" as he has been doing for weeks. Bagleigh suggests that they have a little poker and goes away to find a third man. The duke and Maria come very near to quarreling, but she finally leaves, promising to pick him up at his flat and take him to Folkstone.

As the duke turns to go, he suddenly comes face to face with the duchess, who has returned down-stairs for some reason.

DUKE. You keep on telling me I hate you. That's talking like a child. Why, I was dead keen on you and could have been mad about you if you'd come a bit of the way to meet me. Why, Enid, even now perhaps it's not too late to—

DUCHESS. It is too late—very much too late.

DUKE. Oh, is it?

DUCHESS. Come down the road to meet you! Why should I? I thought our pathway would be straight and clean, but you wandered off down dark turnings where I could not follow; you left me to find my way home alone and eat my heart out when I got there. Now, if I will forget and condone—everything—you might be tempted to return to me. My answer is "No!"

DUKE. And that ends it?

DUCHESS. That ends it.

DUKE. You mean I have your kind permission to go to Vienna?

DUCHESS. (After a pause.) Yes.

DUKE. Then you have my kind permission to go to the devil!

DUCHESS. Thank you.

DUKE. Good night.

DUCHESS. Good night and good-by.

DUKE. All right—good-by!

He turns on his heel and goes. The little duchess starts forward as if she would call him back, then turns away and with her head bowed is leaving the room when Lady Cardonnell, who has been a witness of the whole interview, comes from her place of concealment.

LADY CARDONNELL. The Duchess of Burchester, I think?

DUCHESS. Yes, but I don't remember meeting you before.

LADY CARDONNELL. Perhaps not. We saw something of each other at one time.

DUCHESS. Did we?

LADY CARDONNELL. Yes, not very much. That wasn't my fault.

DUCHESS. Then will you tell me to whom I am speaking?

LADY CARDONNELL. (Slight pause.) I'm your mother.

DUCHESS. (Bewildered.) My mother?

LADY CARDONNELL. Yes. I must apologize for barging into you in this way, but I want to talk to you. . . .

DUCHESS. Then you're interested? Do you mean that you are sorry for me?

LADY CARDONNELL. No. I am afraid I don't mean that.

DUCHESS. Have you no sympathy for me when I'm so miserable?

LADY CARDONNELL. As to my sympathy, you should have it, but unfortunately I've paid most of it into your husband's account.

DUCHESS. You defend Ronald? You think he's right to treat me as he does?

LADY CARDONNELL. I don't say he's right, but I can quite understand his kicking the family apple-cart to pieces, because I've been in the shafts myself.

DUCHESS. Can you excuse his desertion—and—and—Madame Maria de Blanca? Perhaps you think she might suit him better than I do. You seem to imply marriage doesn't matter.

LADY CARDONNELL. Marriage is one of the best games for two that was ever invented. But both players have got to know the rules. Jack Cardonnell has been a good husband to me because I've studied all his little ways. Whenever he has a bad night the only thing I make hot for him is his cup of tea in the morning. And what's the result? Dear old Jack wouldn't change me for the whole front row of an Empire ballet.

DUCHESS. You reproach me, but you don't know Ronald.

LADY CARDONNELL. I do know Ronald, and if you and I don't look sharp he'll be off to Vienna.

DUCHESS. What can I do?

LADY CARDONNELL. You can answer a simple question. How much does your husband matter to you?

DUCHESS. How much?

LADY CARDONNELL. Yes. You told him to go to her and he may have gone. Well, now, would you give your life and ninety per cent. of your soul to get him back?

DUCHESS. I—I—oh, heaven help me! Yes, I would! I would! I would!

LADY CARDONNELL. Well, that clears the air. Then for the next hour or two you must trust yourself entirely to me. Say what I tell you to say and do what I tell you to do. How do you feel about that?

DUCHESS. I don't know.

LADY CARDONNELL. You think it's a large order? Of course the twenty years that divide us are twenty pounds extra on my handicap. All the same, you might keep an eye on this—it can't matter to me what happens and when it's all over, Duchess, you needn't put me on your visiting list unless you like. But if I can pull things round, I will, for the sake of a certain little baby girl who snuggled quite comfortably in my arms till the time came when she was taught to forget her mother—or only talk about her in whispers. (Slight pause.) Now, then, how is it to be?

DUCHESS. I'm going to trust you—mother.

Just then Bayne, the American millionaire, enters and hands Lady Cardonnell the copy of Bagleigh's character that he has promised her. She introduces him to the duchess.

LADY CARDONNELL. She's had a dust-up with her husband and he's got to have his ears boxed. She has known you secretly—and is going to place herself under your protection.

BAYNE. That's dead easy.

DUCHESS. But, mother, I can't.

LADY CARDONNELL. Why not?

DUCHESS. The whole thing is impossible. It's very kind of your friend to put aside his other engagements in order to—to—bolt—but the scheme is so mad. I don't really know Mr. Bayne.

BAYNE. You soon will. I'm very knowable.

DUCHESS. Oh, no, thank you! I can't—I really can't.

LADY CARDONNELL. The bolt would only be for an hour or two. I'll come and unbolt you before twelve o'clock. The fact is, I'm sitting down to play a little game with Maria—and this elopement is my thirteenth trump.

The little duchess finally consents and Bayne hurries away to order his car. Lady Cardonnell suggests that they go to the bungalow up the river which he just bought that morning. After he is gone she calls for writing material and dictates two letters for the duchess—one to the duke and one to Sir George—in which she tells them that she has gone to Mr. Bayne. Bayne returns. The car is ready. Lord Cardonnell enters and Lady Cardonnell introduces him to the duchess. Then she explains the situation and her little scheme to her husband.

Lady Cardonnell directs him to take a taxi and turn up at the bungalow about midnight. He may be needed.

Bagleigh and the duke come back. Bagleigh has been unable to find another man to play poker. Lady Cardonnell, seeing her chance, steps forward and asks if she won't do. The duke recognizes her as the tipster who put him on to Coster Jim and readily accepts her proposal. Bagleigh doesn't like it, but is forced to agree. Lord Cardonnell returns with his wife's cloak and she takes all his money and starts off with the duke and Bagleigh for their poker game, declaring that she is quite prepared to play a hot game for high stakes.

The next act takes place in the duke's flat. When the curtain rises the poker game is in progress and evidently has been for some time. While Bagleigh is dealing, the duke shows Lady Cardonnell a painting of a horse on which he once won a lot of money. Bagleigh takes the opportunity to stack the cards and when the others return to the table to go on with the game the duke finds he has four kings and proceeds to bet them for all they are worth. Bagleigh, who has drawn two cards, after a very elaborate fit of coughing, stays along with him and when the show-down comes has a straight flush and wins the pot. The duke is called out of the room and Lady Cardonnell proceeds to tell Bagleigh his real name. Bagleigh tries to bluff it out for a while, but the copy of his "character" given to Lady Cardonnell by Bayne finally floors him and he agrees to quit on any terms she pleases. When the duke returns, Bagleigh remembers an engagement and departs. Lady Cardonnell, who now has all the money Bagleigh is supposed to have won, offers to give the duke his revenge and they cut the

cards, double or quits. Lady Cardonnell wins in all 800 pounds, and when the duke offers her his I. O. U. for the amount she tears it up, saying that she can't take his money as they are relations—by marriage.

LADY CARDONNELL. Nothing you are going to say is going to frighten me. Cough it up. . . .

DUKE. Enid's so beastly good! And I can't stick it. I'd sooner die with a devil than live with a saint. I dunno how Enid ever brought herself to marry anybody—let alone me.

LADY CARDONNELL. Why?

DUKE. Why? Because she's as cold as the northeast wind—that's why.

LADY CARDONNELL. How do you know?

DUKE. I'm her husband.

LADY CARDONNELL. That's nothing. Lots of clever people never learn the right way to light a fire.

DUKE. It would be a plucky man who tried to put a match to Enid. Of course, you're getting at me because you're sorry for her.

LADY CARDONNELL. That I'll swear I'm not. She's all right. Mr. Bayne is a millionaire.

DUKE. Bayne? Who's Bayne? What about him?

LADY CARDONNELL. He's an old friend of mine. He and Enid have bolted together.

The duke is flabbergasted. He refuses absolutely to believe it, but the letter which his wife wrote at Lady Cardonnell's dictation leaves him no alternative. Then he is mad. He is going to follow them—kill them. Lady Cardonnell reminds him that he doesn't know where they have gone. He begs her to tell him. She admits she knows, and could take him there, but they'd be so in the way. She teases him for a while and then, growing serious again, she wants to know what Enid means to him.

DUKE. I've lost Enid—that's my whack on the head. But I can see this is the moment for me to buck up and play the game. If she's keen on this chap, she's got to have him. I've no right to stop her—I've chucked that away; but anyhow I do want to see Enid again.

LADY CARDONNELL. Do you?

DUKE. Yes. I've never met this Enid. I want to have a look at the Enid who had in her to play such a high old game with me, while all this time she was keeping this other man up her sleeve. It's any odds he's a better all-round chap than I am, but I should like to see him and make sure.

LADY CARDONNELL. And when you do see him, do you think you can keep tight hold of yourself?

DUKE. Yes, I know I can. I know I haven't got a dog's chance, but I've pulled myself together and if he wins—as it's Bermondsey to a button he will—I—well, I shall wish 'em luck and swallow my gruel.

LADY CARDONNELL. You go and put a coat on.

She is going to take him to the

elopers. He hurries away to prepare for the ride and while he is out of the room Maria comes to pick him up, as agreed. She and Lady Cardonnell have a little passage at arms, and when the duke returns to the room he gives Maria to understand that he is through with her. She rushes out denouncing him as a "cad."

DUKE. Thank God, that's over! Now are you ready? But, first, who are you, anyway?

LADY CARDONNELL. (*Taking his arm and turning to go as the curtain falls.*) I'm your mother-in-law!

The scene of the last act of the play is the inner hall of the bungalow up the river. Bayne and the duchess arrive. Bayne and the caretaker go to look the place over and in their absence the old housekeeper urges the duchess to leave before it is too late. The duchess, half-scared to death anyway, is about to follow her when Bayne returns just in time to stop her and remind her that her mother is coming—a bit of information that greatly surprises the servants. They have gotten to be very good friends when Sir George Rainsford is announced. The duchess leaves Bayne to meet her father alone. Brunson is with Sir George and is inclined, of course, to be conciliatory, which Sir George is not. He demands to see his daughter at once. Bayne jollies him along, telling him a good many truths that hurt. Once, however, when Sir George says something unkind of Lady Cardonnell, Bayne flares up and warns Brunson he'd better take Sir George away.

Sir George now declares that he knows the duchess has been drugged and brought to the bungalow in an un-

conscious state. Bayne sends for the duchess, who promptly appears.

Sir George is amazed, but he makes a last ineffectual attempt to recall his daughter to her reason—as he supposes. Just as he is about to leave, Lady Cardonnell is announced. She greets everybody and teases Sir George a bit and then she sends Brunson out to bring in the duke. After introductions all round, Lady Cardonnell turns the duke over to Bayne.

DUKE. Well, now, Enid, here's Mr. Bayne and here am I—which is it to be? He asks you to go with him. I ask you—I—I beg you—to come back to me. I don't know why you should give me another chance, but if you could—by—by George! I'd take damned good care you should never be sorry you gave it. Now then, it's up to you.

BAYNE. I'd say that was a square deal. You've heard what he says—is it you for him or me for you?

DUCHESS. Ronald, I believe every word you've said and I've begun to see that when things didn't go right with us I was just as blind and wrong-headed as you were; but you did give me the idea to-night that you had done with me and that everything was all over between us, didn't you?

DUKE. Yes.

DUCHESS. Well, then, after that I trusted myself to—to Cornelius, and he hasn't failed me. Don't you think he has the right to tell me what I ought to do?

DUKE. Yes. Thanks to me, it isn't up to you, it's up to him. That means I lose, but anyhow let's play the game.

DUCHESS. (*Turning to Bayne.*) Then it is for you to say.

BAYNE. Enid, you've handed me a jolt, but I don't back down on it. See here, if you could count me out, would you give hubby another show?

DUCHESS. Perhaps I should.

BAYNE. You would swap by-gones and try again?

DUCHESS. I think—I would.

BAYNE. Duke, did you hear that?

DUKE. Yes.

BAYNE. You did and you still say let's play the game?

DUKE. Yes.

BAYNE. Altho you know it's my shout and that what I say goes?

DUKE. Yes.

BAYNE. Well, that gets me. I can't buck against that.

DUKE. You mean—

BAYNE. I mean the game's played out—you've won.

Overjoyed, the duke tries to thank Bayne, who cuts him short. Lady Cardonnell offers the young couple her motor for a new honeymoon, but before they start she draws the duchess aside for a little advice.

LADY CARDONNELL. Mind, you must never give the show away.

DUCHESS. Then am I never to tell him the truth about all this?

LADY CARDONNELL. Never! If you ever feel the truth rising in your throat, choke it down and swallow a crust of bread.

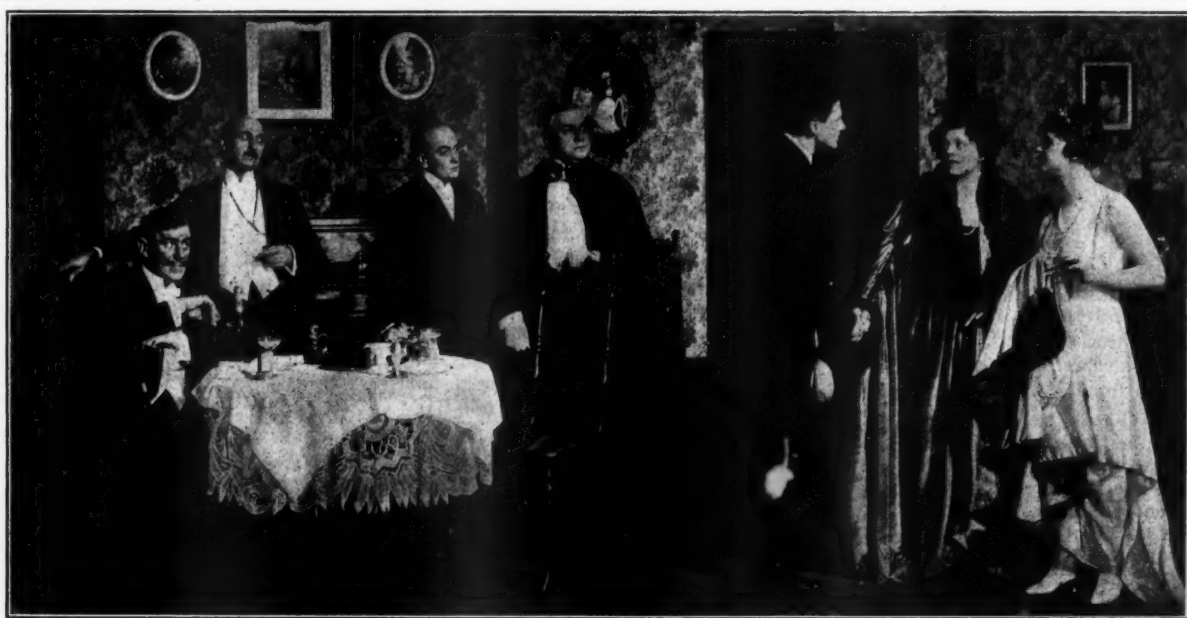
The young people having gone, Sir George comes forward in his pompous way.

SIR GEORGE. I wish to admit that I completely misread your actions and your motives. I feel it my duty to ask your pardon.

LADY CARDONNELL. That's all right.

SIR GEORGE. Well, now it is inevitable that in the future our paths will lie apart—but I hope—I devoutly hope—we may one day meet in Heaven.

LADY CARDONNELL. Thanks, George—that's very kind of you; but perhaps it might be safer not to regard it as an appointment. Good night!



RECONCILIATION

This touching scene was all brought about by Lady Cardonnell, alias Ethel Barrymore. We believe that if Ethel Barrymore ever was a mother-in-law, she could make peace between everybody.

A FAMOUS PIANIST REVEALS HIMSELF AS A GREAT CONDUCTOR

RARELY, if ever, has the orchestral conductor been so much in the public eye as at present. The arrest as enemy aliens of Dr. Karl Muck of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Ernst Kunwald of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra has focused attention on that side of our artistic life, and the presence of an unusual number of noted conductors, some of whom have appeared as "guests" in Cincinnati and in Detroit, has kept the interest of the musical public at high pitch. The professional press has featured the aspirants for the vacant posts much in the manner of political candidates, with speculations on the popular favorites and the mention of possible "dark horses." Eugène Ysaye, the famous Belgian violinist, was engaged for Cincinnati. Probably at the highest salary ever paid to a symphony conductor Detroit has engaged Ossip Gabrilowitsch, till recently known in this country only as a pianist of the highest attainments. Lately he has, however, demonstrated his ability as a conductor in such a startling manner that some critics are freely stating this to be his true metier.

To appear as a "free lance" before a sated public at the end of a long season, and to evoke genuine enthusiasm from a crowded house is in itself an accomplishment. To do this with a "scratch" orchestra and with programs of a predominantly classical, even conventional, order is doubly remarkable. The obvious deduction has been made that Mr. Gabrilowitsch is an interpretive artist of the very highest rank and that he has an understanding of the great classics not matched by any other conductor now in New York. Even Henry T. Finck, the staunchest partisan of the New York Philharmonic Society and its present conductor, acknowledges his superiority in this field. Writing in the *New York Evening Post*, he admits:

"Truth to tell, Gabrilowitsch achieved more agreeable results last night with the immature Haydnish first symphony of the great master than Toscanini did with the colossally Beethovenish ninth.



MARK TWAIN'S SON-IN-LAW

Already famous as a great pianist, the new demand for orchestra conductors who are not alien enemies has revealed Ossip Gabrilowitsch as a master of the baton.

Superbly virile and dramatic was Gabrilowitsch's reading of Beethoven's 'Egmont' overture. He made it a real tragedy in tones, stern and inexorable in its opening chords, soothing in the saraband movement, and rising to a thrilling climax after the development of the second theme preceding the coda. And in the final fanfare for full orchestra there was real exultation. It was Beethoven rejuvenated, and the audience was wild with delight."

Virtually all the critics are unanimous in their praise of his reading of Beethoven—still considered the supreme test of conductors. His Brahms interpretations, likewise, have been called a revelation, and his presentation of such modern works as the "Scheherazade" of Rimsky-Korsakov called forth unbounded admiration. Sigmund Spaeth, in the *Evening Mail*, calls him one of the world's greatest conductors; W. J. Henderson of the *Sun*, more conservatively, "one of the best who have appeared in New York

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Engaged for the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Takes High Rank in a New Field

in recent years." A more detailed account of his style is given by H. K. Moderwell in the *Boston Transcript*. He says:

"What is of first interest is the quality of Mr. Gabrilowitsch's mind, the character of his interpretive conceptions. The outstanding quality, as he has revealed himself in these two concerts, is an absolute clearness of interpretive purpose. No one could doubt, neither audience nor orchestra, what it was he meant to do. With rhythms firm and shadings reserved, his scheme for each passage was evident almost from the beginning."

After analyzing Mr. Gabrilowitsch's methods as a pianist, methods eminently simple, conservative and free from sensational "coloristic" and extreme interpretive devices, this critic continues:

"In his orchestral concerts Mr. Gabrilowitsch revealed the same faculty of piercing to essentials. All questioning, all eliminations, had been done before the concert opened, indeed, before the first rehearsal. The interpretations were simple, it seemed, because he had reduced all possibilities to their essentials. Once decided on, he held his men to them with firm hand and clear intent. Doubtless only the professional orchestral player fully understands the value of this ability in the conductor. It is an ability peculiarly valuable in the work of disciplining, of maintaining the corporate technical virtuosity of the men at its highest point throughout the wear and tear of a long season. The conductor who confuses his men of course strikes at the heart of effective discipline. But he who is able to concentrate their attention upon the particular task to hand can utilize their powers to the fullest.

"There is no doubt of the fine intellectual qualities which Mr. Gabrilowitsch brings to his work. He shows the analytic capacity, the poised judgment, the firm will on which the technique of good conducting must be based. He reveals, too, the sensitive ear which alone can synthesize and balance the strands of sound which the analytic faculty has distinguished. And finally, in no small degree, he exhibits the imagination which can choose colors and high lights from the engraved page for translation into eloquent tone, and which more than all else delights the casual listener at orchestral concerts."

A WARNING TO YOUNG ACTORS: "KEEP AWAY FROM BROADWAY!"

AMBITIOUS young actors and actresses, seeking to learn the rudiments of their art and to gain a foothold on the American stage, usually remain permanently in New York and seek engagements in the new plays

produced along Broadway. They make the rounds of the managers' offices and those of theatrical agents. Sometimes they succeed in getting work in a road company, often playing a small part for two or three hundred times. Now one can learn little about the art of

Louis Calvert Champions the Stock Company as the Best Available School in the Art of Acting

acting by repeating the same few lines two or three hundred times. That tends to reduce the actor to the level of a parrot. Or, if the "fortunate" young actor does secure a New York engagement, it is usually because of his physical appearance rather than

any particular ability. He soon becomes a "type" actor and his career is thus limited to the acting of the same old part for the rest of his life.

Therefore, the young man or woman entering the profession, according to the advice offered by Louis Calvert in his new book "Problems of the Actor" (Holt), ought to enter a stock or repertoire company. Mr. Calvert writes:

"In a stock company the novice has a chance to play many different parts in a year; tho they may be small, they will be widely varied, and each one can teach him something. He will have his chance as rich man, poor man, beggarman and thief, as old man and as young man. He is able to study at close range and on a simpler model the intricate mechanism which is the theater.

"In a stock company the observation one is able to practice on actors of more experience is most valuable. He can study the different gaits, the variations of voice and gesture, which the older heads use in their different impersonations. The beginner is very receptive and very impressionable; if he does not start in a stock company but in a one-play company, where the star is playing one part over and over, he is in danger of aping the mannerisms of the star, and of having his ideas of successful acting too strongly flavored by the star's methods. In a stock company, too, one learns to depend on himself, for the producer who directs a new piece each week has no time to give his actors much individual attention. The actor is left to himself to a certain extent, and this in itself spurs him on. He gets a good stiff training in learning his lines quickly, and he acquires the faculty—a blessed one—of larruping himself into doing what he has to do with directness and dispatch, for that is the way things must be done in a stock company if they are done at all. This experience does not put on a high polish, but it may be depended upon to provide a good grounding in the primaries of acting, and to give a certain versatility. I believe a season, or even two seasons in stock is of the greatest value at the outset of any career."

The repertoire company also offers distinct advantages to the young actor, asserts Mr. Calvert, but unfortunately this system is on the decline in this country. But both stock and repertoire get the young actor away from the squirrel-in-a-cage routine which is the great foe to keeping the precious enthusiasm we must have if progress is to come. "It is best to begin either in a stock or a repertoire company where we play parts which have usually been tested by time, and which are thus more or less standard material: where we work more than one vein of whatever ability we have; where we are kept close to the big fundamental principles which must govern effect work on the stage."

Mr. Calvert objects to the current Broadway method of casting a play with "type" actors for several reasons. It may give the actor a good salary

for the time being, but the play itself always suffers:

"This casting of plays with types seems a great weakness in the system. If the play calls for a butler the actor who played butlers last season and the season before that is sent for. When he comes on the stage he is a familiar figure to many in the audience. They have seen him as a butler time and time again. They know just how he is going about it. They know just the kind of a butler he is. Surely this cannot but have a detrimental effect on the play. The suggestion received by the audience, unconsciously perhaps, is that the old material has been hashed up for them again. This may be rather a trivial matter, but anything that tends to suggest conventionality is certainly to be shunned when a new play is put on. There are usually plenty who will see conventionality in it anyway, always plenty who will be look-



LOUIS CALVERT AS HEROD IN "SALOME"

He played it with the Washington Square Players. He forgot many of his lines, but was thoroly convincing in spite of that, thereby proving himself a great actor.

ing for it; surely we should do everything we can do beforehand to anticipate this criticism. And, in any case, it is unquestionably bad business policy to suggest other plays while the new one is being tried. The object is to make the play seem as fresh and new as possible, and one good way to defeat this object is to remind the audience of the many other plays which have contained, in general, the same set of characters. But even from the point of view of the actor this special type casting is very unfortunate. It is deadening to the actor who has his heart set on big things, in the first place; in the second place, most one-part actors find themselves out of date sooner or later, the vogue for their special way of doing their special kind of part has waned, and since no one thinks of them as anything but what they have been doing all their lives, they are fast relegated to the ranks of the has-beens."

Young actors and actresses should not become discouraged because of harsh opinions of their work given by their elders. It is hard to forecast the

future of the young actor, says Louis Calvert. Hard work and serious application in this art accomplish marvels. Many a career has begun with a flourish and ended in mediocrity; many another has begun inconspicuously and ended in a blaze of glory. Mr. Calvert names the late Laurence Irving as one of these. Henry Irving, his father, is another such example. A group of people nearly drove this actor out of Manchester. Barry Sullivan, on the other hand, was great in his youth; but his art did not develop. "He failed, I believe, through overconfidence. He tried to rest on his laurels."

"In any career there is sure to come a turning point, when a man is either content to plod along the path he knows well, or when he realizes that he must put forth his best energy and find a harder and better road if he hopes to reach the goal of his ambition. It is a transitional stage, while we are losing the bold confidence of youth; when we become conscious of the methods which have been quite spontaneous. That is a dangerous period; and the successful actor is the one who can come through it still possessing his spontaneity and confidence, yet having learned to harness them and guide them deliberately instead of by instinct."

Concerning that dangerous period when the young actor passes from the amateur stage to the professional, Mr. Calvert believes that there is only one maxim to guide him and enable him to fulfil the bright promise he may show at the start. "Simplicity must be our aim."

"The more we know the greater grows the danger of losing that precious simplicity, that illusion of life, which is the end and aim of all our painfully-won knowledge. No actor can be a master of his craft until he has spent years in acquiring knowledge; and having acquired it, has learned as well how to conceal it from the audience and to appear as natural as the unprofessional player. This acquired naturalness is, in reality, infinitely more effective theatrically than that of the amateur—as is shown when the true professional and the amateur are placed side by side—but no man can realize his fullest powers as an actor who does not strive to refine his knowledge into an intelligent simplicity."

Louis Calvert bravely champions acting as one of the creative arts. "I believe the art of Mr. Meska and Ristori, and Booth and Irving cannot fairly be judged by a lower esthetic standard than the art of Whistler or the art of Beethoven or the art of Goethe or the art of Rodin. . . . The art of the actor calls into play the same imaginative and creative faculties as the art of the painter or the composer or the poet or the sculptor. . . . The beginner in the profession should guide and judge his work by ideals as lofty and exacting as theirs."

SPANISH FOLK-MUSIC AS THE BASIS OF A NEW SCHOOL OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION

Raoul Laparra Unlocks the Musical Treasure House of Spain for the Outside World

SPAIN is the great untilled musical soil of Europe, according to Raoul Laparra, whose essay, "La Musique Populaire en Espagne," is shortly to be published in France. Nearly all other countries now have their national schools of composition founded more or less on the racial idiom as expressed in popular song. Only Spain, whose culture is in some respects the oldest, has not yet "found itself" musically. Yet it is possessed of a folk-song treasure as precious as that of any other country and more varied than most.

The underlying cause of this condition seems to be the extreme popularity of the songs themselves. They are popular songs much in the sense of our own ragtime and therefore despised by the composer of "art music." But unlike our ragtime, they are of ancient lineage and express even better than its literature the people's life and thoughts. It is, in fact, the only literature known to the peasant, and the most widely spread form of national art. This is, as a writer in the *Bookman* (London) has pointed out, because of the reunion of two characteristics in the Spaniard—his intense artistic tastes and his sad illiteracy. "The average Iberian likes poetry but cannot read it; novels and those forms of art which are circulated by means of the printing press do not reach him. The folk-song does not need the printing press. Like the swallow it flies from hamlet to hamlet, everywhere in the air, everywhere greeted with pleasure. It is sung without having been read or even learnt."

Spain and above all Andalusia, according to Mr. Laparra, is the only country in occidental Europe where the vein of the true folk-lore has not yet been stopped, where the people are still improvising, producing music and poetry by their own elementary impulses.

But the outside world knows little of these songs. Hemmed in by mountains and sea, tucked away in the extreme southwestern corner of Europe, Spain has for centuries kept itself aloof from the rest of the world. Foreign composers like Bizet have merely reflected their own superficial impressions of the country, and all we know through their work are two or three dance rhythms which are by no means the most characteristic of Spain, but rather the most nearly akin to our own rhythmic formulae. So the notion has been spread that Spanish folk-music suffers from an obtrusive monotony.

As a matter of fact, if we are to believe Mr. Laparra, its outstanding merit is its endless variety. "Every

province has its own music, and in style, in rhythm, in melodic form, the music of each is a thing apart from its neighbor." The very landscape of each is reflected in its music.

Not even Spain's own scholars have until recently thought it worth while to chart this heaven of native art. Felipe Pedrell, and Federigo Olmeda, who traveled through the country in company with Mr. Laparra to record the native tunes, are the first. The only Spanish composers who till now have drawn their inspiration from this fertile soil are the writers of the so-called *zarzuelas*, or musical comedies, which are as popular and numerous in Spain as the movies are with us. Composers like Chapi, Breton and Jimenez



A CHAMPION OF SPANISH MUSIC

Altho he is from the Basque country, Raoul Laparra has discovered rich treasures of Spanish folk-music.

have turned out this tuneful national product by the hundreds. America has recently had its first taste of it in Valverde's "Land of Joy," which came as a revelation to our public, and there are signs that this unmined field will be exploited internationally by managers after the war. But serious composers like Pedrell, Albeniz and Granados abandoned the "Flamenco" or popular national style and have imitated foreign models. The "modern Spanish school" sometimes referred to by contemporary critics is, in fact, only a subsidiary branch of the French impressionists.

The foundations of a true Spanish school of composition are, curiously enough, being laid by a Frenchman—Raoul Laparra, the author of the essay

we have cited, and internationally recognized as a composer of highly individual gifts. Of Spanish descent on his father's side, and reared in the Basque country, close to the Spanish border, he was irresistibly drawn to the land of his ancestors. Impatient of the conventions of the Paris Conservatoire, where he studied under Massenet and Fauré, he traveled through the length and breadth of the Spanish provinces and received his musical impulses direct from the soil. Living among the people for years, he studied their accents, their customs and their character, and so saturated himself with the true color of Spain that he was able to write an opera in an idiom unmistakably Spanish. That opera, "La Habañera," has been produced with extraordinary success in Paris, Berlin, London, and for several seasons in Boston. Moreover, he has written a number of effective piano pieces on native Spanish rhythms and a cycle of songs that are based on Spanish folk-themes and developed in a manner which, while personal and original, still preserves the Spanish flavor. Heard in New York recently in a recital, these works showed a deep penetration of the national spirit in its multiform manifestations. They corrected once for all the erroneous conception of Spain as a land of light merrymaking and languorous indolence. They revealed that rugged spirit of which Mr. Laparra speaks in his essay, a spirit as stark and relentless as the white sun which forever shines upon the land, the proud purposeful spirit of the *conquistador*, steeled against hardship but devout and capable of deep emotion. "Here," says Mr. Laparra, "is the foundation for an artistic idiom as vigorous as that of the Teutons but unsoftened by the sentimental, reflective qualities of the Northern race. A magic spell of romance and mystery are upon this sunlit land, pregnant with the traditions of a glorious and unbroken past, whose people in parts still wear the costumes and practice the customs of centuries ago and whose sadness is the strange melancholy of perpetual sunshine."

Mr. Laparra, after writing his "Habañera," took the coveted Prix de Rome of the Paris Conservatoire, and traveled through Europe, Africa and the near East. He has written a second Spanish opera, "La Jota," and more recently has lived among the Pueblo Indians of Mexico and California in order to gather material for a third. The main purpose of his life, to refute the saying that "there is no music in Spain," has already been accomplished.

MOTION PICTURES

HOWELLS AND GALSWORTHY VIEW THE MOVIES THROUGH BLUE GLASSES

The Fact Remains, However, That the Most of the "Best-Written" Photoplays are Failures

DISCUSSING the question of the movie craze in the land of its greatest growth a while ago, William Dean Howells said that the "black art" (as he called it) "can do almost anything now, except convince the taste and console the spirit." And he wondered whether it would "ever get itself a soul." He was not hopeful, not any more so than is John Galsworthy, who, admitting in *Harper's Magazine* that

"the film as a means of transcribing actual life of all sorts is of absorbing interest and of great educational value," complains that "owing to a false start, we cannot get it swallowed in more than extremely small doses as a food and stimulant, while it is gulped down as a drug or irritant." As to its value as art, he is skeptically trying to keep an open mind.

"The film, of course, is in its first youth; but, honestly, I see no signs, as

yet that it will ever overcome, in the art sense, the handicap of its physical conditions so as to equal or surpass in depth the emotionalizing power of ordinary drama. But since it takes the line of least resistance and makes a rapid, lazy, superficial appeal to the mind, through the eye instead of through the spoken word, it may very well oust the drama. And to my thinking, of course, that will be all to the bad. During the filming of my own play, 'Justice,' I attended rehearsal to see Gerald du Maurier play the cell scene. In that scene there is not a word spoken in the play, so that there is no difference in kind between the appeal of play and film. But I was at least twice as much affected by the live rehearsal for the film as when I saw the dead result of that rehearsal on the film itself. The film sweeps up into itself a far wider surface of life in a far shorter space of time; but the medium is flat, and has no blood in it, and in my experience no amount of surface and quantity in art ever makes up for lack of depth and quality."

However, observes a writer in the *New Statesman* (London), there is no need to take the film as seriously as all this—even if the movie magnates themselves do so take it.

"The 'new art' at its best is only a parasitic art after all, and precisely by this method of improving on itself it has demonstrated its inherent incapacity to evolve a soul of its own. The association—however indirect—of great novelists and dramatists with the wordless play is supposed to throw a glamour of intellectuality over an invention which, on its own account, has about as much to do with 'intellect' as ironmongery has. Naturally the policy of filming anything and everything that has made a name for itself on the boards, or within boards, has had some amazing results, the only appropriate comment on which is that the screen must indeed exercise a powerful hold on the sympathies of the populace to have been able to survive the efforts of some of those who cater for it. The established favorites in drama and romance are obvious game for the film. But latterly the omnivorous producer has roamed far beyond these into the regions of poetry, biography, and even sacred song. George Eliot and Tennyson have been 'done,' Shaw is threatened, and probably even Henry James is not safe. A 'movie editor' the other day suggested in all seriousness that we could not have too much high-class literature in the picture theater, and that the plays of Shakespeare, the novels of Dickens, and the essays of Addison(!) would 'confound the Puritan enemies of this amusement.'



GERMAN "KULTUR" AS REVEALED IN A NEW FILM MASTERPIECE

War has never been more vividly pictured than in D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World," in which the horrors of invasion are relieved and also intensified by a love story of magnetic appeal. In this scene, the French heroine (Lillian Gish) is subjected to the "German lash" because she was not strong enough to lift a basket of potatoes.

It is certain that, however much Addison might confound the Puritans, he could not baffle the camera-man, who will film you anything nowadays, from a representation of the flood to a setting of Omar Khayyam or 'Casablanca.' When it gets to 'Maud,' 'The May Queen,' 'The Life of Verdi' and 'Abide With Me'—all of which have been transmitted to this medium—we may take it that the screen can go on being independent of a 'soul,' so long as it possesses such a catholic and

comprehensive gift for making use of other people's."

In the matter of "literary merit," which many ambitious film directors are demanding of scenario writers, this critic insists that "literary merit doesn't matter a whit in a narrative of the screen, so long as it can boast pictorial effectiveness—what, in the jargon of the trade, is known as 'punch.' The

film theater has been said to provide the 'drama of the deaf.' It is certainly moving in a more congenial element when stimulating the imagination of the frankly illiterate than when bowdlerizing the classic of study and stage for the benefit of the half-baked. Some of the worst-written stories in the world make excellent photoplays, while most of the best-written ones are—inevitably—appalling failures."

WAYS IN WHICH MOTION PICTURES ARE PLAYING A BIG PART IN THE WAR

HAD motion pictures illustrating various significant phases of American life been exhibited widely through Russia from the beginning of the war, it is probable, in the opinion of Orrin G. Cocks, advisory secretary of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, that the lamentable Russian collapse never would have occurred. His somewhat startling assertion reminds us in a negative way of the big part that motion pictures are playing in the war. Fifteen hundred film exhibitions, for instance, are given weekly in the military training camps over here. Under strict Government supervision, they show every device of warfare in actual use, the operations of attack and defense and the modes of personal and camp hygiene. Films taken from French and British sources illustrate the methods of the enemy, the nature of this or that terrain and so on. The soldier, observes Henry MacMahon, in the *Delincator*, not only sees but is seen by the indefatigable camera eye. The pic-

ture-makers belong to the Motion Picture Division of the U. S. Signal Corps. Of their work, we read:

"Among innovations introduced by the United States are so-called 'development wagons,' right behind the front. They consist of small cinema laboratories on wheels, so that the film negatives just snapshotted can be immediately developed and printed in these portable studios. Many of the pictures taken under these trying conditions are for the strategic use of the High Command, while the rest are shipped to this country, and (if of general interest) appear in the 'war news weekly' that greets you in your favorite picture-house. Right here it may be stated, those simple-minded folk who imagine that the war will diminish attendance at the home movies are vastly mistaken. Already millions of eyes throughout the country are anxiously viewing every bit of war film, in the hope of seeing the beloved lineaments of some near and dear relative who is fighting 'over there.'"

The work that used to be done by spying and reconnaissance is now done by the cinematograph, largely, of

Work Formerly Done by Spies is Now Done by the Cinematograph

course, from aeroplanes. The aerial observer, we read, works with both "still" camera and motion-picture machine. While the "still" pictures are obviously better for the minute analysis of a small sector, the motion pictures, we are told, are far superior in recording movement and in enabling the military strategists to study the whole panorama. The airplane observer does not, like his lowlier brother on land, grind a crank; an automatic machine, operated by motor power, is attached to the bottom of his craft and gathers the story of his flight in film that is developed, printed and run off in the motion-picture projector at headquarters, for inspection by the strategic staff, within an incredibly short time after the perilous journey has been completed. The motion picture is orator, too, as well as strategist, educator and entertainer. For example:

"The people of Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Russia and Denmark are all receiving the filmed message through the activities of the American Cinema Commission appointed by Presi-



AS TRAITORS ARE SUMMARILY DEALT WITH IN FRANCE

In the dramatization of the celebrated "Caillaux Case" for the film there are enough thrilling situations to stock several ordinary photoplays, and they all deal with real people and with historic facts. The above picture is the execution of the notorious Bolo Pasha following his sensational trial and conviction in Paris. The picture is released in this country by the Fox Film Corporation.

dent Wilson. . . . The speech of the cinema is in its collocation of scenes and printed captions, the latter being styled titles or leaders. The steps of the evolution are most interesting. In the early days, only the pictorial values of motion photography were grasped; then its power of narration was discovered and made use of; next, its fact uses became apparent; and, finally, argument and persuasion came within its scope. . . . 'The Americans are bluffers and meddlers!' cry the Germans in the world's court of opinion. 'They've nothing ready, and they won't be ready till after the fighting is over. Why do they come intermeddling in our home affairs, anyway?' Press, forum and cinema are employed in this campaign of vilification. It becomes necessary not only to combat the Teuton by physical force but also to controvert the chicane whereby he would corrupt the neutral or the weak-kneed ally.

"So films are sent over that disprove the German claims and set America in the true light. What Swede or Russian or Spaniard or Italian can believe in 'American unreadiness' after seeing the vastness of our camps, the number of our armed men, the greatness of our navy, the tremendous scale of our munition and airplane manufacture, and the mighty system of transport engaged in carrying supplies, munitions and soldiers to the aid of the Entente? Such pictured facts can not be denied nor ignored. Further, pictures, headed with striking captions, set forth the causes of our going to war."

Women, as well as men, should watch the new angles of picturedom carefully, this writer goes on to say, because they will lead to even bigger things after the war:

"If Uncle Sam can teach, write history, plan strategies, argue, persuade and con-

vince by means of motion pictures, what a field opens up for the silent art in peace times. If I were Wells, I should have a cinema university already planned, reducing the length of college courses from four years to six months; cinema newspapers, to be glanced at in handy assembly halls between breakfast and going to work; picture libraries, where they flash facts instead of handing out a book; scientific laboratories, where camera stud-

ies are made of industrial efficiency; school, church and home picture machines, to furnish casual instruction or amusement, as desired. There's no limit to serious or fantastic speculation on such a subject, but the point is that the oft-despised movies are destined to play a major part in the world, and good citizenship should see to it that their educational side is encouraged and thereby developed."



A VENETIAN IDYL AS SEEN IN THE MOVIES

Cecil B. de Mille again shows artistic genius in staging "Old Wives For New," a cinema version of the novel by David Graham Phillips in which Elliott Dexter and Florence Didor are featured.

LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

[The following film productions are selected by CURRENT OPINION in consultation with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as being among the best new achievements of the photodrama in addition to those mentioned in the magazine previously.]

THE KAISER. Renown-Universal, 7 reels: It seems as tho every motion-picture concern in the country had resolved to "kill the Kaiser," or at least to remove him as a menace to democracy. While he is not actually killed in this picture he is made prisoner and is turned over to King Albert of Belgium for safe-keeping. Scenes at the German court, picturing the Kaiser surrounded by his men of "blood and iron," have every appearance of actuality. An episode of a young German captain who lost his life for knocking down "the beast of Berlin" is dramatically staged. The picture closes with the advent of America into the war and optimistically shows the Allied forces entering Berlin.

AN AMERICAN LIVE WIRE. Vitagraph, 5 reels: An O. Henry story is sure to contain a surprise, and this one is no exception, tho the plot is not always up to the O. Henry standard. The author starts things going in the United States, but soon sends his hero to South America, where the American "live wire" is in great danger of losing all his electrical force of character. The absconding head of an American insurance company, accompanied by his daughter and followed by a detective, is as anxious to get into the South American country as the absconding president of the latter is to get out of it. The detective gets the two thieves mixed, arrests the South American president

and smuggles him and his booty out of the country, finally landing him just where he wants to be—in the United States. The action is replete with comedy.

A PAIR OF SIXES. Essanay, 6 reels: If people with so strong sense of humor laugh heartily at this picture it will be no wonder, for in it Taylor Holmes does the best work of his screen career. The incompatibility of two business partners, and their decision to abide by the verdict of a hand of poker as to who shall run the business for a year and who shall be the other's valet is material that works up equally as well on the screen as it did on the legitimate stage.

AMARILLY OF CLOTHESLINE ALLEY. Arcraft-Paramount, 5 reels: There is no use trying to conceal the truth: Mary Pickford in a two-dollar noisy plaid skirt, funny hat and a Hicksville Center dialect can make one forget the lovely little girl in the dainty frock and curls who has so long enchanted the faithful screen fan. There is a plot running through this play, but it merely serves as a frame on which to hang a number of humorous characterizations, chief of which is Miss Pickford as Amarilly.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP. Essanay-Perfection, 7 reels: In this adaptation from the story by Harry Leon Wilson, which was immensely popular both as a serial and as a stage play, Taylor Holmes again has a ve-

hicle for his rare humor and cleverness in character delineation. The first three reels unwind a bit slowly, but this is forgotten in the latter half of the picture which, besides more speed, has some magnificent Grand Canyon scenes.

THE CLEVER MRS. CARFAX. Famous Players-Paramount, 5 reels: The adjective in this title is not an exaggeration, for this is one of the cleverest pictures of the season. It affords Julian Eltinge an opportunity, in the dual rôle of college graduate and college widow, to exercise his unique talents with telling mimetic effect. A rare example of a story being written around a certain player and being cut to fit his measure.

THE ANTICS OF ANN. Famous Players-Paramount, 5 reels: Its title fits this picture, and Ann Pennington, the leading player, fits her part. There runs through it a fine vein of humor, not of the boisterous but of the chuckling sort. Ann, after being expelled from boarding-school because of a number of hoydenish tricks, arrives at a seaside resort to join her father and older sister. She continues her pranks, goes swimming in a one-piece suit and impersonates a Russian dancer. Later she exercises her wit and prevents her sister marrying a fortune hunter, and then, to forestall scandal, gets married herself. A happy picture in these days of culminating stress.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

MARVELS OF SIGHT IN BIRDS

WHEN considering acuity of vision in birds, one must recognize their superiority over the rest of the animal kingdom.

There is no doubt that birds possess a sharpness of sight almost immeasurable with our own standard. Man and monkeys are perhaps in advance of the rest of the mammals but fall far short of the standard found in birds. Speaking roughly, it is justifiable to say that birds possess about a hundred times the acuity of vision found in man. Thus the brilliant Australian ornithologist, Doctor J. C. Lewis, in the latest bulletin of the Smithsonian Institution. Peep, he says, through the smallest hole in a poultry-yard fence and one will find that some old hen has perceived the action.

An instance of the remarkable visual acuity in birds may be seen in the vulture. On the death of an animal there may not be a vulture in sight and in a few hours' time many will have arrived for the feast. A popular fallacy ascribes the fact to scent. The vultures do not become aware of a dead beast by means of scent or smell (as that sense is vestigial) but by means of their eyes. Vultures are extremely high flyers, only one bird outsoaring them—the adjutant. It is probable that the nearest vulture sights the carcass and descends. The bird's action is observed by the vulture farther away, which is likewise led to the scene, and so it goes. In this way it is believed that birds come from a distance of fifty or a hundred miles by their observation of each other's actions. During one of the outbreaks of a pest in Natal, it was found that a carcass covered with branches immediately after death, so as to obscure it from the sight of the birds, was never disturbed by vultures.

Altho there is no means of measuring accurately the visual acuity of birds, a fair idea may be obtained by observation of their habits. A great brown kingfisher from a position on a post where it can inspect newly-plowed land seems to have no difficulty in locating the exposed portion of a worm from any distance up to a hundred yards. Acuity for stationary objects, altho not so finely sensitive as for those moving, is still remarkable. Experiments have been made with

pigeons, feeding them on a board with grains of wheat a percentage of which have been fastened by adhesion. One mistake is sufficient to prevent them from repeating the error, small, slight alteration from the natural position of the grain giving them the clue. Many similar cases could be quoted.

We now come to the difficult problem of color vision. If one accepts the so-called Young-Helmholtz theory, it must be taken that white light consists of the combination of three primary colors, red, green and violet. Later experiment seems to incline toward the older division according to Newton—that the primary colors include red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. In other words, the blue and yellow have as much right to be considered as primary colors as the other three. The existence of color vision in animals is very difficult to determine. It appears, however, that with trained dogs and horses there is no difficulty at all in teaching them to distinguish between the saturated colors. The preference of some birds, notably the Bower Birds, for objects of a certain color and the general evolution of color in the different species must point to an appreciation of different shades. In man dichromatic vision appears most commonly with a blindness for red or green, the violet blind being rare. It has been shown by feeding experiments that birds are blind in the violet end of the spectrum. In other words, if we accept the Young-Helmholtz theory, they have a dichromatic vision.

"Their color vision would be restricted to red and green and the mixtures of these colors. They would be blind to violet and to the spectral violet in blue, indigo, and yellow. Such a conclusion would be disastrous to our theory of selection in the coloration of birds, where many blues and shades of blues are seen. It would mean that the development of color in the evolution of the present-day bird was merely incidental and apparently without reason. The flaw in the reasoning probably lies in our acceptance of the Young-Helmholtz theory instead of recognizing the other colors as primary. Again, the conclusion obtained from the feeding experiments may be faulty. The birds are fed in spectral red light and in spectral green, where they pick up the grains readily; but when taken to spectral violet remain still, fail to see the grains,

and are to all intents and purposes in darkness."

A man color-blind in red or in green sees the objects but is blind to the color. His vision extends right to the red end of the spectrum altho not recognizing the red there, so that the waves stimulate the eye while not giving the color-sense. It is probable that in birds the sight is keyed to a higher pitch than in man and that the retina is not stimulated by wavelengths as short as that of the violet, while yet possessing the whole of the range of colors as far as the violet. In man we know that the eye is blind beyond the two limits of red and violet, but we are able to ascertain the presence of ultra-red and ultra-violet rays that the retina does not register. The retina, the sensitive plate of the eye, consists of a layer of fine nerve endings which in most animals conform to two well-marked types—rods and cones. In birds it has for a long time been thought that this layer consisted of rods only; but closer examination now shows that cones are present, altho very much reduced in number. There is also a belief prevalent, with perhaps some reason, that the function of the cones is associated with differentiation of colors or the formation of visual purple, while rods determine movement, form and shape. This is the layer which is stimulated by the photochemical action of light, the sensitizing substance being found in the external layer of the retina and called, for convenience, visual purple.

To comprehend the nature of sight in birds one must first get a grasp of the true meaning of binocular vision. There is a difference between pure binocular vision and seeing the same object with both eyes:

"If we hold a piece of paper between the eyes so as to view, say, a red area with the right eye and a yellow area with the left, we do not see the two separate colored spots, but a spot of the color equaling the blending of the pigments; this is due to a superimposing of the images registered. In animals and birds where the axes of the eyes are not parallel it means that the image of an object falling on the right half of the right eye falls on the left half of the left eye. Only in animals where the axes of the eyes are parallel do the images fall on the same half of each eye, notably in human beings and monkeys, thus mak-

Peculiarities of their Eyes May Modify Our Idea of the Nature of Light

ing possible true binocular vision. In other words, in birds, with the possible exception of some of the birds of prey and some nocturnal birds, the sight or visual field consists of two separate views not capable of being superimposed and not stereoscopic in effect.

"The advantage of observing the same object with both eyes is that it permits of greater concentration once an object or victim has been perceived, and it is thus found in eagles, hawks, etc., where acuity and concentration are so necessary for their existence. In man the stereoscopic vision gives him the judgment of distance, and it is chiefly by this and, to a smaller extent, by accommodation, that distance is accurately estimated. On the other hand, birds, or most birds, have

to depend upon accommodation for their judgment of distance."

It is well known, Doctor Lewis says further, that in man there is a central small area where sight is keenest. In birds it is believed there are two such areas in each eye, one on either side of the pecten. The pecten is a pigmented vascular structure lying in the posterior chamber of the eye, protruding forward from the papilla of the optic nerve. The size varies considerably in different species, extending in some almost to the posterior surface of the lens, while in others it is small and inconspicuous. It is absent in one bird, the apteryx, and is practically absent

in the night heron. The function of the pecten has always been a subject of controversy. There seem to be no special habits or conditions in birds possessing this structure of equal shape and size while birds with similar habits show great variations. One theory was that it was protective, guarding the retina from the action of excessive light, in other words, a light-filter. Its structure being vascular suggests some functions associated with the eyeball. In accommodation for near objects it seems that there is, with the passage backward of the posterior surface of the cornea, transference of fluid from the anterior chamber.

REPUDIATION OF COMMON SENSE BY THE NEW PHYSICS

PHYSICAL science, writes Doctor Paul Carus, seems to have entered into a new phase. The slogan of the new school is the principle of relativity.* In some quarters the current modes of thought are declared antiquated and the promise is made that the old truths will acquire a new meaning. Many who have watched the origin and rise of the new movement are startled at the paradoxical statements which some prominent physicists have made and it is remarkable that the most materialistic sciences—mechanics and physics—seem to surround us with an air of mysticism. Common sense is baffled in its attempt to understand how the same thing may be longer and shorter at the same time or how a clock will strike the hour sooner or later, according to the point of view from which it is viewed. The answer of this most recent conception of physics to the question, How is all this possible? is based upon the principle of the relativity of time and space.

The scientist who started this movement and was the first to formulate it in concise language and to base it upon close reasoning and argument was Professor Einstein, who was followed by Doctor H. A. Lorentz. That is why the controversy over the subject in the scientific press, involving men of the eminence of Sir Oliver Lodge among others, entails such frequent mention of the Einstein-Lorentz theory. The strangest thing to Doctor Carus is that the question is seriously debated whether or not this theory is true. The answer is expected from experiment.

"On reading recent expositions of the principle of relativity the man of good education, or the one who has attended universities without being a specialist in

either mathematics or physics, feels the *terra firma* give way under his feet, and when he finds that the principle of identity seems to fail in his comprehension of things, a dizziness comes over his intellect and he sinks into the bottomless abyss of the incomprehensibility of existence. A general earthquake seems to quiver through his mind. Everything totters around him and he stands in awe at the significance of the new thought. Nor is there any one who dares to contradict; for the most learned arguments are adduced, the mathematical and logical conclusions of which bristle with formidable formulas,—yea, experiments are made to prove the truth of the relativity of time and space."

The principle upon which the representatives of the new view take their stand is a consideration of actual life. Things are in a flux. The way of making knowledge at all possible in the flux of being is to ignore what has nothing to do with the problem under investigation. We must remember also that we ourselves change and that the very position we assume is moving. Assuming that our position is stable is natural enough because man does not at once notice that there is any change. Yet all things are in a flux and he himself changes unconsciously. Says Dr. Carus:

"A primitive unsophisticated man does not know that the earth on which he stands is whirling around itself at the rate of 1,037 miles an hour, on the equator, further that it is also revolving with incredible speed around the sun, and that with the sun it is proceeding in a spiral motion towards one of the constellations, probably the constellation Heracles, around an unknown center situated somewhere in the Milky Way. God only knows what else takes place and what kind of whirling dances the Milky Way performs. The savage has not the slightest idea of all this, and so it is easy for him to ignore the motion of which he unconsciously partakes.

Has the Paradox of Matter and Motion Been Carried too Far?

"If man really were aware of all the events which influence him, his head would swim, and he would be incapable of thinking any sober thought. Fortunately he is concerned solely with his own narrow interests. The more man in the further growth of his mind becomes familiar with these unnoticeable events, the more he discovers that for any particular purpose he must ignore what does not belong to the solution of the special problem under consideration.

"This way of ignoring what does not concern us at the time is an artificial process, a process of abstraction and elimination, of cutting off all disturbing incidents, and in doing so the philosophically-minded scientists will become aware of the fiction of arbitrarily laying down a point of reference which is treated as if it were stable, while in fact, like everything else, it too is caught in the maelstrom of cosmic existence.

"There is nothing wrong or harmful in this fiction; on the contrary it is an indispensable part of our method of comprehending things. The universe is too complicated to be understood or viewed at a glance, and knowledge, science, cognition, as well as all mental processes, become possible merely by concentration."

Physicists were formerly in the habit of not seriously bearing in mind that the fixedness of their standpoint was an assumption. The difference in time, for instance, between the moment when the observer looks at an object and that in which the rays of light indispensable for observation strike his eye is too inconsiderable to be taken into account. But if the object under consideration is at such an enormous distance that it takes the rays of light thousands of years to reach the eye of the astronomer, it does make a difference. The same is true of all things, even when they seem to us to be quite near compared, with the distance of the Milky Way. The object before us seems to stand there in perfect and quiet completeness and yet the changes

* THE PRINCIPLE OF RELATIVITY. By Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

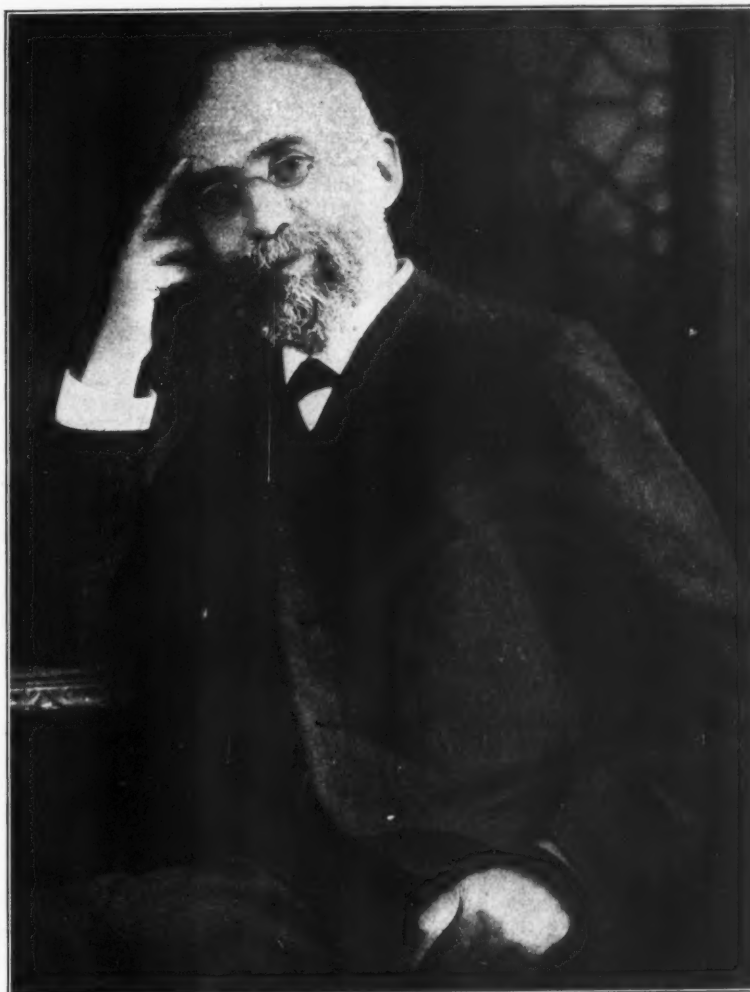
that work unnoticed by our dull senses are rapid, continuous and constant. The immediate practical effect of the application of the principle of relativity to physics is the reopening from a quite fresh standpoint of the whole problem of the nature of light, but the principle radiates, as it were, in all directions:

"A peculiar view of time which has been proposed in all seriousness, altho common sense might consider it as absurd, is the concept of time and space as consisting of discrete ultimate units. Do not our years, and days, and our hours too begin at definite moments? We become fifty or sixty years old suddenly with the beginning of a definite minute. According to this, time would run in jerks like the jumping second-hands, and it would ultimately consist of infinitesimally small units of duration. Space also would be stippled and not continuous. Every motion would have to proceed in hopping from spot to spot, and the surface of a plane would be not unlike a half-tone picture which produces the impression of a continuous level, but consists in reality of different dots more or less deeply tinged with ink. Such conceptions of time and space are quite conceivable altho our classical and well-established views of both present them as continua. If space and time were actual entities, endowed with positive qualities, if they were not merely potentialities of motion, a scope in which we move about, we could discover the nature of space by experiment. However, as they are constructions made in the abstract domain of anyness we should not refuse to consider seriously all kinds of propositions as to the nature of time and space.

"In comment on theories of this kind we would say that duration is continuous, but time consists of discrete units of duration; and again the scope of motion shows us an uninterrupted expanse while geometry exhibits definite lines of definite direction and of definite length. Geometrical space in its classical Euclidean form is not stippled, nevertheless every construction is particular."

To speak of the size of objects, again, is to use language that seems to have lost its meaning. Size has become to-day, for the new physicist of relativity, merely the result of measurement. But Doctor Paul Carus says it is not true that there is no objectivity:

"One of the greatest accomplishments of Michelson was the establishment of a definite measure by calculating the size of a meter in wave-lengths or red cadmium light in a vacuum. The waves of light are absolutely definite, and thus we have here a result of measurement in truly objective terms. If the Kauffmann-Bucherer experiments prove, as is claimed, that an increase of velocity means an increase of mass and that the limit which is reached is the velocity of light, we only learn that relativity is not without bounds, and that on the contrary a climax is reached which can not be surpassed.



THE CREATOR OF THE TOPSYTURVY PHYSICS

Professor H. A. Lorentz has given his name to a theory of the universe and of matter which is described as a departure from common sense and an introduction into the sciences of the vagaries of Alice in Wonderland.

The highest velocity is the velocity of light.

"The conclusion that the highest velocity is the velocity of light seems to be contradicted by the facts of gravitation, for, according to the Newtonian theory, gravitation is possessed of a practically infinite velocity, in that the gravity of the sun exercises its influence upon the planets without any perceptible difference of time. But this is no objection, for consider: The action of gravity formulated in the well-known law of falling bodies and of their acceleration which describes true motions is very slow in comparison to the velocity of light. The influence which is exercised in the strain between two gravitating bodies, say between the moon and the earth, is not a motion at all, but a condition, and this condition is the same between the two centers of the thus interrelated bodies. It is a state of tension and there is no transference of a wave-motion either from the moon to the earth or from the earth to the moon. The tension is simultaneous."

The principle of relativity made its appearance with great pretensions

and upset not a little the scientific world with its claim to antiquate the traditional classical basis of physics, of astronomy, of mathematics, and of the other natural sciences. It affects very directly the commonly-accepted theory of the ether. In fact, it is not too much to say that within the past few years the entire realm of science has been thrown into panic by one aspect or another of the intruding principle of relativity. Specialists in every field felt as if they were sinking into a bottomless abyss to be left forever without ground to stand on in a universe of flux:

"At the present state of our knowledge it would be fantastical to suggest a solution of the physical problems connected with the relativity movement, and we must leave the discussion of them to the future, for ere we can approach a solution we must know much more about the ultimate constituents of matter.

"Who will furnish the key to the lock of the closed door at which the relativity physicists are knocking?"

RADIUM AS THE GREAT MEDICAL MYSTERY

RADIUM in itself is styled by Doctor Joseph B. Bissell, writing in the *New York Medical Record*, "a new therapeutic force whose powers upon living tissues are still more or less unknown" not only to the general practitioner but also to the expert radium therapist. The effects obtained by using radium are not limited to that peculiar phenomenon called radioactivity. Radioactivity is the power of spontaneously emitting radiation possessed by certain elementary bodies. Among them are ionium, thorium, uranium and radium. We call these radioactive substances, many of them having been isolated by the physicist and the chemist. Doctor Bissell reveals the present state of knowledge, resulting from developments of the past five years, in these words:

"Besides emitting rays powerful enough to penetrate through iron a foot in thickness and through the human body, they [radioactive substances] also give off energy in enormous quantities. For instance, an ounce of radium gives off in its transformation enough energy to lift 5,000,000 tons 30 feet. If this power could be utilized, what a wonderful agent it would make!

"According to the physicist, energy is set free by radioactive changes exactly as it is set free by steam changing to water or water to ice, molecular physical changes. In chemical changes there is an action between atoms of different elements, as for example in the combustion of coal and the vast series of possible changes which produce among many other things the various therapeutic coal-tar products. A physical change on the other hand is a rearrangement of the molecules. Radioactivity differs in action and effect from either of these properties. It is a disintegration of the atoms themselves, with the phenomena accompanying it. Proportionately there is an amount of energy evolved by this greater than is produced by any chemical change. The result is obtained, but its cause is not understood. It is one of the problems of the new chemistry. Substances with radioactivity characteristics are named radioelements, of which thirty-four have so far been discovered. Radium and radium emanation are two separate and distinct elements, yet one evolves from the disintegration of the other."

Some of the surgical colleagues of Doctor Bissell are now experimenting in a mechanical way by means of the illuminating quality of various radioactive mixtures. One most important fact is that the rays alter greatly the vital functions of the living cell both normal and pathological. The action of radium is conditioned upon the different effects produced by the various rays. Roughly speaking, according to

Doctor Bissell, the gamma rays penetrate a hundred times as deep as the beta rays, which in turn are a hundred times more penetrating than the alpha. The beta rays are electrons. The gamma rays are fluid light of great velocity, resembling the x-rays in some of their therapeutic attributes:

"The amount of raying necessary to obtain successful results depends upon many circumstances, such as the quantity of the rayage, the variety of the rays, the amount of the application, the type of radiation, the structure and vitality of the tissues to be affected, also the constitutional condition, mental as well as physical, of the subject himself. There are undoubtedly certain and definite regulations which if carried out will produce the expected results, as surely as two and two make four, but the rules which govern such actions are not yet clearly or satisfactorily defined. It may be assumed, however, that a patient who has been suffering for a considerable time from malignant disease, who has been operated upon several times, whose weight has fallen off, who has no appetite or digestion, whose vitality is reduced, whose resistance is almost nil, who is suffering from the toxemia of long continued absorption, and in addition has the mental depression due to this state, does not afford a favorable case for any therapy. This is true whether the remedy be radium or the knife. Unfortunately this describes the type of malignant disease most frequently referred for radium treatment. No wonder that failure is almost inevitable. Such a result is not the fault of this valuable remedy, but it is due to the patient's weakened resistance and toxic condition as well as to our lack of exact knowledge of the powers of radium and how to make use of them. It is not that radium cannot do the work but that we do not know how to make it act to the best advantage in the proper case. We don't know the rules of the game."

To make the best use of this powerful agent for the cure of disease, it is necessary that the chemist and the physicist, the biologist and the pathologist familiar with the behavior of the element, with an exact knowledge of the results of radioactivity in its different types on various living tissues, work in conjunction with the specializing physician and surgeon. Doctor Bissell adds:

"As a result of their combined knowledge and experience, the definite place of this remedy in the treatment of disease could be established. In spite of the defects in our therapeutic and surgical equipment in the crusade against illness and death, there are many brilliant cures and some of them follow proper radium work. If we will change our usually accepted definition of 'cure' to one which

A Department of Healing in Which the Successes are as Surprising as the Failures

I think more suitable, the ratio of recoveries will be materially increased. A patient may be considered cured when relieved of all signs, symptoms, and difficulties of the disease and when his health is restored to normal condition, no matter for how long or short a period. The cure remains until the death of the person or signs of a return of the disease appear. The patient after all is the one intrinsically to be considered. There is nothing in this definition in regard to a time limit, whether it be three or five or fifty years. Death from other causes without return of the cancer even one day before the three year or the five year or any other time limit, is a cure, for the disease not having returned he remains cured of it. For instance, supposing, for the argument's sake only, that a patient from whom a malignant growth has been removed will surely have a return within five years, but long before that period is over he dies from typhoid fever or of an accident, without the cancer reappearing; he is as certainly cured of the cancer as if he had lived many years without a recurrence. Relieving a patient of the certainty of death and restoring to him the uncertainty of life is a cure."

Particularizing as to the ills most amenable to radium therapy, in the light of the most recent experience in his laboratory and in view of the latest work of competent specialists, Doctor Bissell says:

"In relieving the skin cancers about the face radium is practically a certainty. This is fortunate, as in most neoplasms of this part of the body, the necessary surgical procedure is mutilating and leaves ugly deformities. Rodent ulcers are invariably cured if not too extensive, and even the larger ones are favorably affected if properly and persistently treated by radium applications. . . .

"Recurring nodules in the skin following removal of cancerous breasts should always be treated by radium. If the treatment is persisted in with proper dosage, it is usually successful. Often the nodules absorb only under quite severe radium burns. Inoperable lymphosarcoma of the neck and mediastinum fortunately disappears quite often under heavy radium applications. The results in some of these patients treated by radium are so astounding as to be almost incredible."

It will be noted that the pessimism of some few years ago on the subject of radium therapy has given way, in the light of experience recently, to a definite optimism. There is one feature of radium therapy which is recognized as its most important element—the technical skill of the physician in the application of the remedy and the soundness of his knowledge of the disease he is dealing with. The rest is simple.

ELECTRICITY IN RELATION TO GROWTH

GREAT relief is expressed by that famed man of science, Professor James Crichton-Browne, at the refusal of the agricultural board in England to advise farmers to adopt the electrical treatment of seeds or to establish centers where that treatment can be carried on. We are dealing here, he thinks, with a dangerous delusion. One of the perils of the hour, in fact, he writes in the *London Times*, is the ready acceptance and attempted practical application of the so-called "scientific" results of hurried and unconfirmed laboratory experiments. Electrical methods in agriculture are still in the experimental stage. It has no doubt been established by the experiments and observations of Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Priestley and others that an increase in the yield of certain crops can, on a small scale, be obtained by means of high-power or high-tension electricity applied to the land by overhead wires. The electrical discharge has notable effects on the respiration of plants, their synthesis of food, on the evaporation of water from the leaf and other vital processes; but prolonged and extensive investigations are still needed in order that these effects may be accurately defined and gauged. Agriculture and horticulture may hereafter derive valuable aid from electricity; but the nature and limits of that aid have yet to be determined. The problems are highly complex and the sources of

fallacy are numerous. Even should it be proved that the electrification of crops or seeds does hasten their growth or increase their immediate productiveness, it will still have to be shown that with mere increase in bulk there is no deterioration in quality, no impairment of fertility and no diminished resistance to disease.

Such have been the veritable wonders of electricity that the lay public is apt to be credulous regarding any new achievement claimed for it. Four years ago there was widely circulated a statement to the effect that of two groups of school children of the same age and in similar circumstances subjected to experiment at Stockholm, the group placed in a schoolroom into the atmosphere of which there was a discharge of electricity was found at the end of six months to have grown faster, to be in better and more vigorous health and to be more successful in examination tests than the control group without benefit of electricity. Professor Crichton-Browne wrote to Professor Svante Arrhenius, as it was alleged that these experiments had been conducted by that eminent scientist. Here is what Professor Arrhenius reported:

"My first experiments with about 50 children, subject to electrification in a room where the potential in the upper part was about 1,500 volts higher than at the floor, and 50 children without electrification seemed to have good results; a very strong result in favor of the elec-

Neither Plants Nor Children Affected as Many Erroneously Think

trified children, as indicated by their increase in weight and other sanitary conditions. But repeated experiments with a much greater material gave no positive results at all. Therefore, I am unable to give any positive statement. It is very possible that experiments arranged in another manner may give better results."

A little later Professor Crichton-Browne had an opportunity of conversing with Professor Arrhenius on the subject of these experiments only to find that they were not performed upon school children, as stated, but upon infants under a year old in the orphan-asylum. Hence all the allegations as to the superior intelligence and aptitude of the electrified children as tested by examination were pure invention. The first experiments referred to by Professor Arrhenius, with a group of fifty children who were electrified, with a control-group of fifty who were not so, gave surprising results in the increase of their weight and in growth with the former as compared with the latter. Further inquiry disclosed that the zealous nurse to whom the arrangements for the experiment had been entrusted put into the group for electrification all the vigorous babies and into the control group all the weak and ailing ones. The electrified infants had therefore had a good start and did not do more than maintain their position. Subsequent experiments on a large scale and with a more equitable division of material showed no influence of electrification one way or the other.

DO WE WANT A REVIVAL OF LOCKJAW?

IN an appeal to "the common sense" of the parents and relatives of our troops at the front, Doctor W. W. Keen affirms in *Science* that the antivivisectionists who fight the Red Cross will, if they succeed in their agitation, revive lockjaw. That would mean the addition of the most agonizing of horrors to the pains of the present conflict. Few people, Doctor Keen writes, realize what terrible suffering is caused by lockjaw. The mind of the patient is perfectly clear, usually to the very end, so that his sufferings are felt in their full intensity. All or nearly all of us have had severe cramps in the sole of the foot or in the calf of the leg. The pain is at times almost unbearable. In tetanus not the muscles of the jaw alone are thus gripped but the muscles all over the body are in cramps ten or twenty times more severe, cramps so horrible that in the worst cases the muscles of the trunk

arch the body like a bridge and only the heels and head touch the bed:

"Never shall I forget a fine young soldier during the Civil War who soon after Gettysburg manifested the disease in all its dreadful horror. His body was arched as I have described it. When at intervals he lay relaxed, a heavy footstep in the ward or the bang of a door would instantly cause the most frightful spasms all over his now bowed body and he hissed his pitiful groans between tightly clenched teeth. The ward was emptied, a half-moon pad was hung between the two door-knobs to prevent any banging; even the sentry, pacing his monotonous steps just outside the ward, had to be removed beyond earshot. . . . The spasms became more and more severe, the intervals shorter and shorter; it did not need even a footfall now to produce the spontaneous cramps, until finally a cruelly merciful attack seized upon the muscles of his throat and then his body was relaxed once more and forever. He had been choked to death."

Doctor W. W. Keen's Idea of the Issue Between Antivivisection and Red Cross

Need the layman wonder, asks Doctor Keen, at the joy unspeakable felt by surgeons of late years as they conquered this dragon of disease? As long ago as 1884 the peculiar germ, shaped like a miniature drumstick, was discovered. Its home is in the intestines of animals, especially of horses. The soil of France and of Belgium has been roamed over by animals and manured for over two thousand years even before Julius Caesar conquered and praised the Belgians. The men in the trenches and their clothing are besmeared and bemired with this soil, rich in all kinds of bacteria, including those of tetanus, or lockjaw, gas gangrene, and the like. When the flesh is torn open by a shell, ragged bits of the muddy clothing or of other similarly infected foreign bodies are usually driven into the depths of the wound. Now the tetanus or lockjaw bacilli and the bacilli of gas gangrene are the most

virulent of all germs. It takes 225,000,000 of the ordinary pus-producing germs to cause an abscess and a billion to kill, whereas a thousand tetanus bacilli are enough to kill. This readily accounts for the frightful mortality of tetanus during our civil war. It killed ninety patients out of every hundred attacked.

"In the early months of the Great War the armies suddenly placed in the field were so huge that there was not a sufficient supply of the antitoxin of tetanus. Hence a very considerable number of cases of tetanus appeared. Now it is very different. At present every wounded soldier, the moment he reaches a surgeon,

is given a dose of antitetanic serum. As a result, tetanus has been almost wiped off the slate. I say 'almost,' because to be effective the serum must be given within a few hours. The poor fellows who lie for hours and even days in No Man's Land can not be reached till too late. All the surgeons on both sides concur in saying that tetanus, while it still occurs here and there, has been practically conquered."

Every step of this work has been accomplished by the bacteriologists and the surgeons working together in the laboratory and the hospital. Would any mother seriously advise, asks Doctor Keen, that no such experimental researches should have been carried on

and that her boy should suffer the fate of his own boy at Gettysburg?

"But the antivivisectionists declare that bacteriology is false—that such vaccination is 'filling the veins with "scientific filth" called serum or vaccine'! They are doing their best to persuade our soldiers not to submit to any such 'vaccination'!

"Nay, more, 'we feel,' say forty-one of our medical officers on duty in France, 'that any one endeavoring to stop the Red Cross from assisting in its humanitarian and humane desire to prevent American soldiers from being diseased, and protecting them by solving the peculiar new problems of disease with which the Army is confronted is in reality giving aid and comfort to the enemy.'"

TECHNIQUE OF THE WAR IN THE AIR TO-DAY

THE enormous growth of the air services of all the belligerents in recent months as regards both material and personnel is to London *Engineering* significant of two things. First, military aviation will more and more become the decisive factor in the destiny of a campaign. Secondly, the device of most practical importance in the immediate future will be the large twin-engined or multi-engined aeroplane. With regard to the latter, we read also, it is true that twin-engined aeroplanes were in existence a considerable time ago but only within the past eighteen months have they become an accepted fact of the war. As recently as last year they were a somewhat unknown quantity, being still in the experimental stage as regards both their aerodynamical qualities and their value as engines of war. Now they have proved beyond a doubt that they are distinctly worth going on with, for they have already rendered distinctly valuable service, tho they have not yet reached anything like finality in their design. Within the past eighteen months some striking and important modifications have been introduced into the technique of aeronautics. The land machines are doing fighting, chasing, reconnaissance, artillery "spotting," photography, bombing and contact patrol in fashions which, at the outbreak of the war, would have been thought too reckless for the attainment of practical results. The sea planes are, of course, used chiefly for marine scouting. From an aerodynamical point of view, progress is in the direction of performance and not in theory only. By this is meant an increase in speed, climb and "ceiling."

A general idea of the performances that were considered good two years ago and of those recorded within the past six months will illustrate the point. To take the question of speed first,

since in the opinion of most inexpert observers it is the chief item, only a year ago a horizontal speed of somewhere in the neighborhood of 120 miles an hour was considered quite good. The increased speeds now attainable are, perhaps, even more marked in the case of the larger two-seaters than with the single-seated chaser. The consequence is that the two-seater is less inferior to the single-seat type than was the case, say, two years ago. It is not desirable to enter too minutely into technical details, says our contemporary, lest the enemy gain valuable information, but some observations are allowable:

"The gain in speed has been accompanied by a corresponding increase in climbing power. Again a detailed dis-

Germany Has by no Means the Superiority with Which She Has Been Credited

cussion may not be indulged in, but there can be no harm in mentioning a fact that must be as well known to the enemy as it is to us, that whereas if, in the early part of last year, a machine could do the first 10,000 feet in about twelve minutes, it was considered an excellent performance, there are now in existence machines capable of greatly exceeding this rate of climb. Reference has been made to what the French term the 'ceiling' of an aeroplane, that is to say, the maximum altitude that it will reach with its full load on board. Here again noticeable progress has been made, the 'ceiling' taking an average of different types of machines, being increased from 16,000 feet to 18,000 feet to well above the 20,000-foot line. The importance of a high 'ceiling' may be realized when it is pointed out that in an encounter between two machines, one of which has, for the sake of argument, a speed of 130 miles an hour



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AGROUND AND IN THE AIR AT—

The name of the place in France at which these planes are mobilized may not be revealed but the scene itself is characteristic of what Secretary of War Baker saw wherever he went. The aeroplane situation is not in the hopeless state fancied by so many misinformed patriots and the education of the American airman is in an advanced stage.

and a 'ceiling' of 18,000 feet, while the other has a 'ceiling' of 22,000 feet and a speed of only 120 miles, the slower machine with the higher 'ceiling' has the advantage in that it is able to climb out of range of the other machine and await its opportunity of diving down upon it from above. Hence the quest for a high 'ceiling.' Another factor which has been instrumental in raising the 'ceiling' is the development of the anti-aircraft gun, which renders high flying imperative if the machine is to be even moderately safe from gun-fire. If, as the trend of development would appear to indicate, the altitude at which machines habitually do most of their work continues to increase, it seems certain that carrying an outfit for supplying the pilot with oxygen will be the rule rather than, as it was till recently, the exception."

Two points of detail connected with method may be indicated. The first is simply a matter of increasing the engine power and is the method adopted by the Germans until within the past year or two. The other method, which has to a large extent been followed by England and her partners in the war, is that of improving the aerodynamical qualities of the aeroplane without resorting to any very marked increase in the power of the engines used. Granting that the machines of the belligerents are about equal, which is not very far from the truth, the same performance has been arrived at by two directly opposite procedures. We have kept on improving the performance of our machines by scientific aerodynamic design and have not, until recently, begun to install engines of approximately the same power as those used by the enemy. The Germans, on the other hand, have always been in favor of high-power engines and had a good supply of them. They have not until within the past six months or so troubled about any great refinement in the design of their aeroplane engines, or in the design of the aeroplanes themselves. Which method will prove the better is open to discussion.

One item of perhaps the greatest technical importance is that of wing sections:

"Immense progress has been made in the matter of wing-section efficiency. No figures can be published, but it may be stated that both the lift-drag ratio of sections and the maximum lift coefficient have been much improved, thus assisting greatly towards a better performance of the machines on which these improved sections have been fitted. The Germans, who in pre-war days did comparatively little in the way of research work on aerofoil efficiency—at any rate little was published—appear, judging from the wings of captured machines, to favor wing sections considerably more cambered, especially as regards their lower surfaces, than those in use by the Allies. Again it is tempting to discuss the pros and cons, but for the present one must be confined to stating the facts.

"With the velocities now commonly attained the question of a wing-bracing that is at the same time sufficiently strong while offering a minimum of resistance becomes one of the very greatest importance. In this direction, again, no doubt owing to their policy of aiming at a good aerodynamical efficiency rather than an excessive increase in power, the Allies may confidently be said to hold the lead. Such machines as the Nieuport scout in France and the Sopwith triplane in this country are admirable examples of wing-bracing of low resistance, and if proof of their efficiency were needed it would be furnished in the very best way by the manner in which the enemy has imitated them—in the case of the Nieuport with his Albatros scouts with Nieuport type of wing-bracing, and in that of the Sopwith triplane with the recent Fokker triplanes. Until captured machines showed him how the resistance of the wing-bracing could be kept down, the German designer contented himself with his old-fashioned round cables and his two pairs of interplane struts on each side, relying on his powerful engines to pull him through."

A fuselage, or body, offering as small a resistance as practicable, has always been the aim of the designers of the Allies. In Germany, until within eight months the designers paid little attention to this important item. They remained content with the old, flat-sided bodies, which have the advantage that they are easy to build and cheap but which are nevertheless not to be tolerated in a modern, high-speed machine. Lately the Germans have learned wisdom:

"Captured German machines of all types show a marked tendency towards a better, and in some cases an excellent, stream-line form of the bodies. In this connection it is curious to note that the same method of construction seems to be employed in nearly all the different types of machines, and consists of a slender framework of wood over which is built a ply-wood body of approximately elliptic section, giving a light and strong structure which is not easily damaged by shrapnel or fire, and which at the same time offers small resistance to the rapid passage through the air. The improved performance of the more recent German machines is evidence of the advantage of these new bodies."

Probably no unit of the aeroplane has attained such a uniformity as the under-carriage. This is true of nearly all the many different types of machines with the exception of sea planes and to a smaller extent twin-engined machines. The form of under-carriage now commonly fitted is that known as the Vee type. It consists, briefly, of two vees of wood or steel tubes, from the apices of which is slung the axle by suitable shock-absorbers. It would be difficult to imagine anything more simple and efficient and, while the under-carriage is fixed so as to remain outside the body during flight, it is dif-

ficult to see how the reduction of its components can be carried much further. The only way in which a reduction in head resistance might be effected further would appear to be in the nature of an under-carriage that could be drawn into the body during flight.

Few changes are to be found in the design and general arrangement of the control surfaces:

"The characteristic that has been noticeable from the beginning of the war—namely, that the majority of German machines have a large fixed tail-plane and comparatively small elevators, while the machines of the Allies generally have a small tail-plane and large elevators—is still manifest. The result of the two 'schools,' as they may be termed, is that the German machine is fairly slow on the controls, while the British or French is much more sensitive, but also more liable to too sudden deviation in its flight path, which may result, in the hands of an incautious pilot, in the breakage of the wings. It should not be assumed from this that our machines have a habit of breaking their wings while those of the enemy are proof against such accidents, but rather that the temperament of our pilots permits the more sensitive control to be provided, while the German prefers to render his machine less sensitive, but, on the other hand, more 'fool-proof.'

"There is a marked tendency to provide the various control surfaces with forward projections so as to bring the center of pressure nearer to the center of pivoting, in order to relieve the pilot of most of the strain of working the controls. This would appear to apply not only to the large machines but also to those on which a year ago it was not deemed necessary."

There appears to be a tendency to fit a greater number of guns than was customary a year ago. Thus it is now common practice with the western allies as well as with the enemy to fit two-machine guns, synchronized to fire straight forward "through" the propeller.

To the man in the street, especially in the London street, the Gotha probably represents the highest development of German aeroplanes:

"The Gotha has done well enough, but is inferior in many respects to other German machines, and it is not even certain, as is generally assumed, that the nocturnal raiders of our coasts are always of this type, the enemy possessing at least two other makes of twin-engined machines. Nor should it be forgotten that the Gotha was not in use until some time after one of our Handley-Pages had fallen into the hands of the enemy. From the secrecy maintained regarding the doings of our own machines it is hardly to be wondered at that those who had not the opportunity of following progress jumped to the conclusion that the Gothas were superior in some way to our own."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

"OUR BOYS HAVE DIED, THEREFORE WE MUST LIVE"

WE have long been accustomed to hear many ancient things called new. New Thought, New Poetry, New Religion, are terms which have claimed a novelty of approach to three of the oldest of spiritual activities. By an analogous use of the word new, Winifred Kirkland, in a leading article in the *Atlantic*, calls attention to the change in standards that is being wrought in everyday living by the present concentration upon death. "No one," she says, "can forget them, no one can get away from them—those boys dead upon the battlefields of Europe." There is not one of us, she continues, who has not thought more about death within the last three years than in a whole lifetime before, and by their very intensity our thoughts are new. This preoccupation is a force too fresh to be easily formulated, but already it is so pervasive and so profound in its effect upon the motives and the standards which must both sustain a world in agony and rebuild it in the future that it suggests the term, the New Death.

Not alone by the youth of its victims has the war horrified us into a new adjustment to death, Miss Kirkland declares; but even more by their type: "the shining best are those most surely sacrificed." What is the meaning of the frenzy with which the universe blasts its benefactors before they have lived to bless it? And what is the significance of the strange, the well-nigh occult, reassurance that so many feel and without which they could not "carry on" the ideals left in the face of such utter prodigality of destruction? When every one is asking the same questions, may it not be, Miss Kirkland asks, that the answers, still hesitant, still experimental, may bring into being a new adaptation of living to dying—a New Death?

The enforced familiarity with fate varies, according to the individual, all the way from uneasiness at the intrusion of the spiritual to an absorption so engrossing that some of us, Miss Kirkland says, "feel that we cannot go on living one day longer until we have decided what is the relation of dying to every hour of existence." In terms of immediate living, "the New Death is the constant influence upon us of the

boys who have passed. All the ramifications of experience and of endeavor growing out of our attitude toward our new dead must become a new psychological factor in the world's thought and action." The argument proceeds:

"The New Death, now entering history as an influence, is so far mainly an immense yearning receptivity, an unprecedented humility of both brain and heart toward all the implications of survival. It is a great intuition entering into the lives of the simple, the sort of people who have made the past and will make the future. It does not matter in the least whether or not the intellectuals share this intuition, and it does not matter whether or not the intuition is true, or whether future generations, returned to the lassitude of peace, shall again deny the present perceptions; what does matter is the effect upon emergent public life and private of the fact that every-day men and women are believing that the dead live."

These every-day men and women, it seems, are not looking to their former teachers, the scientist and the theologian, for light upon death. Even before the outbreak of the war the church's authority had been weakened, and since 1914 we have seen the authority of science questioned more and more. It may be true that science has penetrated the commonest education and has given to each of us a manner of practical approach to any subject; but "no longer," Miss Kirkland observes, "can science convince us that we have not a soul when we feel it suffer so." In the intensity of a new need the people are turning less to the old authorities, but "with an awed docility are seeking illumination from those who are to-day the supreme critics of death—our young men who are dying." There is something strangely persistent in any unfulfilled life, and the persistence is inevitably the more marked the more personality the dead youth had attained. The supreme example of this fact is traced by Miss Kirkland in the Christian religion. "It was the force of a young man's death which established that religion; it was founded on the psychology of the universal instinct to fulfill an interrupted ministry as being the only outlet left to affection." Now it is the martyrdom of the battlefield that holds the attention of mankind. "Our boys have

An Impressive Exposition of the Religion of the "New Death"

died, therefore we must live, is an arresting and illogical conclusion; but surely it is the one which for four years has actuated both the armies and the households of Europe and is now becoming more and more our own chief inspiration." Miss Kirkland writes further:

"The immediate expression of this vast impulse to rebuild is for individual men and women the revaluation of humble daily life. More and more each of us feels too small to grasp the world-issues of to-day, yet at the same time finds inactivity unbearable. We turn to the nearest task in desperate desire to make it somehow count for relief and restoration to a war-ridden world. The humdrum suddenly stands forth in beauty, dignified by new motives. Always our attitude is inextricably influenced by the words and the conduct of the boys whose battle-hours are continually before our imaginations. They have been driven to discover what remains to them of joy in spite of the tumult, just as we at home, agonized by each morning's newspaper, suddenly perceive the worth of many experiences too familiar to be prized until contrasted with horror. If in the fire and the mud 'out there,' men can discover things to give them joy and faith, surely we at home can emulate a little of their serenity. As we read the records of their hearts, as we meet corresponding experience in our own, we know that no holocaust can unself the soul, and that the deathless privileges of friendship and of kinship and of the beauty of nature can be interrupted, but never destroyed."

The conviction of immortality is so firmly voiced in so many soldier-records as to be for Miss Kirkland unimpeachable. "It seems more scientific," she says, "to query whether perhaps they possess truer illumination than mere intellect, unsupplemented by the subtler capacities of soul evoked by their tragic situation, could ever attain." She continues:

"In so far as their marvelous inner security has for themselves any basis in reason, it rests partly on the immortal renewal which they observe in nature. Sunrise and recurrent star and the pushing up of the indomitable flowers are arguments for human persistence, since man, too, is a part of the great earth force. Apart from the reasoned argument of nature's exhaustless vitality, many a soldier reveals a consciousness of an indestructible immortal something

within him. He would still feel this inner confidence even if all communication with external nature were denied him, if he could hear no bird-songs, see no stars. Page after page of 'Lettres d'un Soldat' testify to the sense of eternity which is the core of his courage and his calm. Alan Seeger delights to feel himself in the play of world-forces that are eternal in energy. Rupert Brooke is comforted to be 'a pulse in the eternal mind.' One might envy these three seer-soldiers—French, American, English—what one might call their cosmic security, the content of the atom that perceives itself part of an indestructible whole.

"There is, however, in the four-fold sense of survival to be studied in soldier-records,—comradeship of idealism, expectation of glad adventure, the reassurance from the vitality of nature, the consciousness of something eternal at the center of the soul,—little that is definitely personal, just as there is little that suggests the old conventional doctrines either of science or of theology. In contrast

there flashes before us the warm personal hope of Donald Hankey, in his last recorded words: 'If wounded, Blighty. If killed, the Resurrection!'"

It is not the attributes of God that concern the New Death, Miss Kirkland concludes, but the attitude toward Him, and its practical expression both in public actions and in private.

"After decades of materialism, a new mysticism is being born. All of us to-day perceive some great force let loose upon us—for our destruction or our regeneration? A Power is certainly at work—is it God or devil, for no one dares longer to call it chance? Every instinct answers, God. God and immortality have become facts for our every-day life, while before they were only words, and words avoided. The new thing about faith to-day is that it is voluntarily intuitive, and that its mysticism is not contemplative but active. This mysticism is conscious. The scientific, the materialistic attitude was a stage

of growth ordained for our adolescence, but it did not indicate the maturity that we thought it did. Our intuitions of God to-day are more to be relied upon than those of earlier periods that were unaware of pitfalls. The evidence of our mature wisdom is that, having experienced the pitfalls, we have voluntarily returned to a child-like trust. We do not argue about God: we accept Him. We do not argue about survival: we accept it. Universal destruction has swept from us every other dependence. It is frankly an experiment, this new spirituality, this new adjustment, this New Death. For the first time in the world, millions of people are making the adventure of faith, engrossed in the effect of immortality, the effect of God, not as a dogma of the next world, but as a practice for this one. There is nothing new about immortality, there is nothing new about God, there is everything new in the fact that we are at last willing to live as if we believed in both. This is the religion of the New Death."

FERRERO'S VIEW OF THE MORAL CHAOS THAT LED TO THE WAR

WE have heard a great deal about the war as a conflict between aristocracy and democracy; but, in the opinion of Guglielmo

Ferrero, the distinguished Italian historian, the issue should be defined in a somewhat different way. The struggle, he says, is really one between "the ideal of power" and "the ideal of perfection," and the failure to differentiate between these two ideals, he avers, is what brought on the war. He expresses this view in a new book, entitled "Europe's Fateful Hour" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). He writes from the point of view of a Latin, and he identifies the Latin nations in a special sense with what he conceives to be the quest of perfection. Germany, on the other hand, becomes, under his analysis, the very apotheosis of the lust for power. What she needs supremely, and what the other nations need in a lesser degree, is, according to Ferrero, a sense of limitation, of balance, of measure. What we all shall need, after the war, will be a disposition to impose and to endure limitation in behalf of the common good. "We must induce coming generations," as Ferrero puts it, "to aim rather less at power and rather more at perfection; we must teach the mind to find enjoyment once more in lucidity of thought and simplicity of sentiment; we must familiarize man in a world grown so wide and a civilization become so powerful with the idea of the impassable limits of truth, beauty, virtue, reason and power, which men understood so readily when they were weaker and more ignorant;

we must discover scholars, artists, writers and philosophers endowed with not only the intelligence but also the moral force necessary for the accomplishment of this task."

In endeavoring to trace the fundamental error that led to the collapse of civilization in August, 1914, Ferrero says: "The error was possible because our civilization had too many aims and, by striving to attain them all at the same time, had lost the power of selection." The real cause of the war, he tells us further, must be sought in "the want of balance which makes it possible for the strictest political discipline to exist side by side with an utter lack of intellectual discipline in the same mid-European nation." The argument proceeds:

"This disparity between the intellectual anarchy and the political discipline of Germany has given birth to the cyclone which is devastating Europe. How and why it is not difficult to understand. Theories are powerless to hold the passions in check, unless they are fused into a system and rest upon some solid foundation, some tradition, authority or recognized principle, of which the truth is felt and respected by the world at large. If these bases and supports are lacking, if thought insists upon being, as it were, its own jumping-off place and on formulating afresh each day the axioms from which it proposes to start on its task of reconstructing the world from top to bottom, beauty, truth and morals will necessarily cease to be anything but a noisy game of sophisms in which each player, by an arbitrary change of principles, is at liberty to uphold the most contradictory theories—a game in which the final victory is won by those theories which are

most flattering to the dominant passions. Ideas will not act as brakes, but rather as spurs to the ruling passions. This has been the work of literature and philosophy in every epoch of intellectual anarchy; this is what has been accomplished in Germany during the last four decades by history, philosophy and literature—the so-called political sciences—in proportion as pride in victory and power was fostered by the growth of the population and by the new wealth so easily obtained from a soil rich in coal and iron. German *kultur*, science, philosophy and literature, which were weak because they were unfettered, and regulated neither by principles, traditions or authority of any kind and, therefore, in their turn powerless to exercise any intellectual authority, had placed themselves at the service of those passions, whether good or bad, which they were unable to correct or hold in check, such as patriotism, the spirit of discipline and unity, respect for the sovereign and the State, cupidity, national vanity and arrogance and what is barbarously called '*arrivisme*.' These sciences thus encouraged and accentuated all the tendencies of public opinion, entirely failing to distinguish between the good and the bad, the beneficial and the dangerous. Above all, they stimulated the mania for confounding the great with the merely colossal, quantity with quality, and for regarding the German people as the salt of the earth and the model for all the world to copy. They inflamed the pride of the masses and added fuel to that craze for persecution which is always the inseparable companion and the immediate chastisement of overbearing pride, with the result that we have seen reenacted in central Europe the terrible tragedy of Nineveh and Babylon."

Over against the German ideal of limitless power, which Ferrero de-

He Says that Limitation Must Be the Watchword of the Future

scribes as a product of the last two centuries, there was, it is true, the older ideal based on the Græco-Latin tradition and on Christianity, "the ideal which imposes on us beauty, truth, justice, the moral perfection of individuals and of institutions as the ideal of life." But nowhere was the moral ideal exhibited in its integrity, and everywhere the illusion prevailed that men can have a thing without its counterpart, that they can have, for instance, the advantages of war and the benefits of peace; both power and perfection, both quantity and quality, both speed and beauty. Ferrero speaks, in particular, of the failure of the past generation to distinguish between creative and destructive power:

"When science made some new discovery, when industry constructed some more rapid and powerful machine, when we counted our riches and found that they had increased, we were convinced that the world was progressing. Had our century not undertaken to conquer the whole earth with the help of fire and science? Was not every step which brought us nearer this goal to be regarded as progress? Europe and America had therefore advanced by abandoning the old-time coaches for trains and sailing-boats for steamers; by inventing the telegraph, the telephone, the motor-car, the aeroplane and the dirigible; by acquiring the knowledge and the means enabling it to pierce the Isthmus of Panama; by constructing reaping, threshing, measuring, ploughing and sewing-machines and other machines for making shoes, driving in nails, and performing at lightning speed many other operations for which for centuries man had no other apparatus than his hand.

"Nor is this all. Our era, consistently with its own definition of progress, extolled activity, discipline, obedience, courage, energy, initiative, ambition and self-confidence as the noblest of virtues; its heroes were self-made men, fortunate or unfortunate inventors, pioneers of every sort of aspiration, leaders of revolutionary movements in art, industry, religion, banking, fashion and politics. Our epoch, however, has not confined itself to constructing railways, ships, plows and threshing-machines; it has not merely discovered marvelous remedies, and how to make electricity produce a brilliant light, and learned to talk and write across space; it has also manufactured rifles, guns, ironclads, and explosives a hundred times more powerful and more deadly than those known to our fathers and grandfathers. It enlarged and beautified schools, hospitals and libraries; but with what appalling weapons it has furnished the greatest armies the world has ever seen! Are we to be equally proud of both these types of progress? It is a difficult question to answer. If we answer it in the affirmative, we were virtually adopting Hegelianism, venerating destruction as much as creation and worshipping God and the devil on the same altar—a view revolting to an epoch which believed in the goodness of human nature and strove so hard to increase the wealth of

the world. If, however, we answer it in the negative, universal disarmament, the dethronement of the monarchies at the head of the present armies, the reconstruction of the map of Europe and a far-reaching change in the spirit of the modern state should necessarily have followed. For such sweeping changes Europe had not the courage. She took refuge in ambiguity and a definition of progress sufficiently vague to cover both peace and war, justice and violence, life and death, steam-plows and Lewis guns, Pasteur serum and melinite. She shrank from saying definitely whether the same meed of admiration was to be accorded to audacity, courage, self-sacrifice, initiative and perseverance when displayed in wars of aggression as when employed in the struggle against nature. She has always halted between two opinions. The century demanded peace, but its teaching was received with such ironic smiles by so many soldiers, philosophers and politicians that it lost heart, and the century which had dared so much did not venture even to repeat what St. Thomas Aquinas boldly affirmed amid the barbarism of the Middle Ages—that war is only justifiable when waged in a good cause and without evil intention."

It is this habit of regarding progress as a "two-faced deity" that, in Ferrero's view, has brought modern thought to its Nemesis. We had contrived to forget that one cannot hold two opposite beliefs at the same time for an indefinite period. A moment inevitably comes when one becomes the limit of the other and a choice must be made between them. The sense of limitation is what we must somehow manage to incorporate in the civilization of the future. Ferrero speaks of the necessity of creating in Europe a political situation which shall prevent the turbulent genius of the German peoples from again filling the pages of history with a second venture of the present kind. There must be limitation of armaments. And limitation of armaments implies another change the import of which is even more tremendous. It is that the states of Europe consent to limit by treaties, the one toward the others and in equal ratio, their sovereign rights, in view of a superior interest common to all.

It would be an error, Ferrero thinks, to consider these ideas as Utopias which cannot be realized. They are not, most undoubtedly, necessities upon which one can count as upon the accomplishment of a natural law; but they are possibilities which depend upon the human will. Ferrero continues:

"Let us look at the world: millions of men are butchering each other; empires are falling to pieces; riches produced by two generations are melting away; the fury of destruction rages on the land, on sea, in the air; twenty centuries of moral progress seem annihilated; sparks of the immense conflagration have been carried

by the wind across the Atlantic. If men have desired all that which has rendered inevitable this chaotic explosion of savage passions, is it rash to hope that they will some day also desire that which would assure to the world a little more true order, faith, justice, loyalty, charity? But that which one might call the will of periods, that is to say, the great currents of the civilization which succeed one another, is a very mysterious phenomenon. They seem to be the work of the human spirit and yet to be superior to the spirit of each man, as if a people, a nation, a series of generations, were something more than the aggregate of the human beings of which these human groups are made up. It is for that reason impossible to say if, and when, men will desire a more stable and just society than that which is to-day struggling in this crisis of mad violence; and after what endeavors and wanderings they will desire it. But, whether that day be near or distant, the duty of the historian, the moralist, the philosopher, does not change. They ought to set before their contemporaries how, under the surprises, the horrors and the ruins of this crisis; in all the contradictions and uncertainties amid which our age struggles; in the difficulties which present themselves on all sides; and in those, yet greater, which will present themselves; is lurking this dilemma of perfection and of power from which the world cannot escape. The struggle between the Latin genius and the Germanic genius is nothing else than this. The historian, the moralist, the philosopher, are not authorized to assert that man ought to prefer perfection to power. Man will be free in the future to resolve the problem, as he has been in the past, in deciding for one or other of the alternatives. But what the historian, the moralist and the philosopher can, and ought to, say is that it is impossible to want both the two at once; and to seek to increase indefinitely, at the same time, these two good things. Present events furnish conclusive proof of this. Have we not, for the last two years, seen returning among us what one considered as the phantoms of ages for ever dead; sumptuary laws; restrictions upon international commerce and on the consumption of goods; the taxation of prices and wages? Have we not seen all at once thrift, economy, simplicity, the limitation of needs, become once more civic virtues, exalted, as at the time of Cæsar and Augustus, by even those who used to wish to banish them, in the name of progress, from the world? Have we not been obliged abruptly, from one day to the next, by the force of circumstances, to revert to methods and ideas created by periods which had subordinated economic activity to ideals of moral perfection? And what does this inspired *volte face* signify, save that, whatever he may do, the moment will always come when man, if he do not do it spontaneously, will be obliged by the very laws of life to choose between the two ideals? The whole question for him then reduces itself into knowing whether he will choose by force, that is to say, ill, by suffering, and without gain; or if he will choose spontaneously according to an organic and exalted concept of life and its aims."

THE INNER CONFLICT OF STOPFORD BROOKE

IT was a great day for biography when the heart of Lawrence Pearsall Jacks was set on fire by Olive Stopford Brooke. Out of the flame came, many years later, the "Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke" (Scribner). In this book Dr. Jacks, who is editor of the *Hibbert Journal* and Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, tells the story of his famous father-in-law. We may trace, if we choose, the development of a man of rare intelligence and piety, who began his career as a clergyman, who forsook the Anglican pulpit in midlife, and who retired to an old age of literary and artistic study.

The key-note to the biography is the conflict in Stopford Brooke's nature between the preacher and the artist. Dr. Jacks tells us that "the elemental and the ideal were copresent in him to the end of his long life," and that "his massive frame, his flashing and commanding presence, his audacities of speech and action, his joy in life, the swift transitions by which he would pass from the resolve to the deed might be transferred, by a slight effort of imagination, to a border chieftain of the sixteenth century." He writes further:

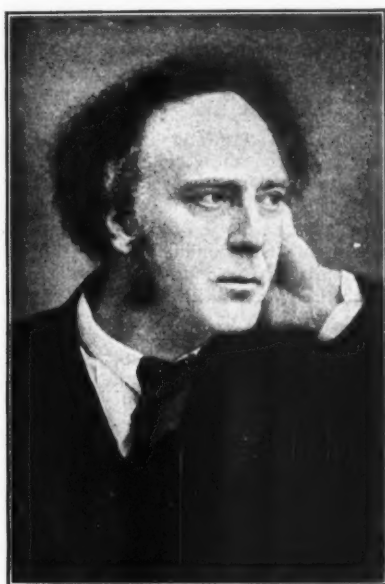
"Stopford Brooke was in essentials a surprising personality, and only one land in the world could have produced him—the land where the inevitable happens seldom and the impossible happens every day. His temperament, his intellect, his imagination, his tenderness, his manners, were predominantly Irish, and the genius of his native land remained with him to the closing years."

There was in him, Dr. Jacks continues, "a double tendency, or perhaps a double nature."

"One side of his nature belonged to religion, the other to art; two realms intimately related in the world of pure ideas but often widely sundered and even at variance in the actual lives of men. He possessed a deep natural piety, fostered by such influence and example as we have seen, and in respect of that we may say of him—*anima naturaliter christiana*. But his feet were firmly planted on the earth; no pagan ever loved it better or received from contact with the things of sense a fuller current of the joy of life. All his senses were fine, eager, explorative; he had the power of self-detachment which frees the faculties for delightful exercise in observation, and leaves them at the disposal of the object to be observed; his, too, was the artist's vision which seizes the inner meaning of things along with their images; and there is little doubt that, had he lived in some age or society to which culture was unknown, he would have found satisfaction and won eminence. 'In my sixty-seven years,' he writes, in 1899, 'I have only

had a whiff of the joy to be got out of natural beauty. But when I have seen this earth well I'll have a look at other planets and at new beauty. I should like to come back as a landscape painter and wander about the world with pencils, brushes, colors, and a knapsack—walking, not driving as Turner did—and indeed it could be a Paradise if only one had a fiftieth part of his divine power.'"

With a mind thus dominated, Brooke entered the calling from which, after a prolonged spiritual ordeal, he eventually severed himself. His start was not inspiring. London, his chosen sphere of action, was then (1857), from a religious point of view, at low-water mark. He spent his days in self-



A CELTIC GENIUS

Stopford Brooke, says his biographer, was in essentials a surprising personality, and "only one land in the world could have produced him—the land where the inevitable happens seldom and the impossible happens every day."

imposed tasks of service; he found artistic relaxation in the homes of wealthy and cultivated Irish friends. From one of these homes came his wife. We hear of him, soon after his marriage, in Berlin, where he became chaplain to the British Embassy. He returned to London and, failing preferment, hired a chapel of his own. It was during this period that he wrote a biography of F. W. Robertson, the Brighton preacher, that is still considered a model of its kind. His preaching was conspicuously successful. Dean Stanley was one of his friends. Queen Victoria came to hear him. It is said that the Queen wished him to receive a Westminster canonry, but that Gladstone objected on theological and Disraeli on political

A Life-Story in Which Pagan Love of Beauty Struggled With Christian Faith

grounds. Certain it is that he was always something of a heretic and that in 1880 he decided to make a change. Dean Stanley, when he saw that a crisis was coming, urged that "the Church was broadening to meet his position." "Will it broaden sufficiently," asked Brooke, "to admit James Martineau being made Archbishop of Canterbury?" "Not in our time," replied Stanley. "Then," said Brooke, "I leave the Church of England."

The effect of this step, his biographer tells us, was a liberation of mental, moral, spiritual energy. He was in touch with a large circle of artists and men of letters—Tennyson, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Burne Jones, Holman Hunt, William Morris. His literary activity was rapidly increasing. "The freedom that he won was freedom for the unrestricted expression of his own personality, and his whole nature rushed forward in a fresh outburst of prophetic fire and creative imagination." The years that followed were years of reverie and of artistic creation. They were years in which his interest in art and literature, in flowers and natural scenery, dominated his interest in religion as such. Dr. Jacks says:

"There came to him a renewal of youth in the inward man. In the old age of Brooke hope was more active than memory; it was one of those sunsets which resemble the dawn. As the years passed on between 1895 to his death in 1916 there was a gradually deepening quietude; but it was a quietude of preparation, as tho he were making ready for a great adventure into worlds unknown.

"As one reads through the diaries of the later years the impression grows that his inner joyousness is becoming deeper, more self-sustained, less subject to fluctuations of mood, less dependent on external things. His self-utterances were more intimate and more restrained; he would rather write a page in his diary than preach a sermon; he would rather sit on a stone by a rippling stream than stand on a mountain top; he cares nothing for disputation; the strifes of parties and creeds is phantasmal; he is out of it all; but nature is lovelier than ever and art more evidently supreme. And with this we observe a deepened personal tenderness and a more instant craving for the love of others.

"His old age belonged to a realm which morality reaches after but cannot express. One felt that moral criticism was as much out of place as if it were applied to a sunset, or to the evening star, or to a noble river when it nears the sea—or to any other great thing in that world of natural beauty, of which he seemed to be a thinking, speaking part.

"He was rich in inward satisfactions, and was a satisfying presence to those who loved him. Never was he nearer to the springs of perennial youth; of the

harshness, the despondency, the vain regrets, the irritability, that are said to accompany old age, there was not a trace. 'He grew old,' writes one who knew him well, 'but he never grew elderly. He was the youngest of us all.'

Some men are destroyed by their inner conflict, but Stopford Brooke, his

biographer points out, effected a synthesis. "Through the love of beauty he carried his art, with all its passion and fine sense of proportion, into his religion, becoming thereby a prophet of the beauty of holiness. By the same means he carried his religion, with all its piety and tenderness, into his art,

and made it a vehicle for things that are lovely and of good report, and for them alone. Thus the two tendencies, which in most men are rivals, became confederates, and the story of their growing confederacy through a long lapse of years is the story of the life of Stopford Brooke."

THE BRITISH LABOR MOVEMENT AND MORAL IDEALS

ONE of the most significant results of the war has been the emergence of what is called the British Labor Movement.

Four million British trade-unionists, allied with Socialists and Cooperators, have combined to express their point of view and to make it effective. In a document that is hailed in England as a new Magna Carta and in this country as one of the ablest contributions to the literature of politics since the Declaration of Independence, these British workmen declare their intention to create, after the war, "a new social order, based not on fighting but on fraternity—not on the competitive struggle for the means of bare life but on a deliberately planned co-operation in production and distribution for the benefit of all who participate by hand or brain." Arthur Henderson, the leader of the movement, a member of Parliament and until lately a member of the British Government, has published a book, "The Aims of Labor,"* in which he acknowledges the inspiration of President Wilson and declares that "only a democracy built on the highest form of character will prove to be that instrument by which the world is to be saved."

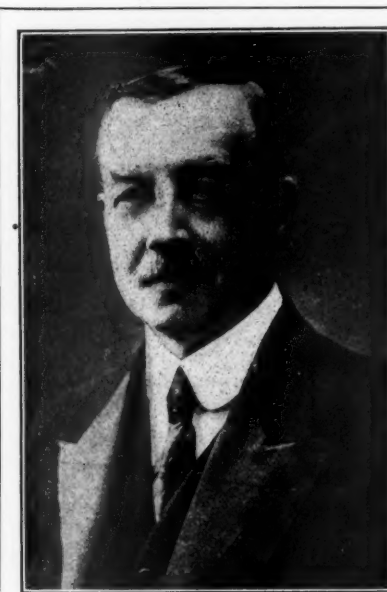
The British Labor Party has its foreign as well as its domestic program. It renounces imperialism and declares for self-government of peoples in the Empire. "We seek," it says, "no increase of territory. We disclaim all ideas of 'economic war.' We believe that nations are in no way damaged by each other's economic prosperity or commercial progress; but, on the contrary, that they are actually themselves mutually enriched thereby."

The high spirit of the domestic program of the Party is well conveyed in the following quotation:

"We need to beware of patchwork. The view of the Labor Party is that what has to be reconstructed after the war is not this or that government department, or this or that piece of social machinery, but, so far as Britain is concerned, society itself. The individual worker, or, for that matter, the individual statesman, immersed in daily routine—like the in-

dividual soldier in a battle—easily fails to understand the magnitude and far-reaching importance of what is taking place around him. How does it fit together as a whole? How does it look from a distance? Count Okuma, one of the oldest, most experienced and ablest of the statesmen of Japan, watching the present conflict from the other side of the globe, declares it to be nothing less than the death of European civilization. Just as in the past the civilization of Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Carthage and the great Roman empire has been successively destroyed, so, in the judgment of this detached observer, the civilization of all Europe is even now receiving its death blow. We of the Labor Party can so far agree in this estimate as to recognize, in the present world catastrophe, if not the death in Europe of civilization itself, at any rate the culmination and collapse of a distinctive industrial civilization, which the workers will not seek to reconstruct. At such times of crisis it is easier to slip into ruin than to progress into higher forms of organization. That is the problem as it presents itself to the Labor Party."

As steps toward the realization of its ideal, the Party proposes:



THE LEADER OF THE BRITISH LABOR PARTY

Arthur Henderson acknowledges the inspiration of President Wilson and declares that "only a democracy built on the highest form of character will prove to be that instrument by which the world is to be saved."

"Democracy," Says Arthur Henderson, "Is More Than a Form of Government, it is a Spirit"

1. The Universal Enforcement of the National Minimum;
2. The Democratic Control of Industry;
3. The Revolution in National Finance; and
4. The Surplus Wealth for the Common Good.

When the details of this program are examined, it is found that the minimum wage that the Party wants enforced is 30s. (\$7.50) per week. By "democratic control of industry" is meant "the immediate nationalization of railways, mines and the means of production." The "revolution in national finance" pertains chiefly to taxation, which is to be "steeply graduated so as to take only a small contribution from the little people and a very much larger percentage from the millionaires." Surplus wealth, now absorbed by individuals, is, under the new program, to be devoted to the sick and infirm, to the aged and those prematurely incapacitated, to education, to public improvement of all kinds, to scientific investigation, and to the promotion of music, literature and fine art.

There is nothing Syndicalistic in this program, as Mr. Henderson is careful to explain in his book. What has given the advocates of "direct action" their vogue, he says, has been the failure, on the part of the majority of workingmen, to make intelligent use of parliamentary methods. Not revolution but "ordered social change" is advocated. "The Labor Party sets out to prove by actual experiment and achievement that the Democratic State of to-morrow can be established without an intervening period of violent upheaval and dislocation."

Mr. Henderson frequently employs the language of religion. "Democracy," he says, "is more than a form of government, it is a spirit"; and Mazzini was right when he spoke of it as an attempt at the practical realization of the prayer: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done as in Heaven so on earth." Mr. Henderson continues:

"Moved by a common love unto a common activity in a common cause for a common humanity, we must lift ourselves above the narrow and divisive influences

*THE AIMS OF LABOR. By the Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P., Secretary of the Labor Party. Huebsch.

which render futile so much effort. We must welcome the active cooperation of all who stand for justice and seek the largest liberty and the greatest good. The edifice to be erected on the foundation of the will of a free people must be solid and substantial. The democratic forces must begin at once, and, whatever may be their difficulties, continue their task of reconstructing the world in a spirit of unity, cooperation and fraternity, if they would realize an abiding success."

It is Mr. Henderson's deepest conviction that the labor movement can never be successful unless it is based on personal character. He concludes his argument:

"If democracy is to take full advantage of the glorious opportunities before it, it can only be as a people individually strong in determination, and fired by moral passion and lofty ideals, led by men and women inspired to action by high purpose and unselfish ambition. Surely, then, we cannot afford to ignore the question of personal character in our efforts to reach the Social ideal. The doctrine of personal irresponsibility is not only dangerous but an indication of a lack of vision on the part of those who advance it, and is often only employed to excuse an evasion of an individual's civic and social duties. The individual is not justified in claiming his national rights unless he fulfills his obligation to his fellow men and to the State: the State must recog-

nize the rights of its citizens if it demands from them a fulfillment of their obligations as citizens. This is the sure way to stimulate a real personal and national consciousness upon which the success of democracy so much depends. Democracy will be effective in proportion to the intensity of its spiritual and moral faith; and the power of democracy as a whole will be measured by the loyalty of the individual to principle and by his belief in the moral power of right as against wrong. Character in the individual exemplifies human nature in its highest form, for it exhibits man at his best: and only a democracy built on the highest form of character will prove to be that instrument by which the world is to be saved."

ADVENT IN AMERICA OF A SPIRITUAL AMBASSADOR FROM SCOTLAND

FOLLOWING close on the recent visit of the Archbishop of York has come the visit to this country of one of Scotland's outstanding religious figures, Sir George Adam Smith, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Aberdeen University. He is here under the auspices of the National Committee on the Churches and the Moral Aims of the War, with the official sanction of the Department of Public Information of the British Foreign Office. He expects to make addresses in two-score American cities. He speaks not only as a theologian of note but as a bereaved father. Two of his sons have perished on the field of battle. A third is fighting in the British ranks.

It would be invidious to compare the results achieved during the past few months by various distinguished British visitors to our shores. Each of them has left a deep impression of the sense of duty and the determination to fight on which have animated Britain since she entered the war. But "none of her leading men," James Walter Smith, in the Boston *Transcript*, says, "has had greater success in presenting 'England's case,' or in expounding, on a very high plane of thought, the effect of the war on English life and character than the Principal of Aberdeen University." This success is attributed by the same writer to peculiar qualities, which are described as follows:

"He is the very embodiment of earnestness. The dignity and tremendousness of his mission are first in his thought. He is a seeker after truth—a teller of the truth. He wants America to know the facts—as he himself has seen them. He has been in America before, understands the American character, appreciates what it has meant to the world for America to enter the war, and desires to express the gratitude of his country for America's declarations for humanity. And he does



THE PRINCIPAL OF ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY

Who is making a speaking tour of the United States under the auspices of the National Committee on the Churches and the Moral Aims of the War.

it all in such a human, modest way—so full of fine-mindedness when touching upon the higher aspects of it, and so full of passion when he touches upon the darker side of it—that, whenever he has spoken, he has left behind a great personal triumph and a labor well performed for the Allied cause. A listener in Washington remarked the other day that of all the speakers who had come over, this man had left the deepest mark upon his hearers. When asked to give the reason why, came the answer: 'I don't know. Perhaps it is because he feels so sincerely the great wrong that has been done, and is able to make his hearers feel the wrong. If not that, then it is because he has suffered, yet holds his own sufferings lightly when compared with the agonies of those more greatly oppressed.'"

Sir George has much of the spirit of the old Scotch Covenanters. "When

Sir George Adam Smith Preaches the Sword as Well as the Cross

he touches on something he has witnessed with his own eyes, those wonderful blue eyes sparkle with fire, his body thrills with emotion and his grand Scotch head towers with the wrath of outraged righteousness." Less than six feet tall, thin, wiry and energetic, his effects are gained by plainness and directness of speech. He was asked, upon his arrival in New York, if the Allied line would hold. He replied: "Yes, I believe we can hold, and will hold until the United States can come up." Then, with a shake of his gray head, he added: "Oh, God, we must!"

Sir George is a chaplain in the British army, and occasionally appears before his audiences in khaki. "As one looks at him," says the writer in the *Transcript*, "one rarely realizes that inside the uniform stands an eminent divine, a man of letters, and perhaps the ablest biblical expositor of the present time." Yet all this is true.

"As was said to me recently by a man brought up under modern biblical teaching, 'I could not believe, when I saw Sir George in khaki, that here was the man who had made the Old Testament alive for me, and the old Prophets big human beings.' My friend referred, of course, to the many books which Sir George has written, particularly 'The Book of Isaiah' and 'The Twelve Prophets.'"

Before his return to Scotland, Sir George will attend an important educational conference in New York. He is a delegate from the Scottish universities to this conference, the object of which is to lay plans for a closer cooperation between the schools of higher learning of the United States and Great Britain. "May it be hoped," exclaims the writer in the *Transcript*, "that Sir George himself will be one of the first 'exchange professors,' and that, before he comes back to us, the day of sacrifice will have passed."

BRINGING PHILOSOPHY CLOSE TO EARTH

IT is the task of philosophers to study the eternal and universal not for its own sake but for its worth in directing us through the maze of temporal particulars." So Dr. Will Durant, of the New York Labor Temple, epitomizes the message of his new book, "Philosophy and the Social Problem" (Macmillan). The sentence quoted is part of a chapter in which Spinoza, the seventeenth-century Dutch philosopher, is extolled as a father of modern democracy; but Dr. Durant is far from resting his case on the teachings of one philosopher. He goes back to Socrates and Plato, and he shows how each was obsessed by problems of human perfection. He analyzes the doctrines promulgated by Francis Bacon, and declares that the essence of Bacon's position was its stress on the socialization of science. He points out that the social emphasis of philosophy in eighteenth-century France was so decided that "one might describe that philosophy as part of the explosive with which the middle class undermined the *status quo*." He traces the continuation of this social emphasis in Comte, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. He finds the importance of the German philosophers Kant, Fichte and Hegel to be political rather than metaphysical. He has no trouble in proving that Nietzsche's emphasis is dominantly social! And he ends, in the spirit of William James, with the thought that philosophers must learn to live. "If philosophy," as he puts it, "has meaning, it must be as life become aware of its purposes and possibilities, it must be as life cross-examining life for the sake of life; it must be as specialized foresight for the direction of social movement, as reconstructive intelligence in conscious evolution."

The significance of the Socratic ethic, in Dr. Durant's estimation, lies in its identification of virtue with wisdom. We are still, he says, in doubt as to what virtue means. To some it means passivity; to be "good" is to be harmless, to be not "bad," to be a sort of sterilized citizen, guaranteed not to injure. What we need in our day is recognition of the dynamic quality of virtue and its relation to society as a whole. Socrates knew this. He realized that moral codes are born not in heaven but in social needs, and he tried not to formulate a specific moral code, but to bring about a spread of intelligence. To "find a way of spreading intelligence so that individual treachery to real communal interest, and communal exploitation of individual

allegiance, may both appear on the surface, as they are at bottom, unintelligently suicidal," was Socrates' problem. It is also ours.

If Socrates wanted truth, Plato wanted beauty and harmony, and he constantly gave these terms a social setting. All the world knows his "Republic." His "high passion for social reconstruction through intelligent control," his conception of philosophy as "an instrument not merely for the interpretation, but for the remolding of the world," are among the qualities, Dr. Durant observes, that have given him immortality. In his social philosophy Plato was an aristocrat. He condoned slavery. The discovery and development of the superior man, rather than the general spread of intelligence, was his object. In this he may be said to have forecast Carlyle's "hero," Schopenhauer's "genius" and Nietzsche's "Superman." The heart and soul of Plato are in his statement: "Until philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, . . . cities will never cease from ill, nor the human race."

The place of Bacon in the history of thought is hardly stated by connecting him with Plato. "Conceive of him rather," exclaims Dr. Durant, "as a new protagonist in the long epic of intelligence; another blow struck in the seemingly endless war between magic and science, between supernaturalism and naturalism, between the spirit of worship and the spirit of control." What Bacon had chiefly in mind was the organization of the arts and sciences. In his Utopia, "The New Atlantis," he carefully described the details of an Order or Society which was to be called "Solomon's House" and which was to be "dedicated to the study of the nature of all things." Dr. Durant tells us:

"The essence of Bacon is not the replacement of deduction by induction, but the change of emphasis from worship to control. This emphasis, once vivid in Plato but soon obscured by Oriental influence, is one of the two dominant elements in modern thought (the other being the puzzling over an artificial problem of knowledge). . . . Bacon, and not Descartes, is the initiator of modern philosophy."

Passing on to an interpretation of Spinoza, Dr. Durant notes that he took the view: "Men are not born fit for citizenship, but must be made so." In sharp contrast to Hobbes, Spinoza exalted freedom, decentralization, democracy. This does not mean that he had no eye for the defects of democracy. But he found the insecurity of

A Plea for the Organization of Intelligence in Behalf of Social Improvement

freedom preferable to the security of bondage.

Nietzsche, on the other hand, exalted strength and the will to power. Dr. Durant offers a running commentary on his philosophy, explaining his attitude toward morality, his antipathy to democracy, feminism, Socialism and Anarchism, his deification of the Superman. To produce Supermen—that was Nietzsche's conception of the social problem; and his Superman was to be a free spirit, an enemy of all fetters and labels. The ruling class in ancient Greece had something of the spirit of the Superman. We catch some of the glory of these Greeks in the men of the Renaissance period. But Napoleon seems to have come the nearest to a correspondence with Nietzsche's ideal.

The conclusion that Dr. Durant draws from all this is that we are still a long way from any kind of intellectual certainty in facing the social problem. He finds, however, one thread of unity running through five out of the six philosophers whose teachings he dissects. The Socratic plea for intelligence, the Platonic hope for philosopher-kings, Bacon's dream of knowledge organized and ruling the world, Spinoza's gentle insistence on democracy as the avenue of development, all point the way toward the need of organizing intelligence. Dr. Durant wants to see philosophy established as a mediator between science and statesmanship. He suggests the organization of a "Society for Social Research," to consist of physicians and professors, and to constitute a kind of clearing-house for information in society.

"This is the chance of philosophy. It may linger further in that calm death of social ineffectiveness in which we see it sinking; or it may catch the hands of the few philosophers who insist on focusing thought on life, and so regain the position which it alone is fitted to fill. Unless that position is filled, and properly, all the life of the world is zigzag and fruitless,—what we have called the logic-chopping life; and unless that position is filled philosophy too is logic-chopping, zigzag and fruitless, and turns away from life men whom life most sorely needs. There are some among us, even some philosophers among us, who are eager to lead the way out of bickering into construction, out of books into life. We must keep a keen eye for such men and their beginnings; and we must strengthen them with our little help. . . . If philosophy is to live again, it must rediscover life, it must come back into the cave, it must come down from the 'real' and transcendental world and play its venturesome part in the hard and happy world of efforts and events."

LITERATURE · AND · ART

THE ROBINSON CRUSOE WHO NEVER CAME BACK

DEFOE based his stories exclusively upon the conflict between society and the man or woman who violated its rules, or upon the straits in which a man discovered himself when he was cut adrift from his fellows and compelled to make for himself a place in a new world of which he was the only civilized inhabitant. So comments the authoritative critic of the *Boston Transcript* in his review of the newest version of the Robinson Crusoe theme, a new novel entitled "Where Bonds Are Loosed" (Knopf). The persistent interest in this type of fiction is explained:

"The variations of this form of story have been many and with the passing of the centuries the interest in them has been persistent. They are at once the most imaginative and the most realistic form of fiction. The battle of man with society and the social laws when he is in the midst of them, his realization of his dependence upon his fellow man when he finds that with no rules to hamper him he has also none to aid him, give to the novelist a stern and unlimited range of actual facts and the widest of opportunities for the display of his imagination. And he is certain of a hearing, for while readers are anxious to see themselves as in a mirror of their day-by-day conventional lives, they are even more eager to see their fellow men and women in situations that they think it impossible ever to be in themselves."

Mr. E. L. Grant Watson, the author of "Where Bonds Are Loosed," has presented, to follow the *N. Y. Sun*, a strikingly original version of the Crusoe story. "Put a man on a desert island without human companionship or only the companionship of racial inferiors and he will not remain the man he was for long."

"This is splendidly brought out in E. L. Grant Watson's first novel, 'Where Bonds Are Loosed,' a book which deserves and will receive respectful attention because the author has a big point to make and has made it by simple and effective means. The only way any one of us has of measuring himself, his gifts, his qualities, his powers and his accomplishment is by comparison with the folks about him. Take them away and he is lost. He no longer sees himself mirrored with all his goodnesses and imperfections. Atavism sets in. Let enough time elapse and the man loses the power of self-measurement

and social conformity which the world gave him to fit him for a social existence. He is a beast.

"And he can never come back.

"Jack London knew this and preached it. Let those whose too refined tastes rejected London test this principle for themselves. Let them undergo some of the things London underwent, look upon some of the sights Conrad and McFee have looked upon, visit some of the places Grant Watson has visited, meet some of



ANOTHER NEW NOVELIST

E. L. Grant Watson's first book reveals him as a modern Defoe who shows the other side of the medal—man's bestiality when "cut off from the conserving influence of the herd." Mr. Watson is a zoologist by profession.

the people who move through the pages of Thomas Burke's 'Limehouse Nights' and 'Twinkletoes.' Let them!

"They will find out speedily enough how infinitely dependent is the strongest and most cultivated mortal on earth upon the mechanism of society."

The simple plot of the book, as vividly visualized as any modern thriller of the movies, is thus recounted by Floyd Dell in an appreciative review published in the *N. Y. Evening Mail*:

The Psychology of Solitude and Primitive Emotions in a Tale that Shames the "Movies"

"The story is of two men and a woman on an island. The island, somewhere off Australia, contains a hospital for sick natives. Hither comes a young and ambitious doctor named Hicksey, intent on studying a certain disease. He finds a lazy charlatan in charge of the place, who resents his efforts to introduce order. There is a quarrel, Hicksey nearly kills the other man, and as the reward of this display of primitive virtue is appointed to succeed him. In the furtherance of his experiments he accepts the place. He cleans up the hospital, and imports a capable nurse from the mainland. And here his troubles begin.

"He is a man and comely, and she is a woman and very lovely. But she is in every respect his inferior, and he scorns the idea of a love affair with her. Nevertheless it happens. And then it develops that his objections to such a love affair were all too well founded. She becomes jealous of his work, and in a fury of anger smashes his instruments and destroys the results of his year's study. She wants, in fact, a mate, and not the spare moments of a good-looking scientist. Her fit of anger effectually destroys the scientist, for he realizes that he will never duplicate the work she has destroyed, and he loses all his ambitions. But she does not thereby secure a mate, for he hates her just short of murdering her.

"There is another man, however, on the island, who is also lonely. He is in every respect the inferior of Hicksey—at least, as judged by civilized standards. He wants the woman, and finally, resenting the treatment of her by Dr. Hicksey, picks a quarrel with him. The quarrel swiftly develops into a blood-feud which can only end in the death of one or the other. It ends in the death of Hicksey, after the two men have stalked each other over the sand hills and taken pot-shots at each other with their guns. Whereupon—the body having been buried and the incident camouflaged with a story about sharks (the doctor was fond of swimming)—a new ménage is set up. Nurse Desmond accepts the love of Sherwin, the successful rival, and the two of them live happily ever after."

The author himself sums up the transformation wrought in his Robinson-Crusoe hero Sherwin in a few telling words:

"It came about that Sherwin degenerated from the keen, hopeful man who twelve months earlier had landed upon the island to the gloomy and savage being who from time to time let show fierce strains of cruelty and lust. The bonds

by which society had held him were being loosened and would soon fall away. As the days passed, Sherwin felt their dull sameness to be piled against him till they formed the upward slope of some great mountain that he could never climb. He thought that he was now indifferent to anything that they could bring."

E. L. Grant Watson, so his publisher informs us, is well fitted to recount this record of human zoology. He was an honor man in zoology at Trinity College, Cambridge, and for fifteen months he acted as a zoologist with an ethnological expedition into north-

western Australia. The greater part of this time he spent with only two white men as his companions. Upon his return to England he decided to renounce science for letters. A second novel, "The Mainland," is soon to be published.

ADVERTIZING PRAISED AS THE FAIRY GODMOTHER OF MODERN LITERATURE

IN these days when literature has to a great extent become a thin rivulet of fiction meandering through those meadows of advertizing matter which comprize so great a part of our popular magazines, it comes somewhat as a shock to learn that literature is indebted in any way to the "ad." Yet this is the claim put forward by Mr. Albert Jay Nock. No doubt the advertizing policies of periodicals have sins of their own to answer for, declares Mr. Nock in the pages of the dignified *Sewanee Review*; but we must not forget that advertizing originally liberated the profession of writing and made it attractive and respectable. It took the writer off his patron's staircase and invested him with a larger independence and self-respect, insured his maintenance and got him better wages. "It was the radical writer, too, who reaped the largest advantage; in fact, one might fairly say that advertizing has been the most important single factor in the promotion of liberal literature."

The first advertizement ever printed appeared in 1647. But the real history, says Mr. Nock, commences with the appearance in 1682 of the London *Mercury*, established in opposition to the London *Gazette*, the mouthpiece of the court of Charles II., a subsidized paper which twisted and garbled and lied to bolster up the royalist cause. The insurgent spirit became strong enough to support a paper. The *Mercury* supplied this want:

"Its policy was radical and progressive; its method a fine monochrome study in pure yellow. The editor—some earlier and nameless Hearst—did his work in a style that must remain the delight and the despair of imitators. In his earlier issues he set forth a declaration asserting his independence of court politics and influential persons. He laid down this challenge in the language of eighteen-carat insurgency, and seasoned it with urbane and salty innuendos against the policy of the court paper. He closed his prospectus with the promise to stick by his insurgent program and get out his paper as long as his undertaking was supported or 'until stopped by Authority.'"

"Now what enabled him to do this? Advertizing. There is no doubt of it, the analysis of his columns shows it. He ran more advertizing in his first month

than his subsidized contemporary ran in three years. His first issue carried long advertizements of two books that were a direct appeal to the insurgent spirit. One of these books was a work on religious philosophy, espousing the Puritan or Presbyterian doctrine and antagonizing the political alliance of Church and State which was fostered by the Stuarts and Archbishop Laud. It does not seem any great piece of radicalism in these days, but it was tremendous for its time. The other book was a history of 'the Adventures and Discoveries of Several Famous Men' (among others, Sir Walter Raleigh), chronicling and commending the achievements of independent adventure and the come-outer spirit. Several real-estate advertizements appear in the same issue, and one of James Maddox, or Madox, the name being spelled both ways, an undertaker who seems to have worked out a new embalming process. Maddox's advertizements ran consistently through the whole life of the *Mercury* and he used large space; so the process doubtless gave satisfaction."

A study of these early advertizements convinces Mr. Nock that the psychology of advertizing is no modern discovery. All the tricks of the trade are by no means the discoveries of the last quarter of a century. The inevitable patent-medicine advertizement made its appearance in the eighteenth number of the *Mercury*, and all the secrets of advertizing were swiftly mastered.

Mr. Nock quotes one of these early patent-medicine "ads" as illustrating its complete mastery of all the wiles of modern advertizing:

"Upon trial you will perceive this Spirit to root out the Scurvy and all its Dependents; as also to help Pains in the Head, Stomach, Shortness of Breath, Dropsies, lost Appetite, Faintness, Vapors, Wind in any Part, Worms, Itching, Yellowness, Spots, etc. Loose Teeth and Decayed Gums are helped by rubbing them with a few drops as also any Pain in the Limbs. . . ."

It was advertizing matter, moreover, that enabled that master journalist Daniel Defoe to carry on his muckraking. Altho Defoe attacked the quacks, he never refused to carry their advertizements:

"Either Defoe himself or his agent Matthews was what we should now call a crackerjack solicitor, for it is in Defoe's

"The Most Important Single Factor in the Promotion of Liberal Literature"

paper that we particularly notice the tendency to crowd out the low-priced ads in favor of those that could and would bring up the rate, such as cosmetics, patent medicines, trusses, and goods in the luxury class, in which there was presumably a very large margin of profit. It appears from Defoe's ads that many of these goods, especially patent medicines, were handled by booksellers."

Whatever our impatience with the control of periodicals by force of advertizing patronage, Mr. Nock would have us remember the immense emancipating power exercised upon writers of the past by this same force. It enabled the *Mercury* to come out as a red-hot insurgent paper and do an enormous service to liberal thought, when nothing else in the world could have held it up over one issue. It emancipated writers from the more personal and irresponsible sort of patronage. It encouraged them to say what they pleased, even to the extent of abusing their best advertizers as Defoe and Steele did. "It was advertizing that unchained Defoe and galvanized his elbow and pointed his quill, and enabled him to do tremendous service to the cause of liberalism at a time when it most needed service."

"Even to-day perhaps things are not as bad as they might be. I am not able to discuss the plight of the professional writer or the propagandist, but there is another class of writers who seem to me still under a very considerable obligation to advertizing. I refer to the large number of what one might call marginal minds, who have no idea of writing for a living, but who write a good deal, merely to say what they think, while getting their living some other way. Advertizing, by maintaining a great body of periodical literature, furnishes these the opportunity to get into print; and thus, out of this mass of more or less mediocre and unprofessional self-expression there occasionally emerges one who finds he has a gift for it. Then, as advertizing has enabled him to discover himself, so it is advertizing that enables him to develop himself, that gives him the encouraging and almost necessary practice in seeing himself in print. So while its bearing may have changed somewhat, one may still say that advertizing is performing its historic public service in liberating and stimulating the potential writer."

HOW O. HENRY'S GREATEST STORY CAME TO BE WRITTEN

"**T**HINK of anything happening in Nashville, Tennessee!" Frank Norris sarcastically exclaimed in dealing with the limitations of American fiction. This remark resulted in the creation of O. Henry's greatest short story. This story, adjudged his masterpiece in a symposium conducted by the N. Y. *Times*, is "A Municipal Report." How Frank Norris's pessimistic realism stimulated O. Henry to write this masterpiece is now revealed in certain heretofore unpublished letters to the editor for whom it was written, recently offered for sale by the American Art Association.

The letters about "A Municipal Report" were written in 1908 to William Griffith, who was then managing editor of *Hampton's Magazine*. O. Henry, we learn, was more interested in the universality of his theme, the geography of human nature, than in gaudy layers of external "local color." "Just change Twenty-third Street in one of my stories to Main Street," he once declared, according to the Boston *Transcript*, "rub out the Flatiron Building and put in the Town Hall. Then the story will fit just as truly elsewhere. At least I hope this is the case with what I write. So long as your story is true to life the mere change of local color will set in the East, West, South or North. The characters in the 'Arabian Nights' parade up and down Broadway at midday or Main Street in Dallas, Tex." In the letter to Mr. Griffith, O. Henry disclosed something of his literary methods, such as his habit of leaving the title of the story until it was finished. Here is the letter:

O. Henry
28 W 26

Title will follow with the remainder—have to take time on titles.

My Dear Colonel:

The story—(you will please understand that this scenario does not give the effect) ends as follows:

The old negro carriage driver is a relic of the old South. He is a night-hawk & a ruffian, (presumably) but his piratical depredations upon travelers & transients are for the sole purpose of supporting an elderly lady (the poetess) who is the last of the family to which he once be-



THE LAST SNAP-SHOT OF O. HENRY

This picture, heretofore unpublished, was taken in Asheville, North Carolina, a few months before his death and after he had written his last story.

longed. All his small earnings are contributed to that end.

Major Caswell, a type of the Degraded Southerner, is living off the slender income of his relative (Azalea Adair). He is the rat & utterly despicable.

Azalea Adair is a type of the tenderly-nurtured lady of the old régime, but who is drained of her resources (furnished principally by the old negro) by her impossible relative.

In the end there is a dramatic & mysterious murder, the victim being Major Caswell. The "snapper" comes in the

"A Municipal Report" was Written to Show that Romance Is Not Limited by Locality

last paragraph, revealing the slayer by a bare intimation. The whole scheme is to show that an absolutely prosaic and conventional town (such as Nashville) can equal San Francisco, Bagdad or Paris when it comes to a human story.

The beginning of the story is not yet written—there will be 2 or 3 pages (to follow) containing references to Frank Norris's lines in which the words occur—"Think of anything happening in Nashville, Tennessee!" I have to look this up in *Putnam's Magazine*.

It will work out all right.

S. P.

P. S. "Your money back if you want it."

P. P. S. Send the dough to the Caledonia. I'll wait here for it. And send it soon.

There's just enough space here to send you my pusalon regards.

A second letter, written during the last week in May, 1908, refers to an advance payment made him for "A Municipal Report." It is of interest to note that he received \$250 for the serial rights to this story, which has in the last decade come to be regarded as one of the greatest short tales in the English language. He writes modestly: "I'll try to make the story A1."

Sunday, 1908.

The Caledonia,
28 W. 26.

My Dear Colonel Bill:

Thanks. Aint it nice to pull together during the hard times?

I know this arrangement aint a precedent either with you or me, because it is a precedential year (Laughter). Pretty soon I'll raise my prices cheerfully; and you'll meet 'em with a smile. There's a good time coming even if it's a good time coming.

Greetings and salaam.

I'll try to make the story A1.

Yours as Usual,

O. H.

HENRY B. FULLER'S 1918 MODEL FOR THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

NOT long ago, in the pages of the *Dial*, Henry Blake Fuller made a convincing plea for shorter American novels. He opposed the loose-tongued, sprawling, chatting, ungirt, structureless novel that has lately been in vogue. He declared that in 50,000 properly packed words the novelist might adequately handle a large number of individuals and family groups. Long descriptions of places, unilluminating prairies of conversation—all these the distin-

guished Chicagoan ruled out. His ideal was a novel spare-ribbed and athletic. The quickened tempo of our modern life, he claimed, demands this change. Now, in "On the Stairs" (Houghton Mifflin) Mr. Fuller has actually produced an artistic working model of the new brevity for fiction. Some critics find this achievement as convincing as Mr. Fuller's earlier plea for brevity. Others, like the N. Y. *Times*, find his brevity too much like that of the "movie" scenario. His own aim is explained in an introductory note:

Rapid Transit Fiction That Effectively Covers Forty Years of Chicago in 50,000 Words

"This volume may seem less a Novel than a Sketch of a Novel or a Study for a Novel. It might easily be amplified; but, like other recent work of mine, it was written in the conviction that storytelling, whatever form it takes, can be done within limits narrower than those now generally employed."

To H. W. Boynton, writing in the *Bookman*, Mr. Fuller reveals too openly his distrust of the reader. He is too consciously brief. His "subacid humor" is too often directed against

the reader himself. Mr. Boynton writes further:

"The process is a little like that of a sculptor working in a show-window, essaying the method of a chalk-talk artist. Not the job for a sensitive worker: Mr. Fuller is stiff-shouldered at it. 'Do you know what I am going to do?' he enquires with grim-faced coquetry (and this is really quoted): 'I'm going to put myself into the story as one of the characters. Then the many I's will no longer refer to the author named on the title-page but will represent the direct participation of a person whose name, status, and general nature will be made manifest, incidentally and gradually, as we proceed.' So he asks us what we think of his calling himself Oliver W. Ormsby, and so on; and we feel like retorting that it does not in the least matter what he elephantinely calls himself, so long as he gets on with his story. And he does get on with it presently, abandoning his gambols; and a very good story it is, packed, whatever its method, with the substance of modern life as focused in the little world of the chronicler's intimate knowledge."

A younger critic, Randolph Bourne, declares that it is impossible to read "On the Stairs" without hoping that it is the forerunner of a new fashion in literary art. Mr. Bourne writes in the *Dial*:

"He has put into less than 50,000 words a story that covers the developing Chicago of the last forty years, the history of a wealthy family, the rise of a self-made man, the interlocking of his fortunes with the wealthy scion, who, while the other mounts the stair of fortune, sinks into an ineffective citizen, 'unable to command and unwilling to obey.' There is the younger generation as affected by the war. There is the whole ironic comedy of the feeble struggle of the esthetic spirit against the hearty and masterful Chicago growth and self-confidence. Into this story Mr. Fuller has packed the essentials

of that sweep of American life that interests him. And he has done it triumphantly, with just that terse suggestiveness and classic sense of form that he has admired and urged in others. The physician, anxious about the health of American fiction, has quite beautifully healed himself."

To the consumer of the average American novel, continues the *Dial* critic, this novel will seem to lack sympathy. But it does possess that rarest of all qualities in American fiction—wisdom. "It is the wisdom of a mind that has nothing to preach, no social problem to solve, no moral to bequeath." The result is an extremely bracing attitude, the effect of an uncompromizing artistic effort instead of an ethical one.

"'On the Stairs' is a variety of good and important things, summing up into a delightful piece of literary art. But its chief significance ought to be the liberation of those embryo American novelists who have been writing their stories in free verse. Here is a brilliant and sound working model of the 'novel within narrower limits.' Will the younger American writers follow Mr. Fuller's evolution from lines long and short into the brevity novel? Of course it would be unfair to expect them to achieve the artistic finish of a writer who twenty years ago was writing some of the best novels of his day. Perhaps Mr. Fuller at sixty will have to go on writing the younger generation's novels for them. But here is a new and stirring lead that must be followed if we are to get down in black and white and in brisk pertinent form the myriad stories of the American life we know."

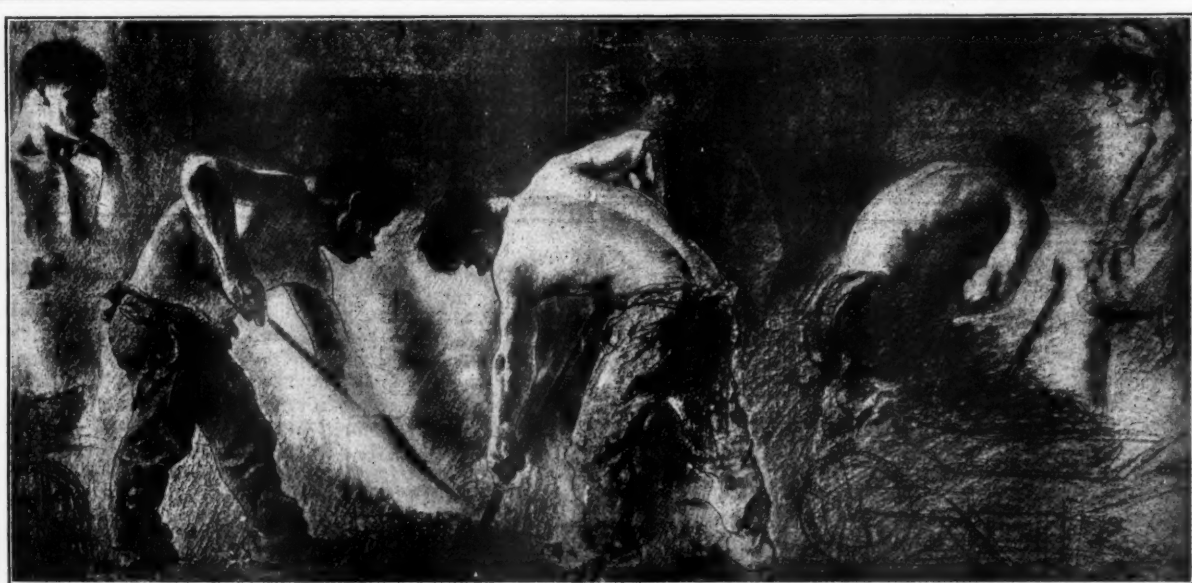
Burton Rascoe, of the *Chicago Tribune*, acclaims this last work of a literary artist who has remained too long silent not only as an interesting experiment in fictional condensation but

as an almost perfect bit of realistic writing:

"Mr. Fuller's economy of method, his succinct precision, his graceful vignets of character, might well be studied by most of the novelists who draw enraptured plaudits. 'On the Stairs' is, in truth, so rare in quality and in form as to be one of the outstanding novels of recent times. There are few men writing in English who have as well-defined an idea of the province of the realist as has Mr. Fuller and few who work within that province to so delightful an effect. Mr. Fuller is adept in pertinent phrasing, clear-cut character-etching, delicate whimsicality of observation, and unruffled cynicism.

"His story concerns two men. One is essentially a man of thought—*un cérébral*, sensitive, refined, incapable of coming to grips with life. The other is a two-fisted fellow with hair on his chest. Their environment is the same; their inherent characteristics are antithetical. The one goes down, as the saying is, the other goes up the ladder. Their paths cross. There is drama—much the same uneventful drama that life affords, happenings not to grow too excited about, happenings that are pathetic or ludicrous according to the way you look at them. . . .

"In the hands of a lesser artist, Johnny McComas and Raymond Prince would be handled primarily as types. By depicting them as individuals, Mr. Fuller succeeds in creating an illusion of actuality. You are very well acquainted with Johnny McComas and Raymond Prince when you have read the book, and you feel toward them much as you would if they were persons you know in life. Your attitude toward them will depend upon your personal sympathies and antipathies. Mr. Fuller is not especially sympathetic toward either one. He has in truth created, without bias and with no little diablerie, two very living beings, such as it amused him to contemplate."



THE STOKERS

In such powerful drawings as this, throbbing with energy and power, Joseph Stella has depicted the life of the munition makers of America.



"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER"

Here is a convincing sketch of an eloquent example of Pittsburgh patriotism.



TURNED BACK

A telling portrait of a bit of war wreckage at Ellis Island. This is but one phase of the life of the American immigrant recorded by Joseph Stella.

JOSEPH STELLA: PAINTER OF THE AMERICAN MELTING-POT

ITALIAN exuberance, guided by French balance, taking American energy as its subject matter—so an admirer has described the work of Joseph Stella. This artist is in more senses than one the most authentic painter of the American melting pot. His brilliant draftsmanship reveals much of the power and vitality of the great Italian masters and inevitably suggests that this artist must be of the same race as those giants. Yet his artistic evolution is a refutation that the "modernist" in art who paints canvases known popularly as "futuristic" cannot paint or draw according to more conservative standards. Stella has shown himself a master in both fields.

Not only has he revealed the unsuspected beauties of the new world, but to a great extent his art has been developed in this country. He came here from Italy as a boy. He studied to be a doctor, but the art impulse was too strong. He entered an art school in New York. It was not long before his extraordinary ability was recognized. "Americans had seen the work done by Italian working men in the subways, the sky-scrapers, the railroads," remarked the *N. Y. Sun*: "they had heard of Italians as banana kings,

peanut kings, great contractors, silk and wine merchants; they had heard of the great and only Caruso. But of art, Italian art cultivated here, they had heard nothing. Then came Stella's exhibition. It was a revelation." This new genius has, in truth, found expression here because the American melting-pot revealed the energy, exuberance, vitality and color that is complimentary to it.

Joseph Stella has drawn and painted the immigrant from the moment of his arrival on Ellis Island (his illustrations for articles by Frederic C. Howe, commissioner of immigration, in the *Survey*, are striking documents) through all his occupations and recreations. A critic in the *Sun* has referred to him as the Rembrandt of the Pittsburgh steel mills. Stella was one of the first artists in this country to sublimate into art the life of the munition plant, the hectic rhythm of the war as it expresses itself in the feverish activity of the munition workers.

He has contributed as well brilliant studies of his native Italy, which reveal a striking contrast to his earlier American works. As described by the *Sun*: "The sheer sunlight, the luminosity of the shadows, hit you fairly in the eyes. The style has changed

Evolution of an Artist Who Combines Italian Exuberance, French Balance and American Energy

completely, the brush strokes have become simpler, clearer, full of sunshine, flowers, mountains and the joy of life."

But the young artist was destined to enter still other fields. His contribution to "modern art" was no slavish imitation of the Italian futurists or the French cubists. At the height of that historical and hysterical controversy he exhibited a large canvas entitled "Battle of Lights, Coney Island." The critic of the *Christian Science Monitor* described this as "such a picture as an inhabitant of Mars might make after a visit to New York, in an effort to make his fellow Marsmen understand what Coney Island was like when he saw it." The critic of the *Baltimore Sun* interpreted it:

"This painting is . . . an impression of a state of mind produced by the maelstrom of the carnival; but it is, after all, a monument of cleverness. For, anyone who has finally emerged intact from that riotous occasion will recall that his thoughts on the train back to Manhattan were little more than a potpourri of whirling impressions of confetti, lights, people, noise, electric cars, dancers, waving banners and the like.

"One has no very clear impression of any individual thing that one has seen, because one has been the heart of a turmoil; and it is just this that 'The Battle



BATTLE OF LIGHTS—CONEY ISLAND

This vivid canvas, painted in primary colors, is said to be one of the most successful pictures ever painted in the so-called "modern" idiom. Even the most conservative critics admit that Joseph Stella has eloquently presented the very spirit of the American carnival.

AN AUSTRIAN OFFICER'S GRUESOME PICTURES OF WAR

THE war has produced two masterpieces: 'Under Fire,' by the 'French soldier Barbusse, and 'Men in War,' by the Austrian officer Andreas Latzko, an even more poignant interpretation of the effect of war on human beings than Barbusse's novel." So writes a critic in the New York *Evening Mail*. This judgment is shared by the New York *Sun*, and has served to direct attention to a book that, on all sides, is conceded to be one of the great literary products of the war. "Men in War" (Boni and Liveright) has something of the quality of Leonid Andreyev's "Red Laugh." It is horrible in its fascination, and so intense as to be actually painful to the reader. Its author is said to have been an Austrian officer who sickened of military ruthlessness and escaped to Switzerland. The name appended to the English translation is probably a pseudonym.

Disillusionment and an almost morbid sympathy with mental and physical suffering are outstanding features of the book. There is also in it a sense of hopeless futility and a prevailing nihilistic tone. Several critics complain that the author has not sufficiently distinguished between the varying motives that lead to war. The book may

be called, as a writer in the Boston *Transcript* says, a revelation of the infamy of the Teutons. It is equally calculated to strip the glory from warfare of any kind.

"Men in War" is a series of impressionistic descriptions, vivid, poetic, realistic. The first is entitled "Off to War," and reports conversations that take place in the garden of a war hospital in a small Austrian town fifty miles from the battle front. The second, entitled "Baptism of Fire," tells the story of how a gentle Italian Captain and his bloodthirsty young Lieutenant go into battle together. The Captain has been, in his day, an engineer and a student. He is too complex to be able to adjust his psychology easily to the simple business of slaughter. He hates, even more than he hates the enemy, the spirit of inhumanity. As we get the story:

"Captain Marschner was ashamed. A real physical nausea of the part he had just played overcame him. What was there left for these simple people to do, these bricklayers and contractors and cultivators of the earth who, bent over their daily toil, had lived without vision into the future—what was there left for them to do when the grand folks, the learned people, their own Captain with the three golden stars on his collar, assured them it was their duty and a most

of Lights' expresses. . . . The very fact that it is expressed in primary colors gives the beholder the proper note at once. It is merely the portrayal of a hectic mood, and as such is really a monument of cleverness because it does suggest action and color and the lack of poise that is the chief characteristic of the Coney Island Mardi Gras."

Commenting on the modernistic evolution of Joseph Stella's art, using his canvas as the keynote, a critic of the *Century Magazine* asserts:

"This painting, which in all probability is the last word in modernism, is a daring interpretation of the artist's impression of the dazzling light, the confusion and the ceaseless motion of Coney Island. It represents an attempt to express the brilliance and the dynamic energy of modern life so evident in America. The artist believes that the static traditions and conventions of the past must be abandoned before art can reflect the changing material conditions and theories on which a new civilization is being founded."

"He has evolved a style of his own from various elements in the modern movement. Had he merely represented the physical appearance of the American fiesta, he could not have given the rhythm of the scene, which transforms the chaos of the night, the lights, the strange buildings, and the surging crowd into the order, the design, the color of art."

The Cry of a Human Soul Wrung by Agony and Horror

praiseworthy thing to shoot Italian bricklayers and farmhands into fragments? They went—gasping behind him—and he—he led them on! Led them against his inner conviction, because of his pitiful cowardice, and asked them to be courageous and contemptuous of death. He had talked them into it, had abused their confidence, had made capital of their love for their wives and children, because if he acted in the service of a lie, there was a chance of his continuing to live and even coming back home safe again, while if he stuck to the truth he believed in there was the certainty of his being stood up against a wall and shot. He staked their lives and his own on the throw of loaded dice because he was too cowardly to contemplate the certain loss of the game for himself alone! . . .

"All alone, with no ear to hear, amid the fury of the bursting shrapnel which fell up there as thick as rain in a thunderstorm, Captain Marschner gave himself up to his rage, his impotent rage against a world which had inflicted such things on him. He cursed, roared out his full-throated hatred into the deaf tumult and then sprang up when, far below, almost in the valley now, his men emerged followed by Lieutenant Weixler running behind them like a butcher's helper driving his oxen to the shambles."

The Captain and the Lieutenant, varying so widely in sensibility, are united in death.

A third sketch is entitled "The Vic-

tor," and portrays the daily life of the "celebrated General X, the man the papers liked to call the 'Victor of —,'" in a town back from the firing-line. There is a hospital nearby, but His Excellency has given strict orders that no wounded or deformed soldiers shall be allowed to mar the landscape. Every afternoon an orchestra plays. The General and his staff sit under the trees sipping coffee and eating cakes. In the days before the war he had worn himself out over all the exigencies of a petty bourgeois existence. For thirty-nine years he had never swerved from disciplining himself to abstemiousness. Now he lives in a castle and all men do him obeisance.

"One single lowering cloud streaked the shining firmament of this wonderland and cast its shadow on the brow of His Excellency. Sometimes his pure joy was disturbed by the thought that the fairy-tale might give way to reality and he might be awakened from the glorious dream. It was not peace that His Excellency dreaded. He never even thought of peace. But what if the wall so artfully constructed of human bodies should begin to totter some day? What if the enemy were to penetrate all the fortifications, and discipline were to give way to panic, and the mighty wall should dissolve into its component parts, human beings fleeing madly to save their lives? Then the 'Victor of —,' the almighty fairy-tale king, would sink back again into the sordid commonplace of old."

The fourth and fifth chapters of the book are agonized studies in mental pathology. We hear the ravings of officers who have become insane as a result of the sufferings they have witnessed. One man has seen his wounded comrade defaced beyond recognition by a clumsy grappling-hook. Another has seen a friend decapitated in the very act of playing a phonograph, and thereafter strangely confuses heads and phonograph discs. "They call me sick," exclaims one harrowed victim; "it is the others who are sick!"

"They are sick who gloat over news of victories and see conquered miles of territory rise resplendent above mounds of corpses. They are sick who stretch a wall of flags between themselves and their humanity so as not to know what crimes are being committed against their brothers in the beyond that they call 'the front.' Every man is sick who still can think, talk, discuss, sleep, knowing that other men holding their own entrails in their hands are crawling like half-crushed worms across the furrows in the fields and before they reach the stations for the wounded are dying off like animals, while somewhere, far away, a woman with passionate longing is dreaming beside an empty bed. All those are sick who can fail to hear the moaning, the gnashing of teeth, the howling, the crashing and bursting, the wailing and cursing and agonizing in death, because the murmur of every-

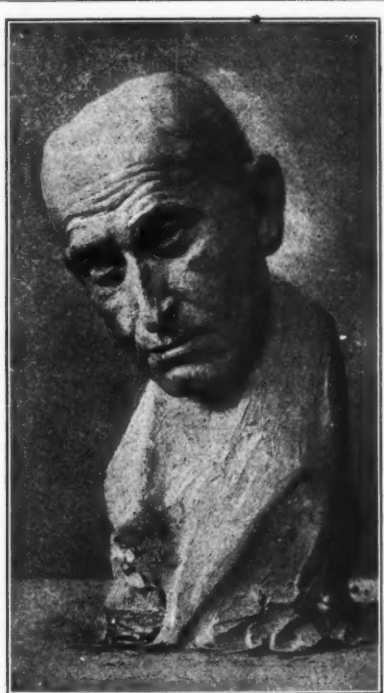
day affairs is around them or the blissful silence of night.

"It is the deaf and the blind that are sick, not I!

"It is the dull ones that are sick, those whose souls sing neither compassion for others nor their own anger. All those numerous people are sick who, like a violin without strings, merely echo every sound. . . .

"The Front!"

"Am I really the sick person because I cannot utter that word or write it down without my tongue growing coated from the intense hatred I feel? Are not the others mad who look upon this wholesale cripple-and-corpses factory with a mixture of religious devotion, romantic longing and shy sympathy? Would it not be wiser once for a change to examine those others for the state of their mind?"



IF IDENTIFIED HE WOULD PROBABLY FACE A FIRING SQUAD

Andreas Latzko, whose portrait-bust by Philipp Modrow appears here, is an Austrian officer and the author of "Men in War," a scathing indictment of Teuton infamy.

The last sketch is entitled "Home Again," and describes a coachman returning to his native village after long months in a war-hospital. He has been the subject of elaborate medical experiments; at the hospital he has been regarded as "a lucky devil, a celebrity." But the fact remains that his face is a monstrosity and that his neighbors do not recognize him. Before the war he had been the handsomest man in the village. Now his sweetheart runs away from him in terror. Not only that, but his lord and master, fattening during his absence on the profits of munition-making, has won the affection of the girl. Outraged in every fiber, the peasant strikes

at his lord, stabbing him exactly as he had stabbed the Russians against whom he had been fighting, but with a hatred that he had never felt for Austria's enemies.

"Men in War" can hardly be recommended as cheerful reading for our young soldiers or their parents. "It may truly—does truly, in fact—portray the horrors of war," says a writer in the *Chicago Post*, "but what the actual fighter needs to remember, what we all need to remember, is that war is not all casualties. Andreas Latzko only tells us about the men who get hit." Carl Sandburg, in the *Chicago News*, writes, similarly:

"Everything in the book sounds true and probably happened. And yet it is also true that a book can tell the truth about particulars and then in its general totality be a lie. This is that kind of a book. Of course war is a titanic brutal insanity, organized murder, and everything else except the biological necessity argued by Bernhardt. Of course war makes people go crazy and die with nameless stranglings and frenzies.

"There is no form of human anguish but is intensified and widened by war. These are all the more reasons why we should keep our heads cool and our heartbeats even in some measure of decent health while the war lasts.

"Barbusse's book, 'Under Fire,' has proportion, control, vista and purpose. This book, 'Men in War,' has mostly gibberings. It is a specimen of the feverish anathema we may expect from the hospital backwashes of the war."

The book is characterized by the *New York Times* as "a bitter attack upon the by-products of the Teutonic military idea." One rises from it, says the *Transcript* critic, "shaken in pulse and brain by the horror and bloody sweat of this ghastly infamy, this cold-blooded megalomania of Berlin and Vienna that hurled a score of nations into hell." And yet, he continues, "one turns the last page with exultation, too, for this book shows how from brain to brain within the iron enciente of the Central Powers there runs the shining spark of truth. These men will not forever be slaves to Hohen-zollern and Hapsburg. 'In the end, truth beareth away the victory.'"

"It is such men as Latzko whose hands we must grasp with honor and admiration when at last the war comes to an end. It is they, working from within, who will disrupt the evil fabric of Prussianism, the cannon-lechers and the feast-ers on blood. It is they who, knowing the black despair of war with a bitterness beyond the fetch of words, will help us to end it. It is they who, having been duped and tricked by comfortable bureaucrats, will make the world safe for the humble. It is they who will bury the carrion emperors and general staffs deep beyond plummet's sounding—so deep that even the old scorn and hatred of them will seem but the shadow of a shade."

VOICES OF LIVING POETS

OUT of 4,500 metrical definitions of poetry received in a prize contest instituted by "The Poetry Lovers" of New York City, the following was selected as the best. It was sent by Miss Annie L. Laney, of Pawtucket:

"The magic light that springs
From the deep soul of things
When, called by their true names,
Their essence is set free;
The word, illuminate,
Showing the soul's estate,
Baring the hearts of men;
Poetry!"

That is a neat piece of work, and while it is hardly a definition in the dictionary sense, it comes as near to it as could have been expected under the conditions imposed.

A striking tribute to the power of the written word not only to show the soul's estate but to mold the character and speech and manner of men in the field of practical affairs comes from "A Soldier's Memories In Peace and War," by Sir George Younghusband, a major-general in the British Army. Sir George speaks of Kipling's stories but he doubtless includes his Barrack-Room Ballads, which are stories in rhyme. He says:

"I, myself, had served for many years with soldiers, but had never once heard the words or expressions that Rudyard Kipling's soldiers used. Many a time did I ask my brother officers whether they had ever heard them. No, never. But, sure enough, a few years later, the soldiers thought and talked and expressed themselves exactly like Rudyard Kipling had taught them in his stories! He would get a word here, or a stray expression there, and weave them into general soldiers' talk in his priceless stories. Rudyard Kipling made the modern soldier. Other writers have gone on with the good work, and they have between them manufactured the cheery, devil-may-care, lovable person enshrined in our hearts as Tommy Atkins."

The most important thing about an army is its morale and from the preceding it would appear that our creative writers have not an incidental but a determining influence upon that morale. Sentiment counts tremendously in holding men to their duty in the army as elsewhere. A letter from an American artillery officer in France, received a few days ago, contained the following:

"If we could give names to our regiments right now, when they have a chance to make them mean every bit as much as the Black Watch or the Coldstream Guards or the Gordon Highland-

ers or the Royal Welsh Fusiliers or the Bays or the Princess Pats, it would add immensely to our efficiency."

In other words, something beside drill and uniforms and munitions is essential to make a real army. They need sentiment and lots of it—not the sobbing sentiment that made up most of our Civil War poetry and music, but the virile sort of sentiment that makes a man's head come up and gives him a sense of power and pride.

Hermann Hagedorn says that the poets of Germany are strangely silent these days. Certainly the poets of the Allies are not silent. This war has been no more unique for its aeroplanes and its submarines and its tanks than for the poetry that has come out of the trenches. It is a splendid omen and the spirit that lies back of that omen is what will win this war and save the soul of the world.

We all know "The Hymn of Hate." Here is another "hymn" from a German poet. It might be called a hymn of frightfulness. It was found on a German soldier made prisoner in Italy, and the translation was made by William Roscoe Thayer. We find it in the columns of the *Youth's Companion*:

A GERMAN BATTLE-HYMN

SON of Germany in arms:
Forward! This is the hour of
joy and of glory.

Oh, our artillery, thy powerful
cannon, thine invulnerable brother,
calls thee;

Was it not made to renew the world?
Oh, our rifleman, behold! thou art the
force that wins;

Wherever thou penetrest is Germany.
Oh, our cavalryman, spur, attack, over-
throw!

Let thy will spur on thy horse like a
winged victory.

That cowardly flesh (the Italians) is
made to manure the fields, which
shall be thine and thy sons'.

Son of Germany in arms, the great hour
has come.

Life does not finish, it passes on and is
transformed without rest;

The life of the conquered is absorbed by
the conqueror;

The life of the slain belongs to the slayer;
See then how thou canst gather on the
breast of thy holy fatherland the life
of the world.

Do not bend to womanish pity toward
women and children;

The child of the conquered has often been
the conqueror to-morrow; and what
will victory avail if revenge comes
to-morrow?

What sort of a father wouldst thou be if
thou shouldst kill thy enemy and
shouldst leave alive the enemy of thy
son?

Son of Germany in arms, forward!
Fulminate, shatter, beat down, transfix,
devastate, burn,
KILL! KILL! KILL!
The hour of glory opens for us.

The news from Picardy last month of American troops marching into the battlefield to reinforce the hard-pressed British forces has given American poets a new inspiration. Dana Burnet, in the *N. Y. Evening Sun*, gives us the following spirited lines:

MARCHING SONG.

BY DANA BURNET.

WHEN Pershing's men go march-
ing into Picardy, marching,
marching into Picardy—

With their steel a-slant in the
sunlight and their great gray
hawks a-wing

And their wagons rumbling after them
like thunder in the Spring—

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp

Till the earth is shaken—

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp

Till the dead towns waken!

And flowers fall, and shouts arise from
Chaumont to the sea—

When Pershing's men go marching,
marching into Picardy—

Women of France, do you see them pass
to the battle in the North?

And do you stand in the doorways now
as when your own went forth?

Then smile to them, and call to them,
and mark how brave they fare

Upon the road to Picardy that only youth
may dare!

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

Foot and horse and caisson—

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

Such is Freedom's passion—

And oh, take heart ye weary souls that
stand along the Lys

For the New World is marching, march-
ing into Picardy!

April's sun is in the sky and April's in
the grass—

And I doubt not that Pershing's men
are singing as they pass—

For they are very young men, and brave
men, and free

And they know why they are marching,
marching into Picardy.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

Rank and file together—

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

Through the April weather.

And never Spring has thrust such blades
against the light of dawn

As yonder waving stalks of steel that
move so shining on!

I have seen the wooden crosses at Ypres
and Verdun,

I have marked the graves of such as lie
where the Marne waters run,

And I know their dust is stirring by hill
and vale and lea,

And their souls shall be our captains
who march to Picardy.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
 Hope shall fail us never—
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
 Forward, and forever!
 And God is in His judgment seat, and
 Christ is on His tree—
 And Pershing's men are marching, march-
 ing into Picardy.

Many are writing of the new world
 that is to be after the plowshares of
 war have finished their work. A
 writer in the *Atlantic* discourses on
 the "new death," and now in the *Yale
 Review* Mr. Fletcher tells us of the
 "new heaven":

A NEW HEAVEN.

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

WE have our hopes and fears that
 flout us,
 We have our illusions, change-
 less through the years;
 We have our dreams of rest after long
 struggle,
 After our toil is finished, folded hands.
 But for those who have fallen in battle,
 What Heaven can there be?

Heaven is full of those who can re-
 member
 The ebbing-out of life that slowly
 lingered
 At the dark doors of pain;
 Heaven is full of those who dropped
 their burden
 At last through weariness;
 But these the War has taken
 Remember naught but their own exultant
 youth
 Filling their hearts with unaccomplished
 dreams:
 The trumpet-call—then the swift searing
 darkness
 Stilling the proud sad song.

How will these enter in
 Our old dull Heaven?
 Where we seek only to drowse at ease,
 unthinking,
 Since we are safe at last.
 Safe? For these souls who faced a
 thousand dangers,
 And found sly Death that robbed them
 of their chance,
 Ere it befell?
 Safe—can a Heaven which is safe and
 painless,
 Ever be Heaven to them?

Somewhere amid the clouds there is the
 home of thunder;
 Thunder is naught to them,
 It is a ball, a heavy plaything
 They may kick hither and thither with
 their feet.
 Lightning is but a toy—the flaming stars
 Are endless camp-fire lights;
 And for the silence of eternity,
 They too on out-post duty, often heard
 it speak.

We have the dreams of our fat lives that
 lead us
 To waste our lives;
 We have the false hope we are serving
 others
 When it is but ourselves we serve;
 Yet for these who have never lived, and
 whose sole service
 Was but to die too soon,

Perhaps somewhere they are making a
 new Heaven
 Filled with the divine despair and joy
 this dead earth never knew.

One of the most encouraging things
 about modern poetry in America is the
 prevalence of indigenous verse. Frost,
 Lindsay and Masters all give us poetry
 that is redolent of American soil and
 American social institutions. It is not
 that either of them says to himself deli-
 berately, "Go to! I will sing of my
 native land." It is simply that each of
 them goes to life for his themes, not
 to books or to art or to other poets;
 and, being Americans, rooted in the
 soil, all that they give us is naturally
 and spontaneously American. The
 new volume by Edgar Lee Masters,
 "Toward the Gulf" (Macmillan), is
 full of this indigenous quality. We
 get picture after picture that could not
 possibly be painted anywhere else in
 the world. They are far from flatter-
 ing. There is a note of relentlessness
 in most of his work which, while it
 may not please, convinces and awakens
 us. He is a valuable American asset
 and his power has increased consid-
 erably since the publication of his pre-
 ceding volume. Note in the following
 poem how a universal theme is made
 vivid with American life:

THE LETTER.

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS.

WHAT does one gain by living?
 What by dying
 Is lost worth having? What
 the daily things
 Lived through together make them worth
 the while
 For their sakes or for life's? Where's
 the denying
 Of souls through separation? There's
 your smile!
 And your hands' touch! And the long
 day that brings
 Half uttered nothings of delight! But
 then
 Now that I see you not, and shall again
 Touch you no more—memory can possess
 Your soul's essential self, and none the
 less
 You live with me. I therefore write to
 you
 This letter just as if you were away
 Upon a journey, or a holiday;
 And so I'll put down everything that's
 new
 In this secluded village, since you left....

Now, let me think! Well, then, as I re-
 member,
 After ten days the lilacs burst in bloom.
 We had spring all at once—the long
 December
 Gave way to sunshine. Then we swept
 your room,
 And laid your things away. And then
 one morning
 I saw the mother robin giving warning
 To little bills stuck just above the rim
 Of that nest which you watched while
 being built,

Near where she sat, upon a leafless limb,
 With folded wings against an April rain.
 On June the tenth Edward and Julia
 married.

I did not go for fear of an old pain.
 I was out on the porch as they drove by,
 Coming from church. I think I never
 scanned
 A girl's face with such sunny smiles
 upon it
 Showing beneath the roses on her bon-
 net—

I went into the house to have a cry.
 A few days later Kimbrough lost his
 wife.

Between housework and hoeing in the
 garden
 I read Sir Thomas More and Goethe's
 life.

My heart was numb and still I had to
 harden
 All memory or die. And just the same
 As when you sat beside the window,
 passed

Larson, the cobbler, hollow-chested,
 lamed.

He did not die till late November came.
 Things did not come as Doctor Jones
 forecast:

'Twas June when Mary Morgan had her
 child.

Her husband was in Monmouth at the
 time.

She had no milk, the baby is not well.
 The Baptist Church has got a fine new
 bell.

And after harvest Joseph Clifford tiled
 His bottom land. Then Judy Heaton's
 crime

Has shocked the village, for the monster
 killed

Glendora Wilson's father at his door—
 A daughter's name was why the blood
 was spilled.

I could go on, but wherefore tell you
 more?

The world of men has gone its olden
 way

With war in Europe and the same routine
 Of life among us that you knew when
 here.

This gossip is not idle, since I say
 By means of it what I would tell you,
 dear:

I have been near you, dear, for I have
 been

Not with you through these things, but
 in despite

Of living them without you, therefore
 near

In spirit and in memory with you.

Do you remember that delightful Inn
 At Chester, and the Roman wall, and
 how

We walked from Avon clear to Kenil-
 worth?

And afterward when you and I came
 down

To London, I forsook the murky town,
 And left you to quaint ways and crowded
 places,

While I went on to Putney just to see
 Old Swinburne and to look into his face's
 Changeable lights and shadows and to
 seize on

A finer thing than any verse he wrote?
 (Oh beautiful illusions of our youth!)
 He did not see me gladly. Talked of
 treason

To England's greatness. What was Camden like?
Did old Walt Whitman smoke or did he drink?
And Longfellow was sweet, but couldn't think.
His mood was crusty. Lowell made him laugh!
Meantime Watts-Dunton came and broke in half
My visit, so I left.

The thing was this:

None of this talk was Swinburne any more
Than some child of his loins would take his hair,
Eyes, skin, from him in some pangeness.
His flesh was nothing but a poor affair,
A channel for the eternal stream—his flesh
Gave nothing closer, mind you, than his book,
But rather blurred it; even his eyes' look
Confused "Madonna Mia" from its fresh
And liquid meaning. So I knew at last
His real immortal self is in his verse.

Since you have gone I've thought of this so much.

I cannot lose you in this universe—
I first must lose myself. The essential touch
Of soul possession lies not in the walk
Of daily life on earth, nor in the talk
Of daily things, nor in the sight of eyes
Looking in other eyes, nor daily bread
Broken together, nor the hour of love
When flesh surrenders depths of things divine

Beyond all vision, as they were the dream
Of other planets; but without these, even
In death and separation, there is heaven:
By just that unison and its memory
Which brought our lips together. To be free

From accidents of being, to be freeing
The soul from trammels on essential being,
Is to possess the loved one. I have strayed
Into the only heaven God has made:
That's where we know each other as we are,
In the bright ether of some quiet star,
Communing as two memories with each other.

Here is another picture that we like
—the picture of a sordid city street

glorified by war. We find it in the *N. Y. Times*:

TO A MEAN, STREET IN WAR-TIME.

BY ANNE W. YOUNG.

YOU once led up to the sweatshop,
And down to the docks so gray,
But since your lads stepped off to war,
You lead another way.

You open on a green road
Where campfires, either side,
Light up the way for gallant youth
Well met from far and wide.

You open on a wonder-road—
What royal ways are these
That point the quest so chivalrous
Across the purple seas!

You open on a high road
Where lusty sings its stave,
Along a rough and stark path,
The spirit of the Brave.

You street o' the dock and sweatshop,
Now your sons have marched away,
You open on the Goodly Road
That's fair as break o' day!

THE ODYSSEY OF MR. SOLSLOG

This is a story of the war, not of the fighting but of a search for the missing. Mr. Solslog was an Alabaman, almost as innocent and unsophisticated in foreign affairs as Henry Ford was when he set sail with his peace ship. He was searching for his sister—the story is obviously true—when he ran across Edward Eyre Hunt, of the Belgium Relief Commission. Mr. Hunt tells the story in his new book "Tales from a Famished Land" (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

"YOU-ALL are in charge of the Relief Commission, suh? I am Mistah Solslog, of Alabama. I'm lookin' for my sistah."

The tense blue eyes of my fellow countryman stared at me searchingly, and I at him. He wore a rubber collar and a false shirt front of a style which afforded popular subjects for caricature twenty-five years ago. His salt-and-pepper suit was cheap, horribly cheap, thin, cotton, summer weight, but immaculate. His hat—an old, well-brushed Stetson—was in his hand. He had no luggage. In the cold winter light of my office in Antwerp his slight, lean features looked prematurely aged, but neither age nor hardship had changed the characteristically even Southern drawl.

"Sit down, Mr. Solslog," I said. "We're feeding eleven hundred thousand Belgians here, and clothing and giving work, too, but an American citizen certainly has a claim."

His face reddened. "Thank you, suh, but it ain't that sort of help I reequiah. Preehaps you did not understand me. I'm a-lookin' for my sistah."

"Yes?"

"She was in Maubeuge when the war broke out." He pronounced it Maw-booge. "She was a governess, suh. I read in the *Atlanta Constitution* that war was declared. That was on a Sunday. I quit my job in the lumberyard an' come straight over here on the old *Saint Paul*, and I ain't found her—not yet."

"But, Mr. Solslog, it's February now. You left America in August?"

"Yes, suh," he said gently. "I come in August."

"Where have you been, then, in the meantime?" I demanded.

"Well, suh, first I went to Maw-booge."

"The Germans captured Maubeuge on

August 27th; they took the fortress on September 6th."

"Yes, suh. I know they did. I was there. You don't quite understand me. I was lookin' for my sistah."

THE man amazed, angered, and puzzled me. Common sense told me that the Germans allowed no one—least of all a stray American—to wander into Belgium, inside the German lines, on the flimsy excuse of "looking for his sister," but here was just such a man. Worst of all, he really seemed simple and candid: the more dangerous as a spy, probably, tho what he was to spy upon I had not the ghost of an idea.

"*Sprechen Sie Deutsch, Herr Solslog? Warum sind Sie hier in Belgien? Sind Sie Spion? Vous parlez Français, n'est-ce pas? Vous êtes espion, oui? 'ut U. Vlaamsch klappen?*" I shot at him rapidly.

He smiled a smile which disarmed my suspicions, a pathetic, whimsical, puzzled smile. "People are always sayin' things to me I can't understand in these here foreign countries. No, suh, I don't understand any language but plain You-nited States. I can say 'uh franc, doo franc'—that's French, you know, suh—and I know 'Muhsoor,' that's French for 'Mistah' and 'my sistah.' I'll never forget that word."

"It's like this, suh: I got up almost to Maw-booge—oh, yes, suh, I had a pass. I got up there with the French. Just walked along with 'em; they couldn't understand me; I couldn't understand them, but we walked along. Then we got 'most to Maw-booge where my sistah was—red roofs, like all them pretty towns in France—I could see the town, fightin' everywhere. I was with a battery, what they call *swasuntcans*. The officer could speak my language."

"Go back," he says. "Go with these refugee people." Everybody was runnin'

away—the fields was full of 'em, dirty and tired, but still runnin'. 'Go to Paris,' he says.

"But I'm lookin' for my sistah," I says.

"She'll most likely be in Paris. Go quick," he says.

"WE was standin' in a poppy field, his battery was firing in fours—pop! pop! pop! pop!—like that. A German ae-reoplane come over like a big bee and dropped a bomb. They screamed and run, everybody did, but the bomb busted and nothin' come out but powdered lime. Then everybody laughed. But in three minutes more the Germans was a-droppin' shells all over us. That lime was just a marker."

"They hit my officer friend. 'Git out,' he says again to me, 'Git out quick.' His fingers dug into the poppies, he was hurt so bad; hit in the stomach. Then he kind of smiled once and pulled off a poppy flower and held it up to me. 'Here's a red poppy—the blood of France,' he says. 'Take it as a souvenir, and git out.'"

"They got me, tho—the Germans did. I was in Mardeevay" (I have no idea what the name of the town was) "when they come in. After all the fightin' I'd seen I went to sleep in a church, and along come the Germans. They was massacrein' the people. They wanted to shoot me, too, but one of 'em understood my lingo and he took me to the gen'ral. 'So you're an English spy,' he says politely. 'We'll examine you a little bit, and then we'll have you shot. Good day,' he says. Then they drug me into a little room in the town hall and kep' me there. But next day come a man who spoke You-nited States; he'd been in Birmingham, Alabama—funny, ain't it, how they travel?—and he found out I wasn't no spy."

"Then I went to Paris—"

"You went to Paris from inside the German lines?"

Mr. Solslog smiled his slow, child-like smile. "Yes, suh. It wasn't hard a-tall. I was captured by the French. You see, suh, it ain't hard to travel about in the war so long as the fightin' is goin' on. Them French peesants was captured by the Germans, then captured by the French, then captured by the Germans again, then captured by their own people again. It's when the armies sits down and quits fightin' on their feet that you can't git around. I could a-gone from Berlin right to Paris through all the fightin' durin' the first month of the war, before the battle of the Marne.

"Funny thing about that battle. I was all through it, and I never knowed till afterward in Paris that it was the battle of the Marne.

"Then I got to Paris. Paris was awful, half dead, Zeppelins comin' over most every night, government in Bordoo. I got to the Embassy—"

"Mr. Solslog," I interrupted, "how on earth did you get about knowing not a word of French?"

"Oh, I made mistakes, in course. But an American can do anything, suh; can git anywhere he has a mind to, I mean. They was always some one who could say a few words of my language—English Tommies, American reporters—they was everywhere I went."

"But money?"

"I had a hundred and forty francs when I got to Paris. I paid for everything," he said proudly, "and they never cheated me so's I could notice it. They're great people, the Frenchies. Once I worked for 'em two weeks in one of their field hospitals, just because I liked 'em. 'Muhsoor luh American,' they called me. 'Muhsoor'—that's French for 'Mistah' and 'my sis'— But I told you that befoore."

"I got a pass from the Embassy—"

"How did you do that?"

"I told 'em about my sistah. They hadn't had word about her, so I got the pass. Then I got a pass from General Caselnow and went to the front." His tired eyes gleamed restlessly as he went on. "You-all here cain't imagine it, I reckon, how dirty it is and how it stinks. War is mostly bad smells. The men cain't wash, they're covered with live things, flies is awful, rotten horses and rotten men have to lie about, sometimes for weeks, till people can bury 'em. Soldiers marching through a town you can smell for blocks sometimes.

"I got arrested, in course, but the Frenchies is always kind. It's the English is hard. They locked me up in Calais; wouldn't listen to me. I told 'em about my sistah, but they only laughed. They let me write to the Embassy, tho, and Mr. Herrick made 'em release me. That was in November, I think, and I hadn't had word of my sistah.

"**T**HEN I went to London on an empty horse transport. They knew I was stowed away on it, all right, and it was 'gainst orders, so they chased me—tried to find me all night. The transport was awful dirty after all them horses had been in it, but I had to git to London to see if they had got word of my sistah. I slid down a ventilator and lit in a horse stall. It half killed me: knocked me plum out and sprained my back so's I couldn't run no more. They come a-snoopin' round with lanterns, right up into the stall, till the light fell plum on my face. I didn't hardly breathe, but my hurt back seemed broken right through, so I says, 'Here I am.' An' they found me.

"They talk a queer kind of language, the English do: it's a little like ours, and they're more like us Americans than the Frenchies, or the Dutchmen, or the Germans. They helped me up, cussed me out a lot; but they got hot water and bathed my back, and one of 'em, a dirty hostler from Chelsea, he bedded me down for the rest of the night and give me tobacco. So I got along all right. They smuggled me off.

"Mr. Page's secretary in London told me they hadn't heard of my sistah, and he sent me to see Hoover's committee—the committee to send Americans home, preehaps you know. It was about closed up, but I didn't want to go home, not without my sistah, and they hadn't any word of her, so I went back to the Embassy. They was a man there. I mis-recollect his name now, he was very good to me. He told me to go home. I says I wouldn't—without my sistah I wouldn't, so he helped me to git over to Holland. Oh, I forgot to tell you, suh, I was sick in London; had some kind of fever and stayed in the hospital two months. It hurts me still here," he pointed solemnly at his forehead. "I had awful dreams: dreamed that the Germans had caught my sistah—they had her in a little house, and she was screamin'." His eyes lighted dreadfully. "You-all cain't understand it, preehaps, but I hear her screamin' 'most every night and sometimes in the daytime if I ain't feeling very well. Listen! Listen, suh! I'm huntin' for my sistah, and you-all must help me! You-all's got to help me, or I'll—I'll—I'll go crazy—I'll kill somebody!"

The soft Southern drawl mounted to a shriek, and my visitor had me by the throat. I fought him off desperately. His sickness had weakened him, or else he would have throttled me. Suddenly his hands relaxed, his eyes lost their light, and he spoke again in the slow, gentle voice he had first used:

"You-all must pardon me, suh. I—I'm right ashamed of myself. I've spoiled your tie." He deftly rearranged the crumpled folds before I could interfere. "I—I reckon I'm not quite reesponsible when I think of—of things that might have happened. It's seven months, suh, and I ain't had word of my sistah." He drew out a tattered paper, stamped with many stamps, sealed with many seals, and showed me a line in German script.

"To look for his sister, reported to be in Maubeuge at the beginning of the war."

"I cain't read what the German says," he observed quietly.

"To go to Antwerp, Brussels, Mons, Charleroi, Maubeuge, Dinant, Namur, Liège," I translated aloud, "to look for his sister."

MONTHS later Mr. Solslog came again. "There is a gentleman in the reception-room waiting for monsieur: an American gentleman—" Leon shrugged his shoulders expressively, spread out his palms, and went on in a rapid whisper: "He asked for monsieur. Nothing else could I understand. He has waited for monsieur four hours, and he talks, talks to himself always!"

From the hall I heard a steady gentle voice talking, talking. "Mr. Solslog," I hailed him. The voice stopped. He must have stepped swiftly from the thick carpet to the tiled floor of the hall, for he came like a man running.

"You-all here, suh," he asked, without an interrogative lift to the question. "Let me—let me hold on to your hand for a minute. I—I'm right glad to see you. They've just—I've just got out." He gathered his voice and breath for a

tremendous effort. His next sentence came like a blast of prophecy. "Oh, may God damn the Germans!" he screamed.

"Leon," I shouted, "bring brandy, quick!"

"Oh, no, suh; not for me. I don't use it." Mr. Solslog gently released my hands and walked beside me into the reception-room. His face was whiter than before, the lines in it deeper, and the pathetic, patient eyes stranger than when I had seen him last; but the fever-fit of passion passed and left him calm as usual.

"I haven't found my sistah—it isn't that," he explained in his slow, drawling voice. "I've just got out of prison here in Antwerp, suh. I told the German officer if I ever see him again I'll kill him. I'm going to kill him if I ever see him again. I'm going to—"

"Yes, yes," I said soothingly. The monotonous recitative I had heard on first entering the house had begun.

"I told him I'd kill him, I'd kill him, suh, kill him, I'd kill him—"

"But your sister?"

"Oh, yes." He gathered himself together. "I went to Brussels and Charley-roy—I say I'll kill him—and Maw-boogie. She ain't there—at none of those places. I dream about her all the time, I see her and hear her. Preehaps you don't altogether understand me. Suh—they're chokin' her—and—and mistreatin' her, the Germans are, suh; and she's callin' to me—screamin' and callin'—I told him I'd kill him! Then I come back to Malines. I got a paper from the burgomaster to go out and see 'em diggin' up the dead Belgian soldiers and buryin' 'em in new cemeteries." Some wild, morbid impulse must have led him to do this thing. "And the Germans caught me, suh. They said my passport was expired. I cain't read German, suh, so how was I to know? They drug me 'up here to Antwerp, and a German officer—I told him I'd kill him—and in the police place, he said I was an English spy. They stripped me, suh. They searched my skin. They took photographs of my clothes and looked at my collar against a light. They even went over my money with a microscope and looked under my hair to see if anything was tattooed on to me. I told that officer I'd kill him!

"Where is your baggage?" he says.

"I haven't got any."

"You damned spy—I told him I'd kill him—you dirty spy," he says.

"I'm just as clean as you are," I told him. "I buy a shirt when I need it. I reckon I'm as clean as you, and I'll kill you!"

"He jumped at me and beat me with his fists. I'll kill you! Some day I'll kill you," I says. They wouldn't let me sleep; hectored me for two nights, but I'll kill you," I says to him. I'll—"

He rose to his feet and faced me, then his knees sagged, and slowly, very slowly, he fell over in a dead faint.

THERE is little to add to this strange tale. The wilder wanderings of a sick mind followed the wild wanderings of his broken body. He was lodged in a private house where he had good care, but his case was hopeless from the start. About a month before his death I received a note written in his own hand. It read:

"They says I am vury sick but I doo not beleeeve them in a few days moor I am gooen back to Mawboogie. I beleeeve my sister is there still goodbie.

"Yurs truly,

"MR. SOLSLOG."

His sister was never found.

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NATIONAL ARTS CLUB NOTES

An event of patriotic importance in the art world will be the exhibition this month at the National Arts Club, in New York, of prize-winning and selected designs from the War Savings Stamp Competition for Posters and Advertisements. The exhibition is under the auspices of the American Institute of Graphic Arts and the War Savings Committee of New York. Two thousand dollars in prizes will be awarded and, as previously announced in CURRENT OPINION, all citizens of the United States have been eligible to enter in this democratic competition.

At the latest monthly meeting of the Poetry Society of America, in the galleries of the National Arts Club, was perhaps the largest audience of the season. Among the

dozen poems selected to be read to the Society (the reader being Corinne Roosevelt Robinson), the two that were voted as being most meritorious were "Fatherland," by Eloise Robinson, and "April In War Time," by Leonora (Lady) Speyer. Dr. Norman Guthrie, the special speaker of the evening, discussed "The Function of the Poet at the Present Time." An additional feature was the reading by Dana Burnet, recently returned from France, of a marching song inspired by what he saw in Picardy.

Preceding the public exhibition of selected designs from the War Savings Stamp Competition for Posters and Advertisements, arranged by the National Arts Club, was a recent Evening of Music, under the

direction of Arthur Farwell, in which the spirit of the exhibition was ingeniously interpreted in song.

The Farwell evening had been originally intended to set forth in song the spirit of the Exhibition of Patriotic Pictures and Sculpture announced in CURRENT OPINION for April. The committee has decided, however, to postpone this exhibition in hope of securing work of a higher artistic order. Treatment of subject may be realistic or symbolical, historical or imaginative, and a prize of \$1,000 is offered for the most meritorious work submitted. The exhibition committee includes E. H. Blashfield, Francis C. Jones, Arthur I. Keller, Duncan Phillips, and Douglas Volk. On the jury of award are Herbert Adams, Gari Melchers, W. T. Smedley, J. Alden Weir and Irving R. Wiles.

THE INTERNATIONAL FORUM

In this department, edited by Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, President of The International Forum, Inc., CURRENT OPINION undertakes to aid the development of a peculiarly American institution and one of peculiar importance in the world at this time. It is likely to be of even greater importance in the readjustments following the war.

OPEN FORUMS STIMULATE AND STRENGTHEN MORALE AND PATRIOTISM

THE Open Forum can perform no more important service than to help strengthen the morale of the nation in the present crisis. Nothing is more important for stimulating enthusiasm in a particular direction than the concentration of the thought of the nation toward a definite object. Stephane Lauzanne, editor of *Le Matin* (Paris), as quoted in a recent issue of the *New Republic*, assures us with almost extravagant emphasis that morale is the supreme equipment, and that with sufficiently firm and high morale all things are possible. The well-conducted Forum, by its very method, achieves the highest result in strengthening morale because it provides an intelligent basis for enthusiasm. Without an intellectual understanding, diverse classes of people cannot come together.

Congressman Lunn, of Schenectady, said before the Brooklyn Civic Forum a few days ago that the war would probably last another five years and the present situation at least indicates that America must be prepared for such an eventuality. "Obviously, in order that we may efficiently meet the present demand, the intelligence of America must be stimulated to its highest activity. I believe that a Forum should be organized as speedily as possible in every community. In order to make it genuinely representative, its executive committee ought to be made up of at least one member from each of the five or six representative groups of the community. These Forums should have meetings every week, perhaps in the High School auditorium, and should command not only the best local speakers available but men and women of national reputation."

Discussions in the Forums, following the address by an expert, should not be limited to the asking of questions. There should be given ample opportunity for three or four-minute speeches from the floor, for the following reasons:

Historically—It is a reintroduction into the life of the modern community of that great educational medium, the Town Meeting.

Psychologically—Speeches from the floor emphasize the pedagogic principle

that a man does not know anything until he has tried to express it.

It raises the level of the self-respect of every man and woman in the audience. No self-respecting audience wants to be regarded as a group of fledglings. The modern American audience demands consideration. It is very noticeable that such important organizations as the Twilight Club of New York, Bankers Associations, Chambers of Commerce, Advertizing Clubs and Women's Clubs, to say nothing of hundreds of Churches and Community Centers, Labor and Fraternal Organizations, are very rapidly introducing the Forum method. There is scarcely a public assembly of any kind that cannot profitably use the Open-Forum method.

Speaking from the floor is more democratic—The average public meeting which prohibits discussion by the audience is an outworn autocracy which ought to be eliminated from the public assemblies of free America. The democracy of the Forum idea arouses a quickening interest upon the part of both audience and speaker which is in striking contrast to the average public meeting, where there is apparently no binding link between the platform and the audience. In the cosmopolitan audiences of America, especially in those of our larger cities, there are always sure to be men and women who have read the advertisement of the meeting and who, because of their personal and immediate acquaintance with the topic of the day, have come prepared to make contributions of value.

Discussion from the floor stimulates intellectual efficiency—Because it removes vague misunderstandings, tempers men and women of extravagant ideas, and resolves the thought of the audience into practical, realizable ideals which form the basis of a high morale.

In a well-conducted Forum a more humanistic note is struck—Obviously, the usual method of conducting a public meeting places the speaker of the day on a sort of pedestal, and encourages a careless handling of facts and the tricks of oratory which create an artificial atmosphere. If the American public wants to be swayed by its

Upon Freedom of Discussion the Foundations of Democracy Rest

emotions, the autocratic method which has prevailed in our public assemblies, which makes the audience purely passive, is highly calculated to achieve these ends; but if the American public wants to know facts and desires to direct its activities from the basis of intelligence rather than emotion, the sound pedagogic principle of the Open Forum is indispensable.

It does not require a very keen observer to note the difference in the very atmosphere of a meeting where the audience feels that it has an active part in the program of the day. The result is quite the contrary to that of some theorists who have imagined that the Open-Forum method would divide the community and encourage destructive criticism. Exactly the opposite has proved to be the result in every well-conducted Forum.

Discussing the great celebration in Boston some months ago, on the completion of the new buildings for the Institute of Technology, one of the most distinguished graduates sounded a note of regret over the mental attitude of the alumni. He said that in their conversation and speeches there seemed to be an absence of the cultural, or what might more properly be called the humanistic, side of life. Possibly the words social consciousness would better analyze his notion of what he missed. He felt that an immediate effort ought to be undertaken in the scientific schools to provide for the essential humanistic studies which would relate the graduates more closely to the social and economic questions which are more than a matter of engineering, more than a matter of professional training. It was apparent to him that, no matter how thoro a man's technical training, he is sure to miss in life much that is worth while if from his educational curriculum those studies are omitted which stimulate an appreciation of social responsibility.

Prof. David Snedden, of Columbia, said recently: "Americans are not yet a liberally-educated people, and, notwithstanding the enormous increase in the number of high-school and college graduates, there are yet comparatively few individuals in the nation who possess culture."

LABOR AND THE WAR, A TIMELY SUBJECT FOR FORUM DISCUSSION

THE industrial army in each nation being a great second line of defense, obviously it is necessary that this second line of defense shall have thrown about it the trenches that are necessary for its preservation and efficiency. Efficient labor production is impossible without safeguarding the physical health of the workers. In England at the beginning of the war the enthusiasm of the workers themselves and the desire of industries to speed up production led to the temporary abrogation of laws which limited the hours of labor. The result was that, when working men and women had passed a certain point of fatigue, the maximum of production was impossible and England was compelled to return to normal working conditions. If legislation intended to protect labor is a necessity in times of peace, it is manifestly more necessary in times of war when the responsibilities and requirements of labor are heavier than ever before. It is the realization of this fact that has caused the efforts to abrogate labor legislation in times of war to fail.

An official commission which has been studying the question of health insurance in New Jersey states: "The stress of industry in war is making increasing demands upon physical endurance. In one hour of necessity we have been shocked by the high percentage of draft rejections on account of physical disability. As never before, we need now to conserve, for present and future generations, the health and physical vigor of our people. Furthermore, it is the duty of statesmanship to look beyond our immediate pressing needs to the period of reconstruction at the close of the war. We cannot afford to disregard the protective legislative inducements already offered to workmen by our keenest commercial competitors in Europe." Nothing more unfortunate can happen in the history of any nation where great issues are at stake than that a neglect of the problems of industry should become a menace to industrial unity. But, fortunately, not only labor leaders but employers are coming to appreciate the fact that labor must be dealt with not as a commodity but as a living, vital, human thing. Disregard of the human requirements of labor not only is dangerous in times of war but is equally dangerous in the period that will follow the war.

Every patriotic citizen will cheerfully say that the war interests of the nation must be considered first. The only difference of opinion is how such a sentiment can be interpreted. If the

war interests of the nation seem to make an excuse for neglecting the conservation of the health or even the education of the people of the nation at war, it does not require a very far-seeing student of affairs to see that it is a destructive sentiment. Capital and labor need each other in working out the problems of the war and in making the adjustments which are bound to follow when peace is declared. An interesting development in this connection is in the findings of Samuel Alschuler, Federal Judge in the case of the packing industry and its relation to labor, which came up as the result of a strike in the packing industry in Chicago. Judge Alschuler's findings in substance are as follows: (1) The basic eight-hour day; to become effective May 5, 1918. (2) Extra pay for Sundays, holidays, and overtime. (3) Where three eight-hour shifts are working daily, twenty minutes for lunch with pay. (4) Substantial wage increases. (5) Equal pay for men and women doing the same class of work. (6) A guarantee of five days' work per week.

Pertinent to this question, F. W. Pethick Lawrence, writing in the *Contemporary Review*, shows that taxation based on the present rate in England would yield 420 million pounds, but that less than 700 million pounds will be required, leaving a gap of 280 million pounds to fill up. This, he says, effectually disposes of the popular expectation that when peace comes there will be some relief from the present temporary heavy burden of taxation. On the contrary, even heavy increases in ordinary taxation will not make good the deficiency. Faced with the financial difficulty, extraordinary means of dealing with the

Other Topics of National Importance are Suggested by Eminent Authorities

war debt will be required. One such method which is frequently talked about is repudiation. Repudiation, however, say the writers, so far from really solving the problems would bring about national ruin. The other method is to expunge "the war debt," in whole or in part, by a special levy on capital. When this idea was first propounded it was scouted as outrageous and absurd. Even those who ought to have known better declared it to be unworkable. Since then, Mr. Lawrence finds, the inexorable logic of financial events has forced men to think more clearly on the subject. The citizens of a country, we are reminded, are of necessity jointly liable for the State's debt, and a capital levy liquidates this liability by calling for an immediate contribution from all those citizens who possess wealth. "Most people will consider that it is fair that the accumulated wealth of the nation should be responsible for wiping off the accumulated debt, leaving to the current income the burden of providing for the current expenditures."

Benjamin Strong, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, in speaking of the means of minimizing economic exhaustion, says that there is the competition of the individual consumer in the markets for labor and material with the Government which also needs labor and material. "The wealth of the nation will not prove sufficient to meet the demands of both. The important steps are to reduce the consumption of luxuries; avoid waste in the consumption of necessities; develop more effective application of labor to production; bring women into productive occupations and to economize the use of credit."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—Why does not the International Forum Association, Inc., establish a bureau for booking speakers? Is this not better than to leave to each Forum the task of providing its own speakers?—A Forum Director.

A.—The International Forum Association has established a booking bureau, and in a few weeks will issue a large list of lecturers available for Forums. In the matter of booking speakers, some Forums prefer communicating directly with the speakers. Those who avail themselves of booking bureaus often save both time and expense.

Q.—Do you advise Forums in small communities to use local speakers?—L. R. C.

A.—Yes. There are always local questions that are of interest to the community, and the frequent use of local speakers helps the Forum carry out the real intention of a Forum, namely, to be a community institution. Presidents in small places are often authorities on large subjects.

Q.—How many commercial organizations have Forums?—Sec'y C. of C.

A.—There are at least ten commercial or-

ganizations which are using the Forum method.

Q.—Do you think it possible to organize Forums during the war?—H. M. C.

A.—The International Forum Association is organizing Forums at the rate of three a week, and every one of these Forums will be a great aid to the nation in the present world crisis.

Q.—Where can I get definite information about organizing a Forum in a Church?—Minister.

A.—The International Forum Association has a pamphlet on this subject, which is available to all inquirers.

Q.—Do you advise Forums to adjourn during the summer season?

A.—In the present crisis in world affairs it is desirable that the Forum season should be made as long as possible. Many Forums are planning to continue through the summer, and some of them are arranging for out-of-door meetings. In many small communities the churches unite and conduct Sunday evening Forums through the summer season.

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD

FACTS ABOUT LABOR CONDITIONS IN THE FATHERLAND REVEAL A BIG GERMAN HOAX Model Homes, High Wages and Short Hours Exist Only in Propaganda

OF the various kinds of German propaganda which have been scattered like confetti over the world none has been so successful as that which has extolled the superior social and economic conditions of the German Empire. It served to cloak the sinister purposes of the Imperial German Government. It enlisted the regard of the working classes and intellectuals of other peoples. It caused many of them after the outbreak of the war to temporize for Germany and served to allay the righteous indignation and horror aroused by the bestial atrocities of her military hordes. The League for National Unity has assembled the facts regarding these conditions prior to the war. They are drawn from official German documents and other authoritative sources and deal with the following topics:

- Oppression of the farmers.
- Underpaid workers.
- Industrial enslavement of women and children.
- Shocking housing conditions.
- Chronic underfeeding and great infant mortality.

- The large extent of pauperism.
- Counterfeit social insurance.

Among other startling things revealed are that conditions under which workers and farmers in Germany lived and labored were intolerable in the extreme; that women and children worked like beasts of burden on farms and in the cities; that sweatshops abounded; that the living conditions of the majority of workers would not be tolerated in any American community; that they suffered from lack of food and fuel and labored for stretches of hours unparalleled in other countries, for starvation wages.

The Teutonic press agents in America have extolled in particular the provisions for giving financial credit to small farmers in Germany. In the United States the Federal Farm Loan act operates to the benefit of small farmers who actually till the soil, and eliminates absentee landlords. Dr. Kapp-Königsberg, General-Director of the Prussian Landschaften—the mutual farm loan associations—testifying before a visiting commission in 1912 admitted that the system of loans on landed property had benefited chiefly the landowning aristocracy. Of the estates which exceeded 2½ acres, 66.3

per cent. had availed themselves of landschaft loans; the corresponding proportion in the case of peasant holdings was only 13.5 per cent. In Germany 2,084,060 farm holdings are under 1¼ acres, 1,294,449 are from 1¼ to 5 acres, 1,006,277 are from 5 to 12½ acres and 1,065,539 are from 12½ to 50 acres. The Landwirtschaftliche Betriebsstatistik further shows that while millions of peasant farmers have only tiny farms, 23,566 Junkers—feudal barons or magnate farmers—own nearly 25,000,000 acres in estates of 250 to 500 acres and more.

Does one see women and children hitched with oxen and dogs drawing plows and carts in the United States? In Germany, reports F. J. H. von Engelken, of South Carolina, a member of the visiting American commission, the greater portion even of heavy farm work is done by women. According to testimony given on farm wages in 1912, a woman farm laborer earns from 38 to 48 cents a day and children over twelve years get 24 cents a day, without board. Male farm labor gets 72 cents a day. Furthermore, the demeaning caste system which sharply defines a peasant in Germany is surpassed in rigidity perhaps only in India. For a few years prior to the war the following wages prevailed in the prosperous Fatherland:

- Miners, hard coal mines, an average of \$334 a year.
- Miners, soft coal mines, an average of \$297 a year.
- Workers in salt mines and works, an average of \$309 a year.
- Miners in copper mines, an average of \$271 a year.
- Miners in iron mines, an average of \$266 a year.
- Masons, \$1.26 to \$1.61 a day.
- Carpenters, \$1.24 to \$1.61 a day.
- Plumbers, gas fitters, and steam fitters, \$1.13 to \$1.39 a day.
- Stonecutters, \$1.62 to \$1.72 a day.
- Krupp plant, at Essen, average daily earnings, \$1.27.
- Journeyman printers, \$6.55 to \$7.44 a week.
- Skilled State railway shopworkers, 86 cents to \$1.02 a day.
- Engineers, conductors, etc., State railway, 70 cents a day.
- Artisans and mechanics, State railway, 98 cents to \$1.09 a day.
- Employees, Prussian-Hessian State railway, average 76 cents a day.
- Able-bodied seamen, Baltic and North Sea, average \$15.18 a month.

This list includes skilled men only. An investigation made by the Federation of German Woodworkers—an industry employing nearly 800,000 persons—disclosed that the average weekly labor hours of carpenters, basket makers, wheelwrights, wooden-shoe makers, box and toy makers were 57 hours. The average weekly earnings of adult males were \$5.99 a week. According to a summary sent out by the German Imperial Statistical Office, the average earnings of men per day in certain important groups of industries were, in March, 1914:

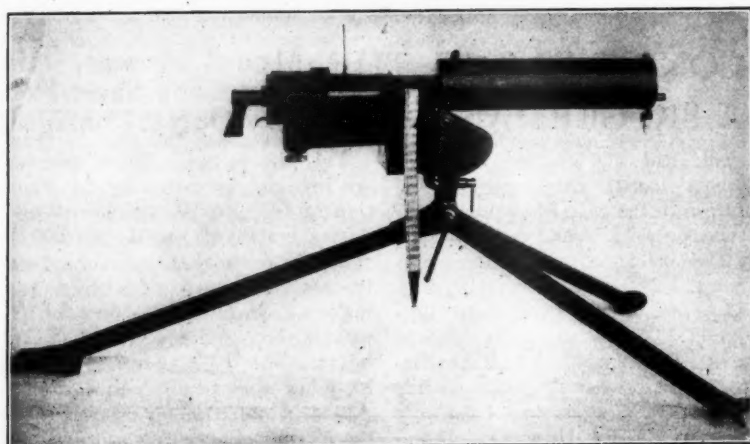
Metal industry	\$1.32
Engineering industry	1.28
Electrical industry	1.07
Paper industry93
Woodworking industry	1.01
Chemical industry	1.24
Stoneworking and pottery.....	1.07
Food, drink, and tobacco.....	1.36
Leather and rubber.....	1.20

Comparing these wages with the cost of living, we find on the same authority that the average outlay of 852 families for maintenance was \$531.70, whereas the average yearly earning of unskilled workmen was \$310 and of skilled workmen, \$373. The result has been that in 278 of those families the wife had to work out. Every second woman in Germany has to earn her own living.

Furthermore, comments Ralph M. Easley, Chairman of the Executive Council of the National Civic Federation, in reviewing the report, there were before the war "more than 100,000 sweatshops in Berlin alone. . . . Against the intolerable housing conditions existing among the working classes in Germany one might present the reforms in housing introduced in England, France, Belgium and the United States. While much remains to be done in improvements in this country, the masses even of American foreign-born laborers enjoy both working and living conditions infinitely superior to those of Germany."

Estimates of the cost of the war to date from the point of view of the whole world, or at least the belligerents, place the figures at \$111,700,000,000. This includes primarily the twelve leading warring nations. The increase in debt of the Allies is set down as \$72,400,000,000 and that of the Central Powers \$39,300,000,000. The United States' debt incurred since the country entered the war is given as \$6,550,000,000 up to January of this year.

FRESH FACTS ARE DIVULGED ABOUT THE MARVELOUS BROWNING GUNS



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THIS WATER-COOLED BROWNING MACHINE GUN WILL SOON BE MOWING DOWN THE HUNS

It weighs only twenty-five pounds, without the tripod, and is capable of shooting twenty thousand times without a hitch.

AMERICA has finer guns in the Browning light and heavy type than are possessed by any other nation now at war. While the members of Congressional military committees vapored and fumed that blueprint guns never killed an enemy and that the unknown Browning gun was a doubtful experiment, the heads of the Ordnance Bureau and the inventor smiled quietly. That such skepticism should have existed is surprising in view of the fact that John Browning, silent Yankee inventor, has created more successful firearms, so we read in *Popular Science Monthly*, than any other man who ever lived. His identity has been buried under the names of the great companies making his arms under royalty agreements. No Browning gun, we are told, has ever been discontinued in manufacture—and the record runs back for nearly forty years.

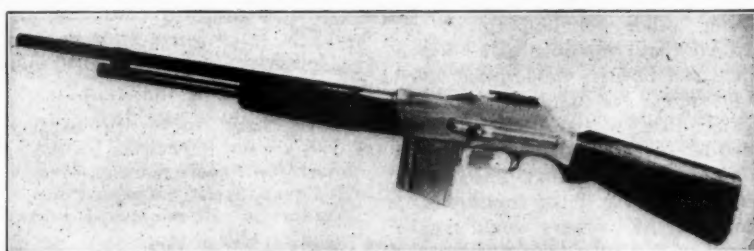
The first of the three recently adopted Browning guns of the easily portable type was water-cooled and weighed only twenty-five pounds, which is marvelously light for such a gun. It must, however, be fired from a tripod which weighs twenty-five pounds more. The second of the wonderful trio, weighing fifteen pounds, is the lightest machine gun ever built and is more properly an automatic rifle.

Of the water-cooled Browning gun, thus far a military secret and unlike any other Browning gun, it is known to be belt-fed, recoil-operated and to have fired twenty thousand shots without a hitch due to the gun itself and with but two stoppages due to imperfect ammunition. So fast does the

mechanism of the gun work that the eye cannot follow the moving parts.

Since the adoption of this marvelous weapon, the Ordnance Board has asked Browning to design one on the same lines, but air-cooled, for airplane use. Water-cooling is, of course, not practical for airplanes. We read:

"Browning has filled the order with a fifteen-pound automatic rifle or machine gun, as it really is, gas-operated like his



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THESE 15-POUND "TERRORS" ARE NOW BEING TURNED OUT IN GREAT QUANTITY

Twenty shots in two seconds is the guaranteed capability of the new automatic rifle with which the American forces are being equipped.

old Colt, and air-cooled. It is fed by a twenty-shot magazine, and, with its very light weight and small magazine, it is as much a true automatic infantry shoulder rifle as it is a machine gun. It has a wooden stock like an ordinary rifle, and it can be fired from the shoulder, although with automatic fire, because of the unbalancing effect of the series of hard drives of recoil. With the regulating latch set for one-shot fire, the gun fires once for each pull on the trigger, precisely like the well-known so-called automatic sporting rifles and shotguns and pistols which reload themselves by the recoil and fire each time the trigger is

Some of the 15-Pound "Terrors" Are Already Coming Through the Winchester Works

pulled. When the same latch is thrown down to automatic fire, however, the gun fires at a rate of speed higher than that of any known machine gun, and the twenty shots are fired in approximately two seconds!

"Consider the automatic rifle section of a platoon, then, each man carrying easily over his shoulder the 15-pound rifle, and loaded with ammunition packed in spare magazines, and with still more in the hands of ammunition carriers. Using one-shot fire, the firing party can easily empty a rifle with aim for each shot in ten seconds. Then, when the rush comes or when it is necessary hurriedly to sweep a trench, traverse filled with the enemy, a shifting of the latch and a burst of fire of twenty shots in two seconds! A single burst, and a twitch or two of the muzzle, and a traverse would be cleaned out. Such fire would have to be from the prone position or from the hip. No man can stand up under the repeated recoil of a light machine gun fired from the shoulder."

The only competitor the new Browning gun has is the little French Chauchat, "the hell-cat," used now in our army, and weighing nineteen pounds. Reports from American officers in France are that, even the twenty-six pound Lewis gun is too heavy for automatic rifle work in the front line. Some of the little fifteen pound "terrors" are now coming through the Winchester works.

The chief characteristic of the gun,

says the *Scientific American*, is, its extreme simplicity of construction, rendering the manufacturing problem correspondingly simple. It has fewer than twenty principal parts and possesses the great advantage of standardization, being easily and quickly taken apart and reassembled by the ordinary soldier. From the manufacturing viewpoint, the advantage is that the gun may be promptly produced in large and increasing volume as shop machinery is multiplied and operating personnel developed.

U. S. RAILROADS IN FRANCE ARE BUILT TO STAND A THIRTY-YEAR WAR

BEFORE the next snow flies the American expeditionary forces will have not less than eight hundred miles of railroad constructed in France, despite the fact that all the labor, rails and equipment must be shipped from the United States. Such is the announcement made in the *New York Tribune* by W. W. Atterbury, director general of transportation in charge of that branch of the American military program abroad. Next to the man whose responsibility is ships and then more ships, is the responsibility for railroads and then more railroads in France. They are being built in no flimsy way, we are assured, but to withstand the wear and tear of a thirty-year war. In other words:

"We are building railroads, docks and transportation yards in France to-day as we would build them at home. Our task is to make two lines of railroads from the sea bases to the front, wherever this front may be. We must Americanize the spurs, sidings, branch lines and yards, and it is most important that we do not interfere with the belts of French railroads which cross our path. We are digging under or going over these roads whenever we encounter them. The French lines have their own problems. The diversion of traffic due to the war has

placed a heavy burden on the French ports, shipping and railway facilities. At the same time France is giving us every possible assistance, but her great network of strategic railroads, planned and built, for the protection of her frontiers, necessarily falls far short of the heavy requirements of the constantly growing American army. America, therefore, must build, and is building, all the excess lines necessary to handle our problem. . . .

"We will use about fifteen hundred locomotives, and of these two hundred have arrived, and have been assembled, and four hundred more have been generously contributed by the Belgian government. We will use about twenty thousand American box cars, now under orders and being constructed. These will be shipped to France and rebuilt. Several of our great transportation yards cover many square miles, and thousands of acres of storage space are being rapidly provided in order to act as a reserve for the enormous army which we will have at the front."

Railroad building in such circumstances, thousands of miles from America, comments the *Railway Age*, is an enormous task. As the army grows, so must the railroads on which the army depends for the never-ending stream of everything that keeps a fighting army fighting. Director-General Atterbury lays emphasis on the fact

Eight Hundred Miles of Them Will Be in Operation This Year

that, in order to supply one pair of shoes to a soldier at the front, there must be not less than twenty-four pairs in various stages of manufacture; from factory to storage on the American side, from storage to docks, from docks to ships, then the ocean transportation with sea and submarine menace, from ships to docks in France, from docks to storage, and then the gradual movement through the supply depots and finally to the soldier. Added difficulties are encountered in trying to avoid tearing down the suburbs of French towns for the enlargement of our military railroad yards. Frequently, we read, the engineers are forced to go outside of a town and build a complete new yard. Sometimes it is necessary to demolish historic landmarks, as when recently an ancient chateau was destroyed and its beautiful grounds filled with tracks and storehouses. The owners naturally and invariably remonstrate in such cases, but the answer is: "C'est la guerre."

The Government-owned railways and telegraphic service in China showed profits during 1917 of \$13,500,000 and \$3,800,000 respectively. The deficiency in the postal service for the same period was only \$110,000. This leaves a net profit in the three departments of \$17,190,000 for the year.

WHY THE AMERICAN DOLLAR IS WORTH 68 CENTS ABROAD

THE crowd around the cracker-barrel having settled every question political, sociological and religious, had turned its attention to High Finance. Old man Hoskins, noted in the town and county for his ability to make two dollars grow where one grew before, was concluding a discourse on the currency. "Anyway," he challenged with a glare at his audience, "there's *one* thing about the American dollar: it's worth a hundred cents in season and out of season, in this country and outside of this country—anywhere on the inhabited globe." The door opened and the president of the local bank walked in. The assertion of Hoskins being repeated to him, he avowed his ability to name a place, a big city too, where one could buy American dollars for sixty-eight cents, namely, Madrid, Spain. As a matter of fact, writes Franklin Escher in the *Investment Weekly*, he might have added that the American dollar can to-day be bought at less than its face value in all the neutral countries of Europe. In Madrid, for instance, where a peseta will normally buy 19.3 American cents, it will now buy 25.5 cents,

in drafts on good, sound American banks, that can be turned into gold.

To a good many people other than those who spend time around cracker-barrels it will perhaps come as a surprise that in every neutral country in Europe the American dollar is selling at a big discount. In Holland, we read, the discount is fifteen per cent.; in Sweden, twenty-five per cent.; in Switzerland and Denmark, sixteen per cent.; in Norway, seventeen per cent. and in Spain thirty-two per cent. Take the case of Spain, the most conspicuous, what does it mean when one says that the American dollar is selling at a discount of thirty-two per cent.?

"It means that in Madrid to-day any given number of pesetas, say 518, will buy the right to get thirty-two per cent. more American gold dollars out of an American bank than they ought normally to buy. Five hundred and eighteen pesetas in Madrid, under normal conditions, will buy a draft on America for \$100. To-day 518 pesetas will buy a draft on America for \$132. The same number of pesetas, in other words, will buy thirty-two per cent. more dollars. That is looking at it from *that* end. Looking at it from *this* end it means, of course, that

An Intolerable Condition Which Could and Should Be Speedily Rectified

their currency is at a high premium—that if you want to buy a draft drawn in pesetas on Spain you have to pay thirty-two per cent. more in dollars than you would normally have to pay. Exchange works like a seesaw. To say that, in Spain, drafts drawn on the United States are selling at a thirty-two per cent. discount is only another way of saying that, in the United States, drafts drawn on Spain are selling at a thirty-two per cent. premium. Every rate of exchange has two ends. If it is at a discount on one end, it is at a corresponding premium on the other end, and *vice versa*."

What is the harm, ignoring the blow to our national pride, in having the American dollar sell at a discount in these neutral countries?

"The harm is that as a result of the discount prevailing there or of the premium prevailing here (whichever way you care to look at it) every dollar's worth of goods that you bring in from that country *costs the consumer here thirty-two per cent. more*. Also it means that as the American dollar over there can be bought for sixty-eight cents, buyers of American merchandise on the other side can *pay a higher price for that merchandise* without putting up any more actual cash to get possession of it. Our

exchange at a discount at a foreign point, in other words, means that the foreigner gets us coming and going. We have to pay thirty-two per cent. more for what we buy over there and he has to pay thirty-two per cent. less for what he buys over here."

What is the reason for this abnormal condition? Ordinarily when the rate of exchange in some country is at a premium, it is because the balance of trade is in favor of that country. Is that why one has to pay 25.5 cents for a Spanish peseta to-day where normally it can be bought for 19.3 cents? Hardly. Figures compiled by the Department of Commerce show that whereas last year our imports from Spain amounted to \$31,000,000, our exports to Spain amounted to \$73,000,000. The trade balance ran \$42,000,000 in our favor. And so with other neutral countries. The reason is:

"Simply because of the discount at which the British pound sterling—the

draft on London, in other words—is selling in these countries. Great Britain is buying from them far more merchandise than she is selling them, and, in consequence, exchange on London in all these countries is continuously at a heavy discount." And "because the exchange rate between New York and London being pegged (held at a fixed point) by the British Government, the price of drafts on New York and the price of drafts on London in any given currency (pesetas, for instance) must rise and fall in a fixed relationship. As long as New York-London is pegged, for example, a fall in Madrid-London must necessarily cause a fall in Madrid-New York. How this works is, perhaps, best shown by a concrete illustration of what takes place when the rate on London, say, at Madrid, begins to fall. American bankers in New York in that case buy peseta drafts drawn on Madrid, ship them to Madrid with instructions to use the proceeds to buy sterling drafts drawn on London, and then (the American bankers) reimburse themselves by drawing and selling their own sterling drafts on these newly-created London balances.

The result is that, in New York, pesetas go up (the same thing as saying that, in Madrid, dollars go down) and, in Madrid, pounds sterling go up—until an equalization point is reached, at which there is no longer any profit in this 'arbitrage' transaction. The thing is possible, of course, only because of the 'pegged rate' between New York and London. Were that rate left to take its own natural course, the fact that the Spanish exchange on London is at a discount would by no means be enough to put the Spanish exchange on New York at a discount."

As long as New York bankers can work this triangular operation at a profit, they will continue to do it. Take from them "the right to go on exporting capital in this way and the whole thing falls to the ground. . . . This is the only country in the world where, in order that the foreign exchange banks may be able to go on making a profit out of foreign exchange operations, a condition is allowed to exist which works a hardship upon every American consumer of goods."

WHAT THE "FABRICATED" SHIP IS AND SOME SECRETS OF ITS CONSTRUCTION

NOT since the old clipper-ship days, when the Stars and Stripes fairly dominated the seven seas, have the eyes of the American people been focused so unanimously on ships and ship-building as to-day. It is known of course that some hundred and sixteen shipyards are established throughout the country and, that the Emergency Fleet Corporation has under construction approximately twelve hundred vessels of various kinds, the majority of them being defined as "fabricated." What does the term mean? As defined in the *Scientific American* by George J. Baldwin, Chairman of the Board of the American National Ship-building Corporation, which is building one hundred and twenty ships at Hog Island on the Delaware River, it simply means a "manufactured" ship instead of a "made-to-order" ship; just as we have "manufactured" automobiles, instead of special "made-to-order" auto-

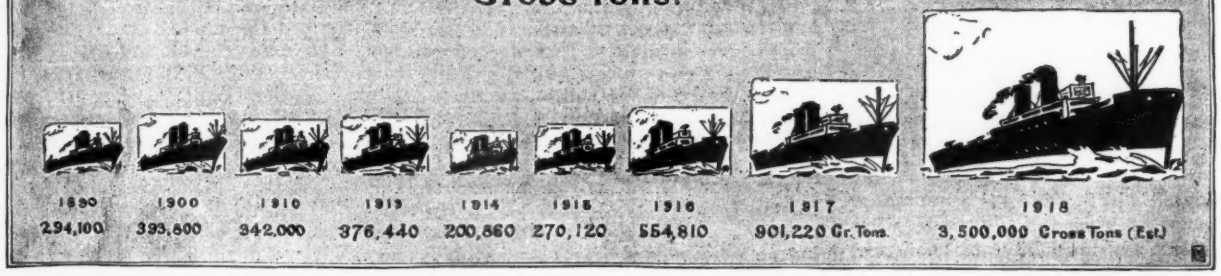
mobiles. In a conventional shipyard, we read, each vessel is designed and the specifications are prepared in accordance with the client's particular desires. The steel and iron in the form of plates, ship's angles and so on, are delivered from the mills to the shipyards, where the plates are shaped and punched, the frames bent, punched and beveled; the stern posts, connecting rods and so on are forged, and the pumps, boilers and engines are built, so that every component part of the vessel, being worked out to a special design, the finished ship stands as an individual piece of workmanship. However:

"In the fabricated ship the various parts are made to standard specifications and drawings at hundreds of different mills, shops and factories throughout the country, and are delivered to the ship-building yard in such condition that the work is almost entirely one of assembling and erecting. Moreover, this work is so stand-

ardized and simplified that iron workers and machinists who may have had but little, if any, previous experience in ship-building may quickly learn their tasks and become efficient fabricated shipworkers. In the fabricated ship all non-essentials have been suppressed. Curvature of plates, especially those requiring multiple bending, is as far as possible eliminated. Ordinary structural steel beams are substituted for special ship shapes; there is no sheer, but a straight deck-line from bow to stern. Other characteristics are: perpendicular sides and a flat bottom, and a strictly rectangular midships section curving only on the bilges; in a word, a design of boat carefully combining the best ship and bridge-builders' practice with that of our most efficient manufacturers. Maximum cargo space is adjusted to maximum safety, utilizing a multiplicity of bulkheads, an arrangement which has saved more than one torpedoed oil tanker from going to the bottom. The model shows a speed as great and requires as little power as the average vessel turned out in our best shipyard practice."

It Is a "Manufactured" Instead of Being a "Made-to-Order" Vessel

SHIPBUILDING IN THE UNITED STATES Gross Tons.



How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—

a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years is president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure *pleasure* all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instructions and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every

man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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Independent Corporation

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Publishers of *The Independent* (and *Harper's Weekly*)

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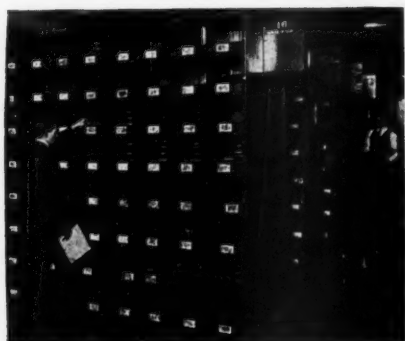
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C. O. 38



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SHIPPING COAL BY WIRE TO RELIEVE THE RAILROADS

SHIPING coal by wire, that is by burning it as soon as it comes from the mine and transmitting the energy thus obtained in the form of electricity, is the plan being seriously considered in railroad and manufacturing circles for preventing fuel famines of the future. It is not the scarcity of coal itself but the difficulty of transporting it that has created hardship and privation in the great centers of population. Three trillions of tons of good coal lie within easy reach under the surface of the United States. Yet with this vast supply in apparently inexhaustible fields, as far as the next few generations are concerned, there has not been enough to burn. There is a shortage of coal cars which two years' work would hardly meet. Even were the railroads operating under normal conditions and circumstances permitted them to buy equipment sufficient for their needs, the whole method of fuel transportation suggests the "Elian method" of burning down houses to roast pig. A ton of coal has tripled its cost, usually, by the time it has reached the consumer. The trouble, as pointed out by Alfred C. Bossom, architect and engineer, in the *New York Sun*, is due to the fact that we have not yet learned how to transport the spirit or essence of the coal to the exclusion of the dead waste. He asks:

"When we wish to generate electricity why not do it at the very mouths of the coal shafts? It is possible to build the necessary plants in those regions where coal is abundant. Why should we carry it hundreds of miles, handle it three or four times until it is at least twice as costly even to the largest consumers, and then burn it up in the midst of a metropolis? The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad transports enormous quantities of coal by rail and water to a station at Cos. Cob, Conn., where it burns that costly fuel and distributes the power obtained over its electrified zone to run its trains. One of the great railroads of the Northwest, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, is operated from the Cascade Mountains and over the Rockies, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles, by electrical current generated at a cataract and carried from a power-house at Great Falls, Mont., by insulated cables.

"We have throughout the western part of the United States and also in the South corporations which sell electricity derived from water-power and conveyed throughout entire States from a central station. The current is at the disposal of all classes. Big industrial plants have yearly contracts for the purchase of so much power, the small farmer may tap the juice to run his saw or his threshing machine. It is an easy matter to build the requisite plants in the coal regions and to convey the coal either from the breaker or for that matter directly from the shaft itself.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS DELIVERED TO YOUR HOME

Tear Out—Fill In—Hand Letter—Carrier—or Mail to Post Office

TO THE LOCAL POSTMASTER:—Kindly have letter-carrier deliver to me on _____ for which I will pay on delivery:

_____ \$5. U. S. WAR-SAVINGS STAMPS at \$_____ each
(State number wanted) (See prices below)
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W. S. S. COST DURING 1918					
April	\$4.15	July	\$4.18	Oct.	\$4.21
May	4.16	Aug.	4.19	Nov.	4.22
June	4.17	Sept.	4.20	Dec.	4.23
W. S. S. WORTH \$5.00 JANUARY 1, 1923					

"The transmission of the electric fluid grows year by year more economical and efficient. The loss in transit, that is, the difference between the amount of current actually delivered to the consumer and that which is generated, is a variable quantity. . . . Even admitting that there would be a loss of twenty-five per cent. in transmission over long distances this factor would be small compared with the great waste through transportation which causes the consumer to pay \$8 or even \$10 for the ton of coal which is sold at the mines for from \$3 to 3.50 to those who will haul it away. It might be said that even at the most conservative calculations there is a loss of eighty per cent. through the present systems of distribution."

The saving which would be effected in large cities by not having to collect ashes would be an important factor in economy. The conserving of the electricity in transit is a problem which, we read, should engage the attention of electrical engineers. Cables are now made that are capable of carrying 30,000 volts, and through perfect insulation the leakage of current could be reduced to a minimum. Electricity should eventually be on the same plane in that respect with gas or water.

The Bossom plan provides also for the burning of crude oil in regions where petroleum is plentiful, for the conversion of the waste of the forests in lumber regions and for the burning of peat. The same principle is involved in all—the derivation of energy at the points where that energy can be most economically and speedily obtained in adequate quantity.

What the champions of efficiency ask, in brief, is that we mobilize our coal, and then coordinate our plants for its more effective use. According to a recent assertion of the Department of the Interior, this country wasted twenty-five per cent. of its 500,000,000 tons of coal mined last year.

SPEEDING UP THE OYSTER IN THE QUEER WORK OF MAKING PEARLS

WHAT Luther Burbank has been doing to improve on nature in the raising of superior fruits and vegetables, a group of Japanese women farmers is accomplishing in raising pearls on one of the queerest farms in the world. It is situated on the island of Tatokujima, in the Bay of Ago, and, of course, lies fathoms deep in water. In short, it is an immense oyster bed, and to understand how these women are burbanking the bivalves, so to say, we are reminded by *Popular Science Monthly* that oyster shells are lined with a smooth coating which is commonly called mother-of-pearl, or nacre. Layer by layer the oyster builds up this lining. If any foreign substance—even a grain of sand—happens to enter the shell the

The Truth About Catarrh Asthma and Hay Fever!!!



R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

By R. L. Alsaker, M.D.

Author, Lecturer and Consulting Physician

Dear Doctor Alsaker: I have had catarrh since boyhood, and now my two children have it. My wife suffers with asthma and the children frequently have a bad cough or sore throat.

We have taken treatment from local physicians, using the medicines prescribed; we have used sprays and salves, but have derived no lasting benefit.

We live well, eating and drinking whatever we want, but we do not dissipate in any way. Our family physician tells us that catarrh is caused by germs. Another doctor told us to blame it on the climate. If germs and the climate are the cause of these annoying troubles of the nose, throat and lungs, I don't see how any of them can be prevented, or even cured. What have you to say on the subject?

J. B. W.

THIS family is no exception. The majority have catarrh, either chronic or acute. Catarrh of the head is annoying—and filthy. In the throat it causes irritating cough. When it is seated in the chest it is called bronchitis. If allowed to continue, the bronchitis becomes chronic and robs the individual of refreshing sleep, comfort and health. It weakens the lungs and paves the way for pneumonia and consumption.

Catarrh of the stomach and intestines points toward indigestion. So does catarrh of the liver, which produces various ills, such as jaundice and gall-stones, often ending in disagreeable and painful liver colic.

Asthma is generally due to lung irritation that is at least partly catarrhal in nature.

This gentleman says that he lives well, but no one lives well who is ill. That is poor living. "He can continue to eat what he likes, and grow healthy, if he will only learn how."

He thinks that germs and the climate are to blame, and as germs and climate are everywhere, we are helpless. It is a tragic fate, or would be, if it were true, for we can't escape the omnipresent germs and climate.

But neither germs nor the climate cause catarrh. Catarrh is due to improper eating—so are asthma and hay fever—and these conditions can be prevented and cured through right eating. And here is how it happens:

When people eat as they should not, they get indigestion, which fills the stomach and bowels with acid, gases and poisons; a part of these abnormal products are absorbed into the blood, which becomes very impure and the whole body gets acid. The blood tries to purify itself, and a lot of the waste attempts to escape by way of the mucous membrane. This causes irritation, and the result is some form of disease.

The right kind of food, properly eaten, makes pure blood and produces health, vigor and strength. The right kind of food builds a sound body, puts catarrh, coughs, colds, asthma and hay fever to flight, and paints roses on the cheeks.

Catarrh, asthma and hay fever can be conquered, surely and permanently. It has

been done in thousands of cases. If you have catarrh you have eaten your way to it. You can cure yourself—you can eat your way out of disease into health, and while you are losing your catarrh you will rid yourself of other physical ills: The dirty tongue, that tired feeling, the bad taste in the mouth in the morning, the gas in the stomach and bowels, the headache, the rheumatism, and the creaky joints, and other aches, pains and disabilities will clear up and vanish.

It is marvelous what the common foods do for the sick, when properly combined and intelligently eaten. Meats, fish, dairy products, eggs, cereal foods, potatoes, vegetables, fruits and nuts contain all the "medicinal" elements needed to build health or cure disease, if rightly used.

In my new book, *Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds*, I teach the sick and well how to live so as to prevent and cure these annoying troubles. I show how you can save your precious health, how you can save doctor bills and how you can live better for less money. More than ten thousand patrons have adopted the Alsaker System of living during the past six months. My publisher guarantees to refund the price you pay for my System of treatment which is delivered to you in book form, if you are not entirely satisfied. The price, all charges prepaid, is only \$2.00. Sign the Money Back Coupon below and mail to Frank E. Morrison, Director of the Alsaker Health System, Dept. 150, 1133 Broadway, New York.

Sign and mail this coupon at once. It marks your first step toward health and long life.

FRANK E. MORRISON,

Director of the Alsaker Health System,
Dept. 150, 1133 Broadway, New York.

Enclosed is \$2.00..... (State form of remittance for which send me, all charges prepaid. Dr. Alsaker's book "Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds," which contains his instructions for the prevention and cure of Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Hay Fever. My money is to be refunded any time within 30 days if I am not entirely satisfied.

Name

Address

Mr. Morrison refers to any bank or commercial agency in the United States or Canada and to the Publisher of Current Opinion.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT: So much nonsense has been written about health and foods that it is a relief to find a book which shows that the writer knows his subject from the ground up—knows it so well that he does not need to use a lot of so-called scientific expressions and technical terms to hide any want of knowledge. Dr. Alsaker is a regular medical graduate, a physician in active practice who has proved his knowledge in guiding the sick back to health. In reviewing Dr. Alsaker's works the New York Tribune says: "Written by a competent professional authority, they are fitted for the instruction and profit of the laity; being simple, direct and non-technical. They contain no scientific disquisitions; they exploit no fads; they recommend no impossibilities." Dr. Alsaker is a new type of physician. He specializes in health, not disease. In *Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds* he tells you in plain English how to get rid of Catarrh and how to avoid "catching" coughs and colds. This is a new and broad idea—to teach the sick how to return to health and how to remain healthy. He says: "Health is the result of correct knowledge of living put into practice and it is the physician's duty to supply this knowledge." Send only two dollars for this book of health knowledge. Follow instructions for one month, then if you are not entirely satisfied with the improvement in your health, return the book and your money will be refunded. *Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds* teaches the truth and nothing but the truth. It will show you how to live better for less money and how to have better health through better living. Frank E. Morrison (Estab. 1889), Publisher of Educational Health Books, Dept. 150, 1133 Broadway, New York City.



"Lafayette, Here We Are"

Through remote French villages resounds the unaccustomed tramp of American soldiers. But a little while ago and these men were in the quiet of their homes in a peaceful country. Today, in a strange land, they are facing the world's bloodiest struggle.

Pershing at the tomb of America's old time friend months ago reported, with true soldier eloquence, "Lafayette, here we are." And it is for us of the great American democracy to rally all our might to the support of our army and our allies.

From our shores to the battlefields of France are thousands of miles which must be bridged with ceaseless supplies to our troops. Every day calls for action here, no less than there. Cooperate! Sacrifice! These are the watchwords sent over the land by the Government.

In this national effort the Bell System has served with every other essential industry in order that communication, manufacture and transportation may be kept at the peak of efficiency to provide the munitions, ordnance and supplies so urgently needed.



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CONSTIPATION—NATURE'S ENEMY



Constipation is a dangerous disease in itself and leads to other diseases. It helps to produce such troubles as rheumatism, gout, Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, hardening of the arteries, colds and catarrhs.

Taking pills, powders, potions, salts, oils, mineral waters, internal baths or bran will not cure constipation. For a time these are effective but sooner or later you have to increase the dose until the delicate lining of the digestive organs become irritated and the digestive process upset. This causes new troubles and does not remove the old.

Instead of relying on drugs, roughage and internal baths, take, as part of your food, substances that will keep the bowel functions normal. There is FRUITONE, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY FOR CONSTIPATION AND BOWEL TROUBLE—a nourishing laxative food made of sweet fruits in a balanced blend. FRUITONE is recommended by leading physicians the country over. It is a collective food, having the nourishing qualities of bread and butter. The pure fruits used contain all the elements that make rich, red, pure blood and the natural salts which the blood needs. Send to-day for your jar.

In Glass Jars 50c. and 75c. postpaid.

FRUITONE COMPANY, Inc., 500 West 179th St., N. Y.

oyster immediately begins to allay the irritation by surrounding it with the material with which the lining is composed. Of the farm at Tatokujima and the methods adopted in putting the oysters systematically to work, we read:

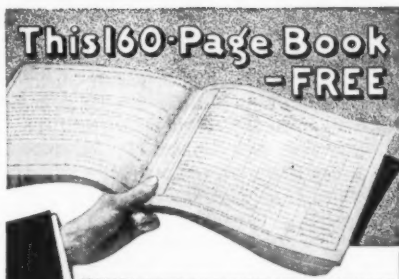
"Wherever the larvae of the pearl-oysters have been found most abundant, small pieces of rock and stone are placed. In a little while oyster-spat will be attached to these rocks. Then the rocks are removed to beds which have been prepared for them in deep waters. If they are left in shallow water during the winter the oysters may perish from the cold. They are left in the deep-water beds undisturbed for three years. Then they are taken out of the sea, and into each oyster is introduced a small seed-pearl or a small round piece of nacre which serves as the nucleus for a future pearl. The oysters are then returned to the sea where they remain for four years. At the end of that time they are taken out and the harvest of pearls is reaped. During the four years the oyster has been busily engaged in piling layer on layer of nacre around the bit of foreign substance which was so artfully introduced into its shell."

SALESWOMEN ARE REPLACING "DRUMMERS" WITH EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS

REMARKABLE ingenuity and great resourcefulness in meeting unusual situations and solving perplexing sales problems seem to be displayed by what are called road saleswomen who are replacing men drafted from the textile industries. The amount of business they have brought in, which, in spite of abnormal conditions, has frequently doubled that obtained by men from the same districts a year ago, indicates their natural talent for this work. In any number of cases, reports the New York Times, where men would have been perfectly justified in quitting and going on to the next town, these women, by adopting entirely original methods, have stayed and finally succeeded in landing the business. As an instance, a leading manufacturer is quoted:

"One of our saleswomen, on reaching a middle-west city, found it impossible to interest the retailers in the usual way. They were all plentifully supplied. But it so happened that she had a number of school friends of comfortable means in that town. She visited these ladies, got them interested in our dresses and had them ask for them in the local stores. The outcome was that she got fairly good orders from several merchants, who until then would not even look at what she had to offer, and some trial orders from practically all the stores. We have since heard from several of these buyers expressing great satisfaction with our lines

(Continued on page 442)



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Farming, mining of coal, the manufacture of steel, paper, and labor-saving equipment, are typical of such industries.

In investing your surplus funds, it is for the best interests of your country to choose sound securities of this character. Denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1,000.

Write for circular No. 1006-T

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(ESTABLISHED 1865)

10 South La Salle Street, Chicago

[B113]

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O. Costello, Manager

Why We Should Bathe Internally

ADDS MANY YEARS TO AVERAGE LIFE

By R. W. Beal

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot-water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how a little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time

to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood-pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is. WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the preeminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mention having read this article in CURRENT OPINION, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purposes. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well? (Advertisement.)

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IMPORTANT!

WHEN notifying *CURRENT OPINION* of a change in address, subscribers should give both the old and the new address. This notice should reach us about two weeks before the change is to take effect.



(Continued from page 440)

and promising us more business in the future. . . . Another of our saleswomen called on a customer with whom we had had a little misunderstanding and who had closed out the account with us. The buyer in this case happened to be a woman. She gave our representative a very decidedly cold reception. Finally our saleswoman noticed that the buyer had on a suit made by a tailor back here in New York whom she knew. So she quietly dropped all discussion of business, which she could see was getting her nowhere, and mentioning the name of the New York tailor complimented the buyer on the suit she wore. Obviously, this would hardly have been appropriate or good form from a salesman. The buyer immediately wanted to know how she recognized it for a B— suit. Our representative explained that she had had some of her clothes made by this tailor and that she recognized the lapels and sleeves as his. There followed a discussion of clothes, the buyer warming visibly. They wound up by having lunch together, and later in the afternoon our representative came away with a very nice little order and a lot of good-will for the house. Such a turnabout from the very chilly refusal to have anything to do with our lines in the morning could never have been effected in this case by a man."

Another concern is compiling a library of salesmanship, and several of its saleswomen have written "remarkably illuminating" letters which are being incorporated in the library along with the works of recognized authorities on these subjects. The successes women have met with on their first trips and their persistence in the face of all sorts of discouragements have been a revelation.

WAR GARDENS MUST SPEED UP TO FILL A BILLION JARS

CHARLES L. PACK, head of the National War Garden Commission, is appealing to every man, woman and child who can obtain the ground to plant a garden. A similar appeal made a year ago was based upon the need of increasing the American food supply which had been depleted by the requirements of Europe. Now, however, the United States is confronted with a food problem as vital in many respects as that of the battle-torn countries of Europe. Even last year the demands of the draft and of munition factories took so many skilled farm laborers that the production of food through normal channels was lessened, despite the heavy burden placed upon farming America.

The importance of the amateur garden, says Mr. Pack, is vastly intensified this year. Not only do the

The has ta the w "The cent of report equal use of

growing needs of Europe increase the demands upon our food supply, but our own farm production is threatened with shrinkage. Government figures indicate that not less than six hundred thousand workers have been taken from the farms since we entered the war. It takes no imagination to see that this army of men suddenly transferred to the non-producing ranks is creating a greater shortage of farm labor than existed in 1917. With this definite handicap in sight for farm crops, it is emphasized, the backyard garden becomes more than ever a war garden and a national necessity.

All food, adds the spokesman of the Commission, should be grown as near as possible to the place where it is to be finally used, to lessen the burden of transportation. This means the intensive cultivation of every foot of vacant ground in and near cities, towns and villages. Last year there were nearly three millions of such gardens. This year the appeal is for five millions of them. Says the *American Sugar Bulletin*, in this connection:

"Lord Rhondda of England has expressed the hope that the exportable surplus of American primary foodstuffs will be much larger than the present estimate, and declares that conditions in both England and France can, without any exaggeration, be described as critical and anxious. To meet these needs of the Allies every gardener is urged to do all in his power to provide for his own needs not only through the growing season but by storing, canning and drying for his winter wants, thus leaving that much more surplus from the farms to be shipped abroad. It is urged that every garden cultivated in 1917 be recultivated and all the additional area available be utilized. America is the only source of supply for the Allies. The shipping situation is so acute that the time factor makes the carrying of food cargoes from Australia and other remote countries impracticable. To enable America to do her share home gardeners must recognize that they are war gardeners and vital to the success of the armies. They must produce food on a tremendous scale, with the central thought that eternal industry in their gardens is the price of world-wide freedom."

Also, there must be universal canning and drying of vegetables and fruits, declares the War Garden Commission. Last year the households of America created a home supply of vegetables amounting to more than half a billion jars, and "this year it should be more than a billion."

The E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company has taken steps to provide new uses after the war for its \$60,000,000 powder plants. "The men who so successfully met the recent emergency," says the president in a report to stockholders, "are engaged with equal energy in working out plans for the use of these vast works after the war."

Less Than 3 Cents a Day To Prolong Your Life

Millionaire Heads of Railroads, Banks, Steel Mills, Packing Houses; Prominent Business Men, Lawyers, Judges, Doctors and Men and Women in All Walks of Life Are Paying Less Than 3c. a Day to Prolong Their Lives.

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For Eight Years We Have Served Thousands and Proved Beyond Doubt That We Can Add Years of Any Normal Person's Life Without Drugs, Medicines, Treatments, Exercises or Apparatus.

Let Us Tell You How Absolutely Free

AMONG the *thousands* we have served in the last eight years are the *biggest men in America*. Men who are at the head of the greatest industrial, banking, financial, transportation and commercial systems of the country. Men whose names are familiar to all. These men, and thousands of others of less fame, are paying **LESS THAN THREE CENTS A DAY** to *protect their health and prolong their lives*.

We are NOT a medical concern. We sell no medicines, no drugs, no treatments, no physical exercises, no dietary treatments, no apparatus for body or muscle building. This is not a new school of healing disease by massage or manipulation.

We Keep You Healthy By Warning You in Time Against Threatened Physical Breakdown.

We perform the *highest scientific service* ever offered to humanity. Our service is used and recommended by the **BIGGEST MEN IN AMERICA**, by doctors, by scientists, by all who **KNOW** of the great work we are doing.

WILLIAM WRIGLEY, JR., head of the great chewing gum company, says of our service:

You have made it easy for the busy man to do what he should do. You should have every thinking man using your Bureau, and you will if their thinker works as hard for their physical good as it does for their financial gain.

GEORGE ADE, the famous humorist, writer and dramatist, writes:

You are doing a great work. The plan you have evolved will help many a careless man keep tab on himself.

We have *thousands of grateful letters* from other men and women whose names

are just as well known, all praising our work and acknowledging that *it has already prolonged their lives* and kept them in perfect health.

The cost of this service is **LESS THAN THREE CENTS A DAY** and it will require only **FOUR MINUTES OF YOUR TIME A YEAR**. A ridiculously small sum of money and a very little of your time to devote to keeping yourself in **VIGOROUS HEALTH** all the time. Our service is an invaluable aid in keeping you *mentally and physically efficient* at all times.

Men and women **DIE TOO YOUNG**. There is no reason why any normal person should not live to be 85 or 90 years old in the full enjoyment of all faculties, barring accident. Yet the mortality records show that *death rates are highest between 30 and 50* and nearly always *due to causes which can be AVOIDED* through this service.

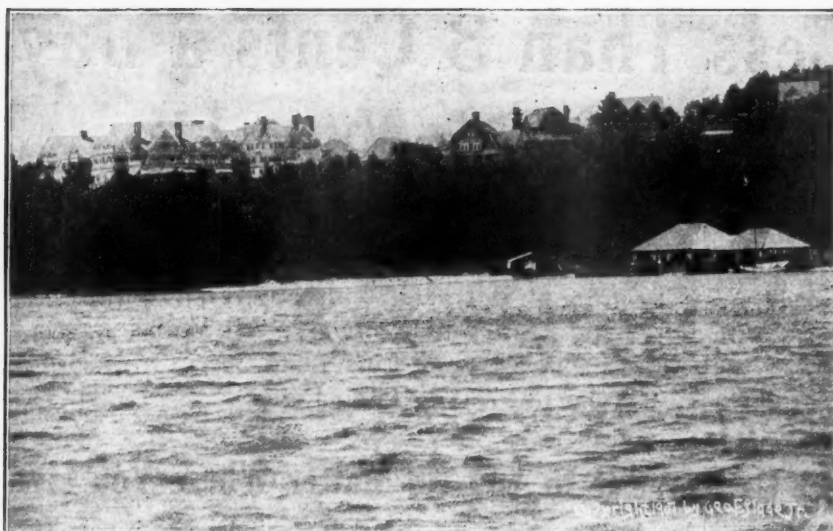
Let us tell you **FREE** about the great work we are doing. Let us send you **FREE without any expense or obligation on your part** our book and copies of letters from grateful subscribers for this service, who voluntarily authorized us to use their letters, **PROOFS** of what we are doing every day and have been doing for over eight years. Our service is absolutely secret and confidential.

Your life may not be as important to the community as that of the many millionaires who are subscribers, but it is **just as important to YOU** and your dear ones—perhaps more so. So fill out the **COUPON** below and mail it at once—**TO-DAY**.

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Please send me by return mail **FREE** and without obligation on my part fullest particulars about your service with the understanding that it is to be strictly confidential.

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(Address)
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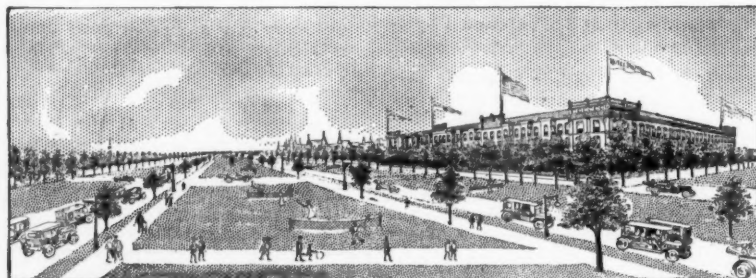
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downtown theatres and shopping districts can be reached in only 12 minutes.

You can get here all the luxuries of the Country and the City while living in this luxurious Hotel, which has always been patronized by a select class of guests. The splendid dining-room facilities and the perfect service add to your enjoyment.

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Address: ALBERT F. GIDDINGS, Manager Hotel Del Prado, CHICAGO, ILL.

Shear Nonsense

Shifting the Responsibility.

Bessie had a new dime, says the *Christian Herald*, and she announced her intention of investing it in ice-cream soda.

"Why don't you give your dime to the missions?" asked the minister, who was calling.

"I thought about that," replied Bessie, "but I think I'll buy the ice-cream and let the druggist give the dime to the missions."

War-Time Economy.

"Aw'm awa noo, Sandy. Do ye want anything frac the toun?" asked the good wife as she lifted the reins from the horse's back.

"Ma snuff's dune, an' Aw wad like ye tae fetch me half an ounce," replied Sandy.

"Nay, nay! I canna allow sich extravagance!" exclaimed his wife. "Have ye no heard o' the increased price o' sneezin'? Juist tickle yer nose wi' a straw instead."—*The Youth's Companion*.

Young Camouflage Artist.

Bessie is a bright one. The other day her teacher set her and her schoolmates to drawing, letting them choose their own subjects. After the teacher had examined what the other children had drawn, she took up Bessie's sheet.

"Why, what's this?" she said. "You haven't drawn anything at all, child."

"Please, teacher, yes, I have," returned Bessie. "It's a war-picture—a long line of ammunition-wagons at the front. You can't see 'em 'cause they're camouflaged."

—*Boston Transcript*.

Light and Darkness.

Ex-Ambassador Gerard told a story about Germany.

"An American correspondent," he said, "had his rationed dinner served to him one spring evening in his room at the hotel."

"The waiter set before the poor fellow a thin slice of bread, a teaspoonful of dried peas and a piece of veal the size of your little finger. Then, as it was getting dark, the waiter said:

"Shall I make a light, sir?"

"No, thanks," said the correspondent, bitterly. "That dinner is light enough."

A Camp Meeting, Not a Camp.

Old Caesar, according to the *Columbia State*, thought he knew something about the tented field, having followed his master as body servant through the war between the states, but Camp Jackson was a revelation to him.

"Yer mean, Maus' Jeems," he cross-examined his young maussa, "dat dese young gem'n can't drink nothin' stronger'n spring water?"

"That's all."

"And no frolickin' wid de gals?"

"None whatever."

"An' no swearin' at de mules?"

"Against regulations."

"Lor, Maus' Jeems, disher ain't no camp. Disher's a camp meetin'!"

She Was a Fighter.

Every one, says *Harper's*, knew that Lieutenant Thorleigh and his pretty young wife had failed to agree during their few years of married life, but no one quite liked to ask him where she was living during his last months of training in this country. So when an innocent new-comer inquired pointblank where she was, there was a rather intense moment before he said, calmly:

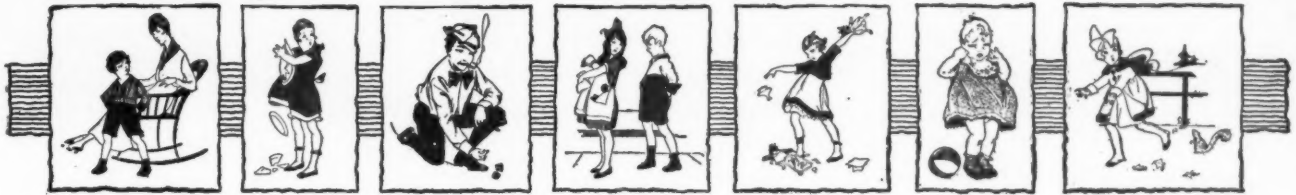
"My wife is in France."

"What is she doing?" was demanded further.

"Fighting," he answered, calmly.

"Fighting!" every one exclaimed.

"Well," he replied, "perhaps she isn't actually fighting, but I'm sure she's quarreling."



NEW IDEAS ABOUT CHILD TRAINING

THE father or mother who doesn't sense in its full meaning the God-given responsibility of bringing up children is making a mistake which may easily lead to everlasting sorrow for both parent and child.

Character is not born but builded. You as a parent are the architect of your child's character—the constructor of its future career, for upon character depends success. Abraham Lincoln, perhaps our greatest American, once said: "All that I am and all that I ever hope to be I owe to my mother." Great men before and since Lincoln have said the same thing, and how truly they spoke!

Reversed methods of training could have turned many a ditch digger into a financier and many a financier into a ditch digger. And this difference is not one of school training but of training right in the home from the time the child is born until it leaves home.

And yet we have never until recently given any really scientific study to this great question. Thousands of parents are daily using wrong methods, which can easily destroy their children's chance of happiness and success. And the pitiful part of it all is that they don't realize the irreparable harm they are doing.

The trouble has always been that we have not searched for the cause of disobedience, the cause of wilfulness, the cause of untruthfulness, and of other symptoms which, if not treated in the right way, may lead to dire consequences. Instead, we punish the child for exhibiting the bad trait, or else "let it go." As a result we do the child an actual wrong instead of helping it. What we should do is to attack the trouble at its source.

Good Children for Bad

The new system of child training is founded upon the principle that confidence is the basis of control. And the five fundamental principles involved are suggestion, substitution in choice, parental initiative in co-operation, parental expectation and parental approval.

Under this new system, children who have been well-nigh unmanageable become obedient and willing, and such traits as bashfulness, jealousy, fear, bragging, etc., are overcome. But the system goes deeper than that, for it instills high ideals and builds character, which is of course the goal of all parents' efforts in child training.

Physical punishment, shouted commands, and other barbarous relics of the old system have no place in this modern school. Children are made comrades, not slaves, are helped, not punished. And the results are nothing short of marvelous.

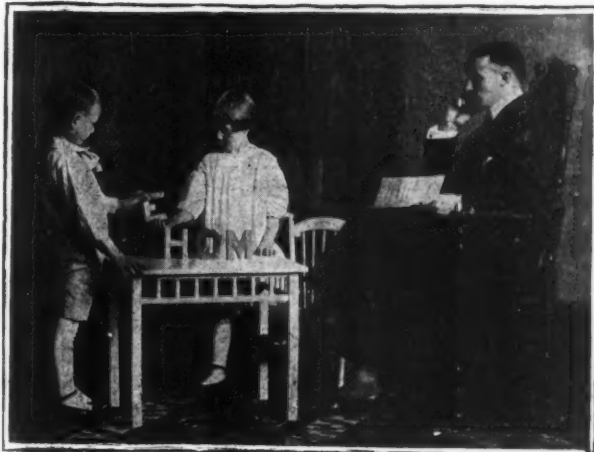
Instead of a hardship, child training becomes a genuine pleasure, as the parent shares every confidence, every joy, and every sorrow of the child, and at the same time has its unqualified respect. This is a situation rarely possible under old training methods.

And what a source of pride now as well as in after years! To have children whose every action shows culture and refinement, perfect little gentlemen and gentlewomen, yet full of childish enthusiasm and spontaneity with all.

Based on Human Nature

To put in practice these new ideas in child training, strange as it may seem, takes less time than the old method. It is simply a question of applying principles founded on a scientific study of human nature, going at it in such a way as to get immediate results without friction.

The founder of this new system is Professor Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia), who has written a complete Course on Practical Child Training. This Course is based on Professor Beery's extensive investigations and wide, practical experience, and provides a



well-worked-out plan which the parent can easily follow. The Parents' Association, a national organization devoted to improving the methods of child training, has adopted the Beery system and is teaching the course to its members by mail.

Membership in the Parents' Association—which has no dues—entitles you to a complete course in child training by Professor Beery, in

Do You Know How—

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
| to instruct children in the delicate matters of sex? | to eliminate all forms of viciousness? |
| to always obtain cheerful obedience? | to replace disinclination for bathing with delight in same? |
| to correct mistakes of early training? | to encourage child to talk? |
| to win confidence of children? | to teach punctuality? |
| to keep child from crying? | Perseverance — Carefulness? |
| to develop initiative in child? | to teach child instantly to comply with command, "Don't Touch"? |
| to teach personal courage and self-reliance? | to inculcate respect for elders? |
| to suppress temper in children, without punishment? | to overcome obstinacy? |
| to overcome objectionable habits in children? | to cure habit of coaxing? |
| to succeed with child of any age without display of authority? | to teach value of money and its proper use? |
| to make firmness unobtrusive? | to correct wrong habits of thought? |
| to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands? | to prevent and correct round shoulders? |
| to prevent worry in child? | Slouching postures and careless carriage? |
| | to cultivate mental concentration? |
| | to engender interest in work or study? |

These are only a few of the hundreds of questions fully answered and explained, in a way that makes application of the principles involved easy through this Course.

four handsome volumes of approximately 275 pages each. This course must not be confused with the hundreds of books on child training which leave the reader in the dark because of vagueness and lack of definite and practical application of the principles laid down. It does not deal in glittering generalities. Instead it shows exactly what to do to meet every emergency and how to accomplish immediate results and make a permanent impression. No matter whether your child is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old, these books will show you how to apply the right methods at once. You merely take up the particular trait, turn to the proper page, and apply the lessons to the child.

An Invitation to Join
At this time an invitation is being extended to earnest fathers and mothers who would like to join the Association and learn the methods which are proving so universally successful with children of all ages from babyhood to manhood. If you are not sure that there are no additional dues or assessments whatever, not care to subscribe, I will return the books within five days

The younger the child the better. You cannot begin too soon, for the child's behavior in the first few years of life depends on the parent, not on the child.

Membership in the Parents' Association gives you, in addition to the special Four-volume Course in Practical Child Training, the following privileges:

First: Unlimited free use of the Association's advisory service in the solution of perplexing problems in Child Training.

Second: Mail service which will consist of Special Bulletins to be issued from time to time, containing the newest findings of the Association's Board of Experts and relating the experiences in child training of other members of the Association, thus keeping each member informed as to the progress being made in this important and far-reaching work.

Third: Authoritative advice as to the children's books, schools, camps, and all matters pertaining to educational methods.

Fourth: Unlimited free use of the Association's Purchase Service Bureau, through which all educational books, whether school text-books, or books treating on the mental, physical or normal development and training of children, can be purchased. This service will be free and members availing themselves of it will find, by comparison of prices, that they secure the benefit of publishers' trade discounts.

Free Examination

Before becoming a member of the Parents' Association you are privileged to examine the Four-volume Course in Practical Child Training without the slightest obligation, and without even making a deposit, in order that you may be sure that the work of the Association is along the lines of which you approve, and that the Course contains exactly what you want.

Here is the offer the Association is making for a limited time: If you will fill out and mail the application form printed below, without any money, the complete Course in Practical Child Training will be sent by return post on five days' approval. Examine it carefully and then, if you feel you can afford to be without it, send it back and you will owe nothing. If, on the other hand, you are as well pleased as the thousands of other fathers and mothers who are turning to it each day for guidance, send only \$2 at the end of five days and \$2 a month for five months. On receipt of the first payment you will be enrolled as a member of the Association, and will receive a certificate of membership.

If you are truly anxious to make the greatest possible success of your children's lives, you owe it to them to at least look at this Course, which you may do, in accordance with this offer, without risking a penny. You must act promptly, however, as this offer may never be made here again.

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THE "ROAD TO BLIGHTY" THROUGH A POET'S EYES

[Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson, poet and novelist, went into the war at the Somme with the Canadian Field Artillery. He got his "ticket for Blighty" at the Battle of Vimy. He expresses (in *Good Housekeeping*) his conviction that "no man can grasp the splendor of this war until he has made the trip to Blighty on a stretcher."]

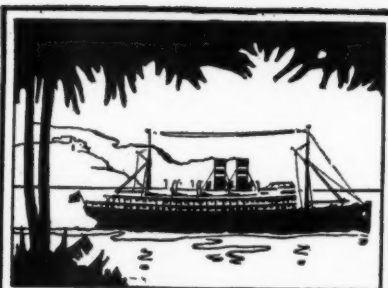
WHAT I mean is this: so long as a fighting man keeps well, his experience of the war consists of muddy roads leading up through a desolated country to holes in the ground, in which he spends most of his time watching other holes in the ground, which people tell him are the Hun front-line. Until a man is wounded he sees the war only from the point of view of the front-line and consequently misses half its splendor, for he is ignorant of the greatness of the heart that beats behind him all along the lines of communication. Here in brief is how I found this out:

The dressing-station to which I went was underneath a ruined house, under full observation of the Hun, and in an area which was heavily shelled. On account of the shelling and the fact that any movement about the place would attract attention, the wounded were carried out only by night. Moreover, to get back from the dressing-station to the collecting point in rear of the lines the ambulances had to traverse a white road over a ridge in full view of the enemy. The Hun kept guns trained on this road and opened fire at the least sign of traffic. When I presented myself I didn't think that there was anything seriously the matter; my arm had swelled and was painful from a wound of three days' standing. The doctor, however, recognized that septic poisoning had set in and that to save the arm an operation was necessary without loss of time. He called a sergeant and sent him out to consult with an ambulance-driver. "This officer ought to go out at once. Are you willing to take a chance?" asked the sergeant. The ambulance-driver took a look at the chalk road gleaming white in the sun where it climbed the ridge. "Sure, Mike!" he said, and ran off to crank his engine and back his car out of its place of concealment. "Sure, Mike!"—that was all. He'd have said the same if he'd been asked whether he'd care to take a chance at hell.

I HAVE three vivid memories of that drive. The first, my own uneasy sense that I was deserting. Frankly, I didn't want to go out; few men do when it comes to the point. The Front has its own peculiar exhilaration, like big-game hunting, discovering the North Pole, or anything that's dangerous; and it has its own peculiar reward—the peace of mind that comes of doing something beyond dispute unselfish and superlatively worth while. It's odd, but it's true that in the front-line many a man experiences peace of mind for the first time and grows a little afraid of a return to normal ways of life. My second memory is of the

(Continued on page 154)

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E. C. OWEN, Manager

IVAN LOST IN WONDERLAND

[To those who ask, Why did the Russians stop fighting in the great war? William G. Shepherd, an American writer who spent the summer in Petrograd and who reports on the situation in *Everybody's*, replies: "The Russian people became lost in Wonderland."]

EVERY day after the Revolution brought so many things into their lives that they were overwhelmed by the very novelty of existence. A weak man suddenly made strong; a sick man, well; a sad man, happy; a man awakening from a fearful nightmare; a man staggering from the desert into a sweet, rich land—that is Russia to-day.

And of all the new things which the Russians have gained, the right of free speech, so it appears to an outsider, seems to be considered by them the most marvelous. To talk and to listen, on street corners and in cafés, in big meetings and in little meetings, is the chief pastime of all Russia. The speech-making in Russia reminded a certain American that Baron Munchausen had told a good story about a horn in which, on a cold winter's day, the notes of the bugler were frozen so that the horn made no sound; but on a spring day, when the sunshine fell on the instrument, the notes were melted and rushed from the mouth in a tide of music.

In Baron Munchausen's unreal Wonderland, that story was a lie; but in this real Wonderland of Russia, the very thing of which Munchausen told has come true, and it is such a marvel to the Russians that they would rather listen to the magic notes than do almost anything else in the world.

Next to free speech and free listening, free action is a popular pastime. Anarchists have seized some of the palaces and newspaper offices and automobiles and paintings and even wealth. But in the midst of all this apparent anarchy, this lack of government, there is always—and this is an astonishing fact that has impressed the members of the American Commission and all the other foreign statesmen who have come to Russia since the Revolution—a checking influence of what we in the United States call "common sense."

There is always somebody in a meeting who offsets wild speeches; somebody in a crowd who gives a matter a second thought and offsets and checks the man who wishes to act without thinking. There is an unexpected hardheadedness about even the mobs. The country-districts of Russia, thousands of its little towns, villages, and cities, were being governed, three months after the Revolution, by public opinion and common sense alone—and astonishingly well governed.

But all this makes a weird world, full of weird happenings.

"THE anarchists must leave Durnova Palace by three o'clock this afternoon," was a public warning which the Government issued recently.

"Anarchists" is a word to make folk shudder, even in Russia. All Petrograd decided that the "anarchists" were going too far.

And when, from their beleaguered palace, the anarchists sent out telephone calls for help to seven great factories, and the workmen, with rifles, to the number of three thousand, gathered in the neighborhood of the palace to defend the "bad men," it looked like the moment for a war reporter to go to the scene.

Never with more thrills did I approach a battle-line in Europe, or a big fire in

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New York. There was a crowd gathered around the palace-gate, standing at a respectful distance. In the gateway stood a young civilian, with a rifle and a black band—token of anarchy—around his right arm. We caught glimpses, between the heavy iron railings, of other youths, similarly armed, pacing the garden walks. Like men inured to war and battle, we approached the gate. The sentry heard us talking together. Unexpectedly his grim dignity fell from him; a smile came over his face.

"Ain't you fellows Americans?" he said.

"That's what we are," said my Russian interpreter. "Can we come in?"

"Sure thing."

With the wondering crowd marveling at our bravery, we passed through the palace grounds into the great house, and, as the word went ahead that we were American newspaper men, we were welcomed into the rooms with their high, painted ceilings and their littered floors.

There were fifteen American-Russians in the crowd of ninety-five, and I was therefore able to ascertain exactly what was in the minds of the palace-seizing band. They weren't the robbers, the plunderers, the murderers, that Petrograd and Russia believed them to be.

"Listen!" said one of them in New Yorkese. "We didn't take this place to prove we were bad men. Why, we talked the whole thing over for many weeks. You see, this place was owned by one of the wickedest ministers that Russia ever had. He was as rich as Croesus, on stolen money; right here, in the heart of Petrograd, he had this palace, surrounded by a five-mile park. Why, he even had an artificial river made across his park. And he never, never let the Russian public even look at his trees. We took this particular palace and its park because we wanted to throw them wide open to the Russian people, so that they would see what the old régime had done to them; and so that they never again will let any human beings treat them as they have been treated in the past. This Durnova palace is our museum of past evils; it's our university for the Russian public."

And so died my thrills. These so-called anarchists, I found, were thinking, planning, reasoning human beings, with very definite ideas and theories, however right or wrong they may have been.

HAPPINESS was the chief note of the Russian Revolution. I have seen a Russian ballet such as was never danced on any stage before. The dancers were that throng of youths and maidens whom the Czar used to take as orphans from the asylums of Russia and have trained, as he had his horses trained, for a lifetime of beautiful dancing.

The place was the Marinsky Theater, which the Czar spent a million dollars a year to maintain as the school and home of the ballet. In the royal box sat soldier revolutionaries, with their wives and sweethearts. At the door of that box, in other days, two sentinels always stood like iron men, whether the box was empty or not. The time was the evening of that day when the men and women, boys and girls, of the ballet had formed their own company and taken their destiny into their own hands. Before the exquisite scenery, in unsurpassable silks, purchased with the gold of an emperor, these freed people of the stage went through the beautiful measures of "The Swan." The Czar, with all his millions, could never have bought a performance like that.

Saving the Money That Slipped Through Their Fingers

How an Investment of \$2.00 Grew to \$7,000 in Seven Years Without Speculation

BY ARTHUR H. PATTERSON

MR. AND MRS. B. live in Connecticut. He is a clerk in the office of a manufacturing plant. They have been married ten years and for the first three years of their married life they not only failed to save but actually went in debt over \$400. They now have two children, own a comfortable cottage home which is appraised at \$3,500 and is clear and free. They have savings-bank accounts of \$1,800 and \$1,700 invested in 7% preferred securities. And every dollar of this money has been saved from salary during the past seven years, an average of \$1,000 per year.

I am going to tell you their story, or rather let Mr. B. tell it as he related it to me. If you are facing the crisis in your affairs which the B.'s faced in those early days of married life, it may help you to meet it and come off victorious.

Listen to what Mr. B. says:

I am now 37 years of age; married and the Daddy of two children. When I was married I had exactly \$750 on hand in cash, inherited from my father's estate. Up to that time I never saved a nickel and if this money hadn't come as a windfall, we could not have been married. I held a good position and was earning \$2,000 a year. That was in 1907. For the next three years Jane and I just let things run along, living comfortably on my salary. The \$750 which I inherited went for furniture and home needs and we did manage to buy—on the spur of early married ambition, perhaps—\$300 more of furniture which we paid for out of my salary. But all the rest of it went for clothing, rent, food, amusement, books, cigars, etc. We spent it as it came and it was always a race between our cash and our bills to see which would be on top at the end of the month. Usually the cash lost. But the bills didn't press or worry me. I ran accounts with tradesmen who knew me and knew I was good for it. But gradually the bills distanced the cash and at the end of three years I was in a hole just \$400; and then the situation grew serious because we had a baby and in order to pay the emergency bills of the occasion, I had to let my other creditors wait and they became restless.

Jane and I had tried time and time again to live within my salary and save a few dollars, but it wasn't any use. We lacked the backbone somehow and didn't have the necessary system to help us see it through. One day I came across a remark made by James Hill, the railroad builder, and it set me thinking. It burned itself into my brain. It was this:

"If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is in you."

I went home and that evening Jane and

I had a long heart-to-heart talk. We sat up until one o'clock, studying, planning, debating, wondering how we could change our shiftless, easy-going habits so that we could feel that we were going to be classified with the successful ones and not the failures.

We made up our minds that from that night on not a penny would be spent for other than bare necessities until every debt had been paid. We resolved to live on half my salary, reasoning that if other people whom we knew could live respectably on \$1,000, there was no reason why we shouldn't. Then Jane said: "We ought to keep a cash account and put down just where the money goes. We can't go by guesswork any longer. We've been living that way for three years. We'll begin now to keep a record of our money."

What Jane said brought to my mind an advertisement which I had seen only a few days before, about an Expense Book for family accounts. So I got the magazine and found the ad. It told about the Economy Expense Book for personal and household accounting. The description told me that it was exactly the thing we needed and before going to bed I wrote a letter ordering a copy. In a few days it came, and Jane and I had an interesting session studying it and entering the Cash and Expenditure Items which we had been keeping tab of since the midnight resolution.

That book taught us something about the science of home economics. We learned, for instance, that in a properly arranged budget a man earning the salary I did could save, without stinting, at least 30% of his salary. But we were beating that figure. We had raised the ante to 50%, and that without suffering for a single need. Of course, we had cut out the theatre, the cigars, the expensive lunches and we'd begun to get acquainted with some of our discarded clothes all over again. And I learned that rent consumed in the balanced budget 17½% (which was about our cost); food was 25% and we cut it to 21%; clothes 17%, we chopped to 5% that first year, and it never rose over 10% the first four years.

We started on the new system in April, 1910. The following April when we balanced the books for the first year we found this result: Every single bill paid and \$658 in the savings bank! Glorious! We were out of the woods and for the first time in my entire business career I had visions of success on which I could actually stand without breaking through into the quicksands of despair. We celebrated that night in good style with a dinner and the theatre and that's become part of the program ever since—the annual dinner of the board of directors, Jane calls it.

The rest is easy. We were on the right track and once started nothing could turn us back.

We stuck right to the original program for three years, living on half my salary and saving the other half. Then I got a raise of \$250 and that made it quite a bit easier. A year ago I got another raise, bringing my salary up to \$2,500, where it now stands.

I've never had the least trouble, since starting on the first page of my first copy of Woolson's Economy Expense Book, in living within my income and saving money. That book brought us not only independ-

ence, but it changed me from a worried, half-baked existence into a self-respecting, successful man. I am in a position, as the result of our joint efforts, where I need look to no man for favors; and further than that, my success has brought us into a circle of friends, both business and social, who value us because we are looked upon in our town as "worth while" and "the sort who are getting ahead."

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The Belgian Government had been notified by both France and England that they would come to her defense if Belgian soil were invaded; the formal declarations of war were all that remained.

And at ten o'clock that morning the King went to Parliament.

It was a day of lovely sunshine; the Belgian flags of black and yellow and red floated from every house, and the people had gathered early about the Park and the Palace and the Parliament buildings to see the King and the Royal Family go by.

The Salle des Séances presented a scene one would not soon forget. All around the galleries were crowded, the wives of the Ministers in seats opposite us. Below, the senators and deputies, all in formal black; some seated, quietly waiting, others in excited groups, discussing the ultimatum of last night and the invasion of the land. . . .

The president's gavel falls on the green table. The stillness in the chamber is the stillness of poignant, nervous tension.

The King is somewhat short-sighted; he puts on his pince-nez, holds the narrow little strips of paper rather close to his eyes, and begins to read:

"Quand je vois cette assemblée frémissante, dans laquelle il n'y a plus qu'un seul parti . . ."

(As I look upon this moving assemblage, in which there is but one party . . .)

The emotions break, cries ring forth; then—"Sh! Sh!" again, and silence.

And the King goes on: ". . . celui de la Patrie, où tous les cœurs battent en ce moment à l'unisson, mes souvenirs se reportent au Congrès de 1830, et je vous demande, Messieurs: Etes-vous décidés inébranlablement à maintenir intact le Patrimoine sacré de nos ancêtres?" (. . . that of the Fatherland, in which all hearts in this hour beat as one, my thoughts go back to the Congress of 1830, and I ask you, gentlemen: are you determined steadfastly to hold intact the sacred patrimony of our ancestors?)

The deputies spring to their feet, raise their hands as tho swearing to an oath, and cry: "Oui! Oui! Oui!"

The King continues; he strikes out emphatic gestures with his free hand. Below him the little Duke of Brabant looks up intently into his father's face, never takes his eyes off him. What are the thoughts in that boy's mind? Will that scene come back to him in after years? And how, when, under what circumstances?

The silence is intense, too intense to be borne, and now and then exclamations break out, immediately smothered by that imperative "Sh! Sh!" The King reads on, finishing with that moving phrase:

"Pai foi dans nos destinées. Un pays qui se défend s'impose au respect de tous; ce pays ne périra pas. Dieu sera avec nous dans cette cause juste! Vive la Belgique indépendante!"

(I have faith in our destiny. A country which defends itself enforces the respect of all; such a country shall not perish. God will be with us in this just cause. Long live free Belgium!)

The mad, passionate applause breaks.

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WHEN KERENSKY FELL

[Kerensky "might have been one of the first four or five of the earth's great," but he "collapsed because there was too much idealism and not enough common sense in his make-up." So Lieutenant Boris Shumansky writes in the *New York Sun*. He goes on to describe Kerensky's downfall as follows.]

IN the anxious and troubled hours following the storming of the Winter Palace, the scenes of blood and disorder in the capital and Kerensky's ineffectual efforts to gain control of the situation, I had been waiting in Petrograd, observing developments. The social revolutionaries instructed me to go to Gatchina to confer with Kerensky. It was a perilous mission obviously. Everywhere were guards of the Bolsheviks, and these guards scrutinized or searched every traveler. News had reached them that Kerensky was reassembling his forces near Gatchina for an attack on Petrograd, and they were on the *qui vive*.

I arrived in Gatchina at 8 o'clock on the evening of October 30, 1917. I learned that Kerensky was at the headquarters of the Fourteenth Army Corps in the Alexandra Palace. I presented my credentials to M. Voitinsky, the army commissary, and he told me confidentially that Kerensky's cause was hopeless; that from 65 to 70 per cent. of the army at the front was on the side of the Bolsheviks and that it was difficult to find one complete regiment loyal to the Provisional Government and willing to go to the rescue of Kerensky.

AT the time I heard these gloomy tidings with some astonishment, I could scarcely believe the situation to be so hopeless. It seemed to me that Kerensky so truly represented the fine ideals of the Russian people that it was impossible for the people to turn against him. I told Voitinsky that I was eager to see Kerensky at once.

"I have a message for him," I said. "All of the officers are with him. They are ready to take rifles and fight as privates in his army. Let him take command over us. We will disperse this disorganized force. We will shatter this brutal mob."

Voitinsky shook his head negatively, but made no answer in words. It was late at night. I went to the quarters assigned me. In the next room but one sat Kerensky himself, as I knew. I was so full of my mission that I could scarcely restrain myself from knocking at his door and compelling his attention. Voitinsky came to my room at 2 o'clock in the morning and informed me that Kerensky was very tired but would see me later in the morning.

At 9 A. M. my name was taken in to the Premier.

SHALL I ever forget the man's face as he turned it to me! Could this be Kerensky? Was it possible that this weak man, who leaned with thin bony hands upon the wooden table, whose face was chalk white, whose voice was shaky, whose eyes were dull, who seemed without ambition or animation—was it possible that this could be the great Kerensky, the hope of Russia, the hope of democracy?

He scarcely even glanced at me as I recited to him briefly, but very eagerly, the message which I carried from the social revolutionaries. I told him the story of our experience in the Winter Palace when it was stormed by the Red Guards, and I assured him that we could win the victory in the end if only a little resolution and firmness were decided upon.

"Alexander Feodorovitch," I said, "Petrograd is waiting for you impatiently. Let us organize here for you. Give us this rallying point of your spirit, your determination. Give us a programme for the people. Then place yourself at our head. We will give our lives if you will save the revolution."

There was utter silence. I scarcely dared to look at Kerensky. Finally I glanced at him. His chin was dropped upon his chest. His eyes were deep in their sockets—lack-lustre eyes. Four white walls and myself waited for the answer. Finally it came.

"No, never!" shouted Kerensky. I am not sure to this day what he meant by that, and especially when he added, "We still have to cross swords—to try forces." He rang a bell. Voitinsky entered.

"Let me see the telegrams," ordered Kerensky.

Voitinsky placed a sheaf of papers in his hands and Kerensky, after glancing at them, handed them to me one by one.

"See," he said continually, "the soldiers are with us, promising support, offering their lives. Let them know in Petrograd that the army is backing the Government. We will crush—"

With his right hand he crumpled the sheaf of telegrams to illustrate his meaning. I could not forbear to say:

"You cannot beat plotters with telegrams. We need men and rifles and we have none. The feeling of the troops at the front is against us. Voitinsky has reported the facts to you. We must strike now, if at all, and without waiting for the troops from the front if the Bolsheviks are to be beaten at the capital and the people are to be given a government to rally about."

But Kerensky's courage seemed to have left him absolutely.

I WENT to the railroad station, but was told that there were no more trains running from Gatchina to Petrograd. The Bolsheviks had torn up the railroad to prevent any considerable forces from being sent against them. I was told, however, that about 4 o'clock in the afternoon a special train would leave Gatchina for Tosno station, from where I could change for Petrograd.

The platform was crowded with soldiers and their number was rapidly increasing. Our train began to move slowly toward Tosno station. Over the grinding of wheels came the noise of shots. The train stopped with a jerk. Soldiers armed with rifles and revolvers swarmed into the cars. They shouted constantly and interspersed their shouts with many curses.

"Where is he? Hiding, is he?" they cried, with words unfit for human mouths. Officers on the train told them that Kerensky was not aboard, but they insisted that they knew better. They looked under every seat.

I went out of the car and inquired of the first soldier I saw on the platform what had happened. He told me of the report that had spread over the district. Kerensky had fled from the Alexandra Palace in the disguise of a sailor.

FINALLY the Red Guards permitted the train to resume its journey. It was late in the afternoon. In the evening the train stopped somewhere in the broad countryside, unexpectedly. A small figure bundled in the clothes of a common sailor slunk into the car in which I was riding and collapsed upon a vacant seat. This man spoke to no one. No one spoke to him.

He was Alexander Feodorovitch Kerensky. He had been the hero of Russia.



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IT means terror. No one slept after moonrise. It was a new experience for Henry and me, as we rose and met it. And we realized that in scores of hospitals all over the war zone, on the side of the Allies, similar scenes were enacting. The Germans were literally tearing the nerves out of hundreds of nurses by their raiding campaign—nurses whom the raiders did not visit, but who were threatened by every moonlight night!

IT must have been after two in the morning, when we saw the Eager Soul and the Gilded Youth walking around the court as they used to pace the deck together. Once or twice they passed our window, and we heard their voices. They were having some sort of a tall talk on philosophical matters, which annoyed Henry; he professed to believe that persons who tolerated these things would sooner or later be caught using the words "group" and "reaction" and "hypothesis," and he would have none of them. But for all that she used the word group and once confessed that she was a subscriber to the *New Republic*, Henry did like the Eager Soul; so he waked me up from a doze to say: "Bill, she's putting him through the eye of the needle all right. And he's sliding through slick as goose-grease. I heard him telling her a minute ago that the war isn't for boundaries and geography; but for a restatement of human creeds. Then she said that steam and electricity have overcapitalized the world; that we are paying too highly for superintendence and that the price of superintendence must come down, and wages must come up. Then he said that he and his class will go in the fires burning out there—melted like wax."

THE buzzing about the hospital would not let us sleep. At three o'clock evidently they were serving tea to the nurses, or lunch of some kind. The moon was shining straight down into the court; the Gilded Youth and the Eager Soul had gone in, and another couple, a stenographer and a hospital orderly, were using it as a parlor.

"Queer, queer business, this love-making under the rustle of the wings of death," said Henry. A French plane flying across had filled the compound for a moment. Then for a few seconds from afar came the low ominous hum of the German planes. However, it was the excitement in the court that caused Henry's remark. For the young people did not deflect their monotonous course about the compound. Around and around they went. Their nerves were taut; emotion was raw; they were young, and their blood moved riotously. And there was the moon, the moon that since man could turn his face upward had been the symbol of the thing called love. And now all over that long line slashed across the face of Europe, the moon is the herald of death. Men see it rise in terror, for they know that the season of the moon is the season of slaughter. Yet there they walked in the hospital yard, two unknown lovers, who were true to the moon.

YOUTH

[The writer of this letter, printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is a boy of nineteen, who at the time was making his third flight without guidance.]

January 3, 1918.

DEAR AUNT LOT:

Where on earth do you think I am? To tell you the honest truth, I'm not on earth at all. I am 5,000 feet in the air! All alone! The engine is making such a noise that I can't hear myself think, but it is very smooth up here at 5,000 feet, so I can run the 'bus with my left hand and write to you with my right! I am beginning to think that I am some aviator now, because I can go up and write letters in the air.

I just received your Page & Shaw's chocolates to-day. They have followed me all over England, and finally got here. There is a little box on the instrument-board of this plane, and in it are six or seven chocolate gum-drops which I shall eat.

The flight commander sent me up and said, 'Fly around for an hour'; so here I am, with a board on one knee to write on. Isn't this a novel letter? I see another machine over the town doing cir-

(Continued on page ii)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF CURRENT OPINION, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1918.

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. Beverly Winslow, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Vice-President of the Current Literature Publishing Co., Publishers of Current Opinion, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(Continued from page i)

cles. I guess it's Tom —. We were told to meet at 2,000 feet over the town and fly around together. I'm at 5,000, and I'm going to dive to 2,000 and wave at him. Whee! Motor off, stick forward, and down we go! Gad, it's bumpy down here at 2,000! It's Tom all right, because I know the number of his machine. He waved—I waved. I shall climb.

I hate this bumpy strata of air I'm in now. Smooth again. I'm now at 6,000 feet, still climbing. Tom is about 5,000 feet, but passing directly under me.

I'm now at 8,500, and have completely lost sight of the aerodrome. I've lost sight of Tom, also. I'll let him go, because it's too wonderful up here. I guess Tom has had engine-trouble or run out of petrol. He sees me and is waving with both hands. Down I go after him, over 100 miles an hour. I'm now at 3,000 again. Tom has landed in a field about half a mile from the aerodrome. A lot of people are running to his machine from some little farm houses. No, he hasn't crashed. I can see him getting out of his machine. Out of petrol, I guess. They must have forgotten to fill his tank up before he went. I hope he has had sense enough to telephone to the aerodrome for some petrol. He's now sitting calmly on top of his 'bus.

I've been up half an hour. I shall climb to 10,000 feet and spiral to the aerodrome, just for practice. On the way up there I shall eat the chocolate gum-drops.

I've lost the aerodrome again! I'm now at 9,000 feet, and am getting very cold, so I'll turn around and glide in. I'll stall first, just for the sinking sensation. Going only 30 miles an hour, motor off, and about to sink—sinking, nose level. Controls have very little effect at this speed. I'm merely dropping, nose down, and get up speed—50, 70, 90, 110 miles an hour. Flatten out, 90, 80, 70, 65, motor on again, and away we go—7,000 feet now. All chocolate gum-drops eaten!

Ah,—I see the aerodrome again. Tom's machine is just leaving the ground; it's getting further and further away from its shadow. I'm all alone in this aeroplane, with one empty seat in front. I wish you were in it; I'd give you some wonderful thrills that would make 70 miles an hour down a crowded street in an automobile seem like riding in a baby carriage!

Do I dare try a loop? I believe not—not yet anyway. I'm right over the 'drome at 6,000 feet, so I'll try a spin. Whee! Three times wing over wing was all I did, but what a sensation—dropping all the time! There are three other machines trying to get into the aerodrome, and they are all below me, so have right of way. They're in now, so down I glide—need right hand for landing, and so I must stop.

Now at 1,000 feet. Bumpy again and can't make the aerodrome from here, so must fly around it and try again.

Well, I've got to do the rest with my right hand! Much love, and how I miss my dear old aunt!

Your loving nephew,
(200 feet from ground)
JOHNNIE.

P. S.—I'm now on terra firma, engine stopped (my fault), and calmly stranded in the middle of the field, waiting for some one to come out and swing my propeller again, so I can "taxi" back to the sheds. Had a great flight—1 hour and 10 minutes, with a very good landing, except for letting the engine stop. Well anyway this is some letter. My poor hand is cold as ice, but I had a great time.

JOHNNIE.

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